F 472
B7293
1696

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB
4574

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/newversal00brad

A New Version
OF THE
PSALMS
OF
DAVID,
Fitted to the TUNES
Used in CHURCHES.

BY
N. TATE and N. BRADY.

LONDON:
Printed by *M. Clark*: for the Company
of *Stationers*. 1696.

50265

TO HIS
Most Excellent Majesty
WILLIAM III.
OF
Great-Britain, *France*,
and *Ireland*
KING,
Defender of the FAITH, &c.

THIS
NEW VERSION
OF THE
PSALMS of *DAVID*
Is most Humbly
DEDICATED,
BY
His MAJESTY'S
Most Obedient
Subjects and Servants
N. Tate, *N. Brady*.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

A

A

New Version of the PSALMS, *&c.*

PSALM I.

1. HAppy the Man whom ill Advice
From Virtue ne'er withdrew:
Who ne'er with Sinners ſtood, nor ſat
Amongſt the ſcoffing Crew:
2. But makes the perfect Law of God
His Buſineſs and Delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
3. He, like a Tree by Rivers fed,
With timely Fruit ſhall bend;
His Leaf ſhall flouriſh, and Succeſs
All his Deſigns attend.
4. Ungodly Men and their Attempts
No laſting Root ſhall find;
Untimely blaſted, and diſpers'd
Like Chaff before the Wind.
5. The Wicked therefore ſhall not ſtand
Before their Judge's face;
Nor Hypocrites, who paſs'd for Saints,
Amongſt the Juſt have place.
6. God knows the ways of Righteous Men,
To Happineſs they tend;

But Sinners, and their vain Designs,
Shall both in Ruin end.

PSALM II.

1. WIth restless and ungovern'd Rage,
Why do the Heathen storm?
Why in such rash Attempts engage,
As they can ne'er perform?
2. The Great in Counsel and in Might,
Their various Forces bring;
Against the Lord they all unite,
And his anointed King.
3. Must we submit to their Commands?
Puff'd up with Pride they say;
No, let us break their slavish Bands,
And cast their Chains away.
4. But God, who sits enthron'd on high,
Who all things wisely guides,
Does their conspiring Strength defie,
Their empty Plots derides.
5. Thick Clouds of Wrath divine shall break
On his Rebellious Foes;
And in loud Thunder thus he'll speak
To all that dare oppose.
6. "In spight of those who thwart my Will,
"The King that I approve,
"Whose Throne is fix'd on *Sion*'s Hill,
"Like that, shall never move.

7. "Listen

7. Liſten, O Earth, whilſt I declare,
God's uncontroul'd Decree:
" Thou art my Son, this day my Heir
" Have I begotten thee.
8. " Ask and receive; thy juſt Commands
" The Heathen World ſhall ſway,
" The utmoſt Limits of the Lands
" Shall thy dread Will obey.
9. " Thy pow'rful Sceptre thou ſhalt ſhake,
" And cruſh them ev'ry where;
" As maſſy Bars of Iron break
" The Potters brittle ware.
10. Learn then, ye Princes, and give ear,
Ye Judges of the Earth;
11. Worſhip the Lord with holy Fear,
Rejoyce with awful Mirth.
12. Appeaſe the Son with due Reſpect,
Your humble Homage pay;
Leſt he revenge the bold Neglect,
Incens'd by your Delay:
13. If but in part his Anger riſe,
Who can endure its Flame?
Then bleſs'd are they whoſe Hope relies
On his moſt holy Name.

PSALM III.

1. HOW num'rous, Lord, of late are grown
The Troublers of my Peace!
And as their Factious Numbers riſe,
So does their Rage increaſe.

2. Insulting they my Soul upbraid,
And him that I adore;
The God in whom he trusts, say they,
Shall rescue him no more.
3. But thou, O Lord, art my Defence;
On thee my Hopes rely;
Thou art my Glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my Head on high.
4. Since, whensoe'er in like Distress
To God I made my Pray'r,
He heard me from his holy Hill,
Why should I now despair?
5. Guarded by him, I laid me down
My sweet Repose to take;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.
6. No Force nor Fury of my Foes
My Courage shall confound,
Were they as many Hosts as Men,
That have beset me round.
7. Arise, and save me, O my God,
Who oft hast own'd my Cause,
And scatter'd oft these Foes to me
And to thy righteous Laws.
8. Salvation to the Lord belongs,
He only can defend;
His Blessing he extends to all
That on his Pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

1. O Lord that art my righteous Judge
To my Complaint give ear;
Thou ſtill redeem'ſt me from Diſtreſs,
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.
2. How long will ye, O Sons of Men,
To blot my Fame deviſe?
How long your vain Deſigns purſue,
And ſpread malicious Lies?
3. Conſider, that the righteous Man
Is God's peculiar choice,
And when to him I make my Pray'r,
He always hears my voice.
4. Then ſtand in aw of his Commands,
Flee ev'ry thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your Hearts,
And bend them to his Will.
5. The place of other Sacrifice
Let Righteouſneſs ſupply;
And let your Hope ſecurely fix'd,
On God alone rely.
6. Whilſt worldly Minds impatient grow
More proſp'rous Times to ſee,
Still let the Glories of thy Face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.
7. So ſhall my Heart o'erflow with Joy
More laſting and more true,
Than theirs, who ſtores of Corn and Wine
Succeſſively renew.

8, Then down in peace I'll lay my Head,
And take my needful Rest;
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy Defence possest.

PSALM V.

1. LOrd, hear the voice of my Complaint,
Accept my secret Pray'r;
2. To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for Help repair.
3. Thou in the morn my Voice shalt hear;
And with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.
4. For thou the Wrongs that I sustain
Canst never, Lord, approve,
Who from thy sacred Dwelling-place
All Evil dost remove.
5. Not long shall hardned Fools remain
Unpunish'd in thy sight:
All such as act unrighteous things
Thy Vengeance shall requite.
6. The sland'ring Tongue, O God of Truth,
By thee shall be destroy'd,
Who hat'st alike the Man in Blood
And in Deceit employ'd.
7. But when thy boundless Grace shall me
To thy lov'd Courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,
And humbly there adore.

8. Con-

8. Conduct me by thy righteous Laws,
For watchful is my Foe:
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
Wherein I ought to go.
9. Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit,
Their Heart is set on Wrong;
Their Throat is a devouring Grave,
They flatter with their Tongue.
10. By their own Counsels let them fall,
Oppress'd with loads of Sin;
For they against thy righteous Laws
Have harden'd Rebels been.
11. But let all those who trust in thee,
With shouts their Joy proclaim;
Let them rejoyce whom thou preserv'st,
And all that love thy Name.
12. To righteous Men, the righteous Lord
His Blessing will extend,
And with his Favour, from their Foes,
As with a Shield, defend.

PSALM VI.

1. THY dreadful Anger, Lord, restrain,
And spare a Wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
Too heavy to be born.
2. Have Mercy, Lord, my Strength decays,
Unable to endure
The Anguish of my aking Bones,
Which thou alone canst cure.

3. My tortur'd Flesh infects my Mind,
And fills my Soul with Grief;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
To grant me thy Relief!

4. Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, repeat,
And ease my troubled Soul;
Lord, for thy wondrous Mercy's sake
Vouchsafe to make me whole.

5. For after death no more can I
Thy glorious Acts proclaim;
No Prisoner of the silent Grave
Can magnifie thy Name.

6. Quite tir'd with Pain, with Groaning faint,
No hope of Ease I see;
The Night, that quiets common Griefs,
Is spent in Tears by me.

7. My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,
My Eyes with weakness close;
Old Age o'ertakes me, whilst I think
On my insulting Foes.

8. Depart, ye Wicked, in my harms
Ye shall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,
And listens to my voice.

9, 10. He hears and grants my humble Pray'r,
And they that wish my fall,
Shall blush and rage, to see that God
Protects me from them all.

PSALM VII.

1. O Lord, my God, as I have plac'd
My Truſt alone in thee,
From all my Perſecutors Rage
Do thou deliver me.
2. Save me from my remorſeleſs Foe,
Lord, interpoſe thy Pow'r;
Leſt, like a ſalvage Lion, he
My helpleſs Soul devour.

3, 4. If I am guilty, or did e'er
Againſt his Peace combine;
Nay if I have not ſpar'd his Life,
Who ſought unjuſtly mine;
5. Let then to perſecuting Foes
My Soul become a Prey;
Let them to earth tread down my Life;
In duſt my Honour lay.

6. Ariſe, and let thine Anger, Lord,
In my Defence engage;
Exalt thy ſelf above my Foes,
And their inſulting Rage:
Awake, awake, in my behalf,
The Judgment to diſpence,
Which thou haſt righteouſly ordain'd
For injur'd Innocence.

7. So to thy Throne adoring Crouds
Shall ſtill for Juſtice fly;
O! therefore for their ſuffering ſake,
Do thou return on high.

8. Impartial

8. Impartial Judge of all the world,
I truſt my Cauſe to thee;
O! judge me by my Righteouſneſs,
And Hearts Integrity.
9. Let Wickedneſs, and wicked Men,
Together be o'erthrown;
But fix the Juſt, thou God to whom
The Hearts of both are known.

10, 11. God me protects; nor only me,
But all of upright Heart;
And daily lays up Wrath for thoſe
Who from his Laws depart.
12. If they perſiſt, he whets his Sword,
His Bow ſtands ready bent;
13. Ev'n now with ſwift Deſtruction wing'd,
His pointed Shafts are ſent.

14. Thoſe treach'rous Plots my Foe conceiv'd
Abortive are and vain;
15. The Pit he digg'd has prov'd a Grave
His Ruines to contain.
16. On his own head his Spite returns,
Whilſt I from harm am free;
The Violence is faln on him,
Which he deſign'd for me.

17. Therefore of Providence Divine,
The Juſtice I'll proclaim;
I'll ſing the Praiſe of God moſt High,
And celebrate his Name.

PSALM

PSALM VIII.

1. O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious is thy Name!
In Heav'n thy wondrous Acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
2. And yet thou mak'ſt the Infant Tongue
Thy boundleſs Praiſe declare:

Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,
And cruſh their haughty Foes;
And ſo thou quell'ſt the wicked Throng
That thee and thine oppoſe
3. When Heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring Sight;
The Moon, that nightly gilds the Skie,
With Stars of feebler Light;

4. Lord, what is man, that ſtill thou lov'ſt
To keep him in thy mind!
Or what his Off-ſpring, that thou prov'ſt
To them ſo wond'rous kind!
5. Him next in pow'r thou didſt create
To thy Celeſtial train;
6. Ordain'd with Dignity and State,
O'er all thy Works to reign.

7. They jointly own his potent Sway;
The Beaſts that prey, or graze;
8. The Bird, that wings its airy way,
The Fiſh, that cuts the Seas.

9. O

9. O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow
Within this earthly frame.
Thro' all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious thy Name!

PSALM IX.

1. TO celebrate thy Praiſe, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning world thy Works,
Thy wondrous Works declare.
2. The thought of them ſhall to my Soul
Exalted Raptures bring;
Whilſt to thy Name, O thou moſt High!
Triumphant Praiſe I ſing.
3. Thou mad'ſt my haughty Foes to turn
Their backs in ſhameful Flight;
Struck with thy preſence down they fell,
They periſh'd at thy ſight.
4. Againſt inſulting Foes advanc'd,
Thou didſt my Cauſe maintain;
My Right aſſerting from thy Throne,
Where Truth and Juſtice reign.
5. The Inſolence of Heathen Pride
Thou haſt reduc'd to Shame;
Their wicked Offspring quite deſtroy'd,
And blotted out their Name.
6. Miſtaken Foes! your Threats and you
Are to a period come:
Our Cities ſtand, deſign'd by you
Their ſlaughter'd Owners Tomb.

7, 8. The

7,8. The Lord endures, who has on high
His righteous Throne prepar'd,
Impartial Juſtice to diſpenſe,
To puniſh or reward.
9. His Kindneſs is a ſure Defence
Againſt oppreſſing Rage;
As Troubles riſe, his needful Aids
In our behalf engage.

10. All thoſe who have his Goodneſs prov'd
Will in his Truth confide;
Whoſe Mercy ne'er forſook the Man
That on his Help rely'd.
11. Sing Praiſes therefore to the Lord,
From *Sion* his abode;
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World
Confeſs no other God.

PART II.

12. When he enquiry makes for Blood,
He'll call their Caſe to mind;
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint
Relief from him ſhall find.
13. Compaſſion on my Troubles take,
That ſpiteful Foes create,
Thou that haſt reſcu'd me ſo oft
From Death's devouring gate.

14. In *Sion* then I'll ſing thy Praiſe,
To all that love thy Name;
And with loud ſhouts of grateful Joy
Thy ſaving Pow'r proclaim.

15. Deep

15. Deep in the Pit they digg'd for me
The Heathen Pride is laid;
Their guilty Feet to their own snare
Insensibly betray'd.

16. Thus by the just Returns he makes
The mighty Lord is known;
While wicked Men by their own Plots
Are shamefully o'erthrown.

17. His injur'd Saints, when most distress'd,
He ne'er forgets to aid;
Their Expectation shall be crown'd
Tho for a time delay'd.

18. No single Sinner shall escape
By Privacy obscur'd;
Nor Nations from his just Revenge
By Numbers be secur'd.

19. Arise, O Lord, assert thy Pow'r,
And let not Man o'ercome;
Descend to Judgment and pronounce
The guilty Heathens Doom.

20. Strike Terror through the Nations round,
Till by consenting Fear,
They, to each other and themselves,
But Mortal Men appear.

PSALM X.

1. THY presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord?
Why hid'st thou now thy Face?
When dismal Times of deep Distress
Call for thy wonted Grace.

2. The

2. The Wicked, ſwell'd with lawleſs Pride,
The Poor their Prey have made,
O! let them fall by thoſe Deſigns
Which they for others laid.

3. For ſtrait they triumph, if Succeſs
Their thriving Crimes attend;
And ſordid Wretches, whom God hates,
In his deſpite commend.

4. To own a Pow'r above themſelves
Their haughty Pride diſdains;
And therefore in their ſtubborn Mind
No thought of God remains.

5. Oppreſſive Methods they purſue,
And all their Foes they ſlight;
Becauſe thy Judgments unobſerv'd
Are far above their ſight.

6. They fondly think their proſp'rous State
Shall unmoleſted be;
They think their vain Deſigns ſhall thrive,
From all Misfortunes free.

7. Vain and deceitful is their Speech,
With Curſes fill'd and Lies;
By which the Miſchief they intend,
They ſtudy to diſguiſe.

8. Near publick Roads they lie conceal'd,
And all their Art employ,
The Innocent and Poor at once
To rifle and deſtroy.

9. Not Lions, couching in their Dens,
Surpriſe their heedleſs Prey

With

With greater Cunning, or expreſs
More ſalvage Rage than they.
10. Sometimes they act the Harmleſs Man,
And humble Looks they wear;
That, ſo deceiv'd, the Poor may leſs
Their ſudden Onſet fear.

PART II.

11. For God, they think no notice takes
Of their unrighteous Deeds;
He never minds the ſuff'ring Poor,
Nor their Oppreſſion heeds.
12. But thou, O Lord, at length ariſe;
Stretch forth thy mighty Arm;
And by the Greatneſs of thy Pow'r
Defend the Poor from harm.

13. No longer let the Wicked vaunt,
And proudly boaſting ſay,
" Tuſh, God regards not what we do,
" He never will repay.
14. But ſure thou ſaw'ſt, and all their Deeds
Impartially doſt try;
The Orphan therefore and the Poor
On thee for Aid rely.

15. Defenceleſs let the Wicked fall,
Of all their Strength bereft:
Confound, O God, their dark Deſigns,
Till no Remains are left.
16. Aſſert thy juſt Dominion, Lord,
Which ſhall for ever ſtand;
Through which the Heathen were expell'd
From this thy choſen Land.

17. Thy

17. Thy humble Suppliants ſtill thou hear'ſt
That to thy Throne repair;
Thou firſt prepar'ſt their Hearts to pray,
And then accept'ſt their Pray'r
18. Thou in thy righteous Judgment weigh'ſt
The Fatherleſs and Poor;
That ſo the Tyrants of the Earth
May perſecute no more.

PSALM XI.

1. SInce I in God have plac'd my Truſt,
A Refuge always nigh,
Why ſhould I like a tim'rous Bird,
To diſtant Mountains fly?
2. Behold, the Wicked bend their Bow,
And ready fix their Dart:
Lurking in ambuſh to deſtroy
The Man of upright Heart.
3. When once the firm Aſſurance fails
Which publick Faith imparts,
'Tis time for Innocence to fly
From ſuch deceitful Arts.
4. The Lord has both a Temple here,
And righteous Throne above;
Whence he ſurveys the Sons of Men,
And how their Counſels move.
5. If God, the Righteous whom he loves
For Trial does correct;
What muſt the Sons of Violence,
Whom he abhors, expect?

6. Snares,

6. Snares, Fire, and Brimſtone on their heads
Shall in one Tempeſt ſhow'r;
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge
Into their Cup ſhall pour.
7. The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds
With ſignal Favour grace;
And on the upright Man reflect
The Brightneſs of his Face.

PSALM XII.

1. SInce Godly Men decay, O Lord,
Do thou my Cauſe defend;
For ſcarce theſe wretched times afford
One juſt and faithful Friend.
2. One Neighbour now can ſcarce believe
What t'other does impart;
With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,
And with a double Heart.
3. But Lips that with Deceit abound
Can never proſper long;
God's righteous Vengeance will confound
The proud blaſpheming Tongue.
4. In vain thoſe fooliſh Boaſters ſay,
"Our Tongues are ſure our own;
"With doubtful Words we'll ſtill betray,
"And be controul'd by none.
5. For God, who hears the Poor oppreſt,
And all their Sufferings knows,
Will ſoon ariſe and give them reſt,
In ſpight of all their Foes.

6. The

6. The Word of God ſhall ſtill abide,
And void of Falſhood be:
As is the Silver ſev'n-times try'd
From droſſy Mixture free,

7. The Promiſe of his aiding Grace
Shall reach its purpos'd End;
His Servants from this faithleſs Race
He ever ſhall defend.

8. Then ſhall the wicked be perplex'd,
Nor know which way to fly;
When thoſe whom they deſpis'd and vex'd
Shall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM XIII.

1. HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Muſt I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me?
Oh! never to return!

2. How long ſhall anxious Thoughts my Soul,
And Grief my Heart oppreſs?
How long my Enemies inſult,
And I have no Redreſs?

3. O hear! and to my longing Eyes
Reſtore thy wonted Light;
And ſuddenly, or I ſhall ſleep
In everlaſting Night.

4. Reſtore me, leſt they proudly boaſt
'Twas their own Strength o'ercame;
Permit not them that vex my Soul
To triumph in my Shame.

5. Since

5. Since I have always plac'd my truſt
Beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy ſaving Health will come, and then
My Heart with Joy ſhall ſpring,
6. Then ſhall my Song, with Praiſe inſpir'd,
To thee my God aſcend;
Who to thy Servant in Diſtreſs
Such Bounty didſt extend.

PSALM XIV.

1. SUre wicked Fools muſt needs ſuppoſe
That God is nothing but a Name
Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows;
No Breaſt is warm'd with holy Flame.
2. The Lord look'd down from Heaven's high Tow'r,
And did the race of Mankind view;
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r,
If any Truth or Juſtice knew.
3. But all, he ſaw, were gone aſide,
All were degen'rate grown and baſe;
None took Religion for their guide,
Not one of all the ſinful Race.
4. But can theſe Workers of Deceit
Be all ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown?
That they, like Bread, my People eat,
And God's Almighty Pow'r diſown?
5. How will they tremble then for Fear,
When his juſt Wrath ſhall them o'ertake?
For, to the righteous, God is near,
And never will their Cauſe forſake.

6. In

6. In vain ungodly Men expoſe
Thoſe Methods which the Juſt purſue;
Since God a Refuge is for thoſe
Whom his juſt Eyes with favour view.

7. Would he his ſaving Pow'r employ,
To break his Peoples ſervile Band!
Then Shouts of univerſal Joy
Should loudly eccho through the Land.

PSALM XV.

1. LOrd, who's the happy Man that may
To thy bleſt Courts repair?
Not, Stranger-like to viſit them,
But to inhabit there?

2. 'Tis he whoſe ev'ry Thought and Deed
By rules of Virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous Tongue diſdains to ſpeak
The thing his Heart diſproves.

3. Who never did a Slander forge
His Neighbours Fame to wound;
Nor hearkens to a falſe Report,
By Malice whiſper'd round.

4. Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
Can treat with juſt Neglect;
And Piety, tho cloath'd in Rags,
Religiouſly reſpect.

Who to his plighted Vows and Truſt
Has ever firmly ſtood;
And tho he promiſe to his Loſs,
He makes his Promiſe good.

5. Whoſe

5. Whose Soul in Usury disdains
His Treasure to employ;
Whom no Rewards could ever bribe,
The Guiltless to destroy,

The Man, who by his steady Course
Has Happiness ensur'd,
When Earth's foundations shake, shall stand,
By Providence secur'd.

PSALM XVI.

1. PRotect me from my cruel Foes,
And shield me, Lord from harm;
Because my Trust I still repose
On thy Almighty Arm.
2. My Soul all Help but thine does slight,
All Gods but thee disown;
Yet can no Deeds of mine requite
The Goodness thou hast shown.

3. But those that are of vertuous Note,
Who love the thing that's right,
To favour always and promote
Shall be my chief Delight.
4. How shall their Sorrows be increas'd,
Who other Gods adore?
Their bloody Offerings I detest,
Their very Names abhor.

5. My Lot is fal'n in that blest Land
Where God is purely serv'd;
He fills my Cup with lib'ral hand;
My Right's by him preserv'd.

6. In

6. In Nature's moſt delightful Scene
My happy Portion lies;
The place of my appointed Reign
All other Lands outvies.

7. Therefore my Soul ſhall bleſs the Lord,
Whoſe Word's my Guide and Light;
Who private Counſel does afford,
In dark Afflictions Night.

8. Nothing, I know, can lie conceal'd
From his All-ſeeing Eye;
And my firm Hope has never fail'd,
Becauſe he ſtill is nigh.

9. Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,
My Glory does rejoice;
My Fleſh ſhall reſt, in hope to riſe,
Wak'd by his pow'rful Voice.

10. Thou, Lord, when I reſign my Breath,
My Soul from Hell wilt free;
Nor let thy Holy One in death
The leaſt Corruption ſee.

11. Thou ſhalt the Paths of Life diſplay,
Which to thy preſence lead;
Where Pleaſures dwell without allay,
And Joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.

1. TO my juſt Plea, my ſad Complaint
Attend, O Righteous Lord,
And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
A gracious Ear afford.

2. As in thy Presence I'm approv'd,
So let my Sentence be;
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
My upright Dealing see.

3. For thou hast prov'd my Heart by day,
And visited by Night;
And on the strictest Tryal found
Its secret Motions right.
Nor shall thy Justice, Lord, alone
My Heart's Designs acquit;
For I have purpos'd that my Tongue
Shall no Offence commit.

4. I know, what wicked Men would do,
Their Safety to maintain;
But me thy just and mild Commands
From bloody Paths restrain.

5. That I may still, in spight of Wrongs,
My Innocence secure;
O! Guide me in thy righteous Ways,
And make my Footsteps sure.

6. Since heretofore I ne'er in vain
To thee my Pray'r address'd;
O! now, my God, incline thine Ear
To this my just request.

7. The Wonders of thy Love and Care
In my Defence engage,
Thou, whose right Hand preserves thy Saints
From their Oppressors Rage.

PART II.

8, 9. O! keep me in thy tend'rest Care,
With shelt'ring Wings stretch'd out,

From

From cruel and oppreſſing Foes,
That compaſs me about.
10. O'ergrown with Luxury, enclos'd
In their own Fat they lie;
And with a proud blaſpheming Mouth
Both God and Man defie.

11. Well, may they boaſt; for they have now
My Path encompaſs'd round;
Their Eyes at Watch, their Bodies bow'd,
And couching to the Ground.
12. In Poſture of a Lion ſet,
When greedy of his Prey;
Or a young Lion, when he lurks
Within a Covert Way.

13. Ariſe, O Lord, defeat their Plots,
Their ſwelling Rage controul;
From the ungodly Man, thy Sword,
Deliver thou my Soul.
14. From worldly Men, thy ſharpeſt Scourge,
Whoſe Portion's here below;
Who, fill'd with earthly Stores, aſpire
No other Bliſs to know;

15. Pleas'd with a num'rous Race, to ſhare
Their Subſtance while they live;
Succeſſive Heirs, to whom they may
The vaſt Remainder give.
16. But, Lord, for me, I only crave
The Treaſure of thy Grace?
And waking in my Soul to find
The Image of thy Face.

PSALM XVIII.

1, 2. NO Change of Times shall ever shock
My firm Affection, Lord, to thee?
For thou hast always been a Rock,
A Fortress and Defence to me.
Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God;
My Trust is in thy mighty Pow'r;
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,
At home my Safeguard and my Tow'r.

3. To thee I'll still address my Pray'r,
(To whom all Praise we justly owe;)
So shall I, by thy watchful Care,
Be guarded from my Treach'rous Foe.

4, 5. By Floods of wicked Men distress'd,
With deadly Sorrows compass'd round,
With dire infernal Pangs oppress'd,
In Death's unwieldy Fetters bound.

6. To Heav'n I made my mournful Pray'r,
To God address'd my humble Moan;
Who graciously inclin'd his Ear,
And heard me from his lofty Throne.

PART II.

7. When God arose to take my part,
The trembling Earth did quake for fear;
From their firm Posts the Hills did start,
Nor durst his dreadful Fury bear.

8. Thick Clouds of Smoak disperst abroad,
Ensigns of Wrath, before him came;
Devouring

Devouring Fire around him glow'd,
That Coals were kindled at its Flame.

9. He left the beauteous Realms of Light;
Whilſt Heav'n bow'd down its awful head;
Beneath his feet, ſubſtantial Night
Was, like a ſable Carpet, ſpread.
10. The Chariot of the King of Kings,
Which Troops of harneſs'd Angels drew,
On a ſtrong Tempeſt's rapid Wings
With moſt amazing Swiftneſs flew.

11,12. Black wat'ry Miſts and Clouds conſpir'd
With thickeſt Shades his Face to veil;
But at his Brightneſs ſoon retir'd,
And fell in ſhow'rs of Fire and Hail.
13. Thro Heav'n's wide Arch a thundring Peal,
God's angry Voice did loudly roar;
While Earth's ſad Face, with heaps of Hail
And flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.

14. His ſharpen'd Arrows round he threw,
Which made his ſcatter'd Foes retreat;
Like Darts, his nimble Light'nings flew,
And quickly finiſh'd their Defeat.
15. The Deep its ſecret Stores diſclos'd;
The World's Foundations naked lay;
By his avenging Wrath expos'd,
Which fiercely rag'd, that dreadful Day.

PART III.

16. The Lord did on my ſide engage,
From Heav'n (his Throne) my Cauſe up-
held;

And snatch'd me from the furious Rage
Of threat'ning Waves that proudly swell'd.
17. God his resistless Pow'r employ'd,
My strongest Foes Attempts to break;
Who else with ease had soon destroy'd
The Weak defence that I could make.

18. Their subtle Rage had near prevail'd,
When I distress'd and friendless lay;
But still when other Succours fail'd,
God was my firm Support and Stay.
19. From Dangers that enclos'd me round,
He brought me forth, and set me free;
For some just cause his Goodness found,
That mov'd him to delight in me.

20. Because in me no Guilt remains,
God does his gracious Help extend;
My Hands are free from bloody Stains,
Therefore the Lord is still my Friend.
21, 22. For I his Judgments kept in sight;
In his just Ways I always trod;
I never did his Statutes slight,
Nor vainly wander'd from my God.

23, 24. But still my Soul sincere and pure,
Did ev'n from darling Sins refrain;
His Favours therefore yet endure,
Because my Heart and Hands are clean.

PART IV.

25, 26. Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous Ways
To various Paths of Human-kind;
They

They who for Mercy merit Praiſe,
With thee ſhall wond'rous Mercy find.
Thou to the Juſt ſhalt Juſtice ſhew.
The Pure thy Purity ſhall ſee;
Such as perverſly chuſe to go,
Shall meet perverſe Returns from Thee.

27, 28. That he the humble Soul will ſave,
And cruſh the Haughty's boaſted Might.
In me the Lord an Inſtance gave,
Whoſe Darkneſs he has turn'd to Light.
29. On his firm Succour I rely'd,
And did o'er num'rous Foes prevail;
Nor fear'd, whilſt he was on my ſide,
The beſt defended Walls to ſcale.

30. For Gods Deſigns ſhall ſtill ſucceed;
His Word will bear the ſtricteſt Teſt:
He's a ſtrong Shield to all that need,
And on his ſure Protection reſt.
31. Who then deſerves to be ador'd,
But God, on whom my Hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with reſiſtleſs Pow'r defend?

PART V.

32, 33. 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,
And all my juſt Deſigns fulfills;
Through him my Feet can ſwiftly run,
And nimbly climb the ſteepeſt Hills.
34. Leſſons of War from him I take,
And manly Weapons learn to wield;

Strong Bows of Steel with eaſe I break,
Forc'd, by my ſtronger Arms, to yield.

35. The Buckler of his Saving Health
Protects me from aſſaulting Foes;
His Hand ſuſtains me ſtill; my Wealth
And Greatneſs from his Bounty flows.

36. My Goings he enlarg'd abroad,
Till then to narrow Paths confin'd;
And when in ſlipp'ry ways I trod,
The Method of my Steps deſign'd.

37. Through him I num'rous Foes defeat,
And flying Squadrons captive make;
Nor from my fierce Purſuit retreat,
Till full Revenge of all I take.

38. Cover'd with Wounds, in vain they try
Their vanquiſh'd Heads again to rear;
Spight of their boaſted Strength they lie
Beneath my Feet, and grovel there.

39. God, when fierce Armies take the field,
Recruits my Strength, my Courage warms;
He makes my ſtrong Oppoſers yield,
Subdu'd by my prevailing Arms.

40. Through him the Necks of proſtrate Foes
My conqu'ring Feet in Triumph preſs;
Aided by him, I root out thoſe
Who hate and envy my Succeſs.

41. With loud Complaints all Friends they try'd,
But none was able to defend;
At length to God for Succour cry'd,
But God would no Aſſiſtance lend.

42. Like flying Duſt which Winds purſue,
Their broken Troops were ſcatter'd round:
Their

Their baffled Numbers forth I threw,
Like loathſome Duſt that clogs the Ground.

PART VI.

43. Our Factious Tribes, at Striſe till now,
At God's Appointment me obey;
The Heathen to my Sceptre bow,
And Foreign Nations own my Sway.
44. Remoteſt Realms their Homage ſend,
When my ſucceſsful Name they hear;
Strangers for my Commands attend,
Charm'd with Reſpect, or aw'd by Fear.

45. All to my Summons tamely yield,
Or ſoon in Battel are diſmay'd;
For ſtronger holds they quit the Field,
And ſtill in ſtrongeſt Holds afraid.
46. Let the Eternal Lord be prais'd!
The Rock on whoſe Defence I reſt;
O'er higheſt Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
Who me with his Salvation bleſs'd!

47. Tis God that ſtill ſupports my Right,
His juſt Revenge my Foes purſues;
'Tis he, that with reſiſtleſs Might,
Fierce Nations to my Yoke ſubdues.
48. My univerſal Safe-guard, He!
From whom my laſting Honours flow;
He made me Great, and ſet me free
From my remorſeleſs bloody Foe.

49. Therefore to celebrate his Fame,
My grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raiſe;
And Nations, Strangers to his Name,
Shall thus be taught to ſing his Praiſe;

50. " God to his King Deliv'rance sends ;
" Shews his Anointed signal Grace ?
" His Mercy evermore extends
" To *David*, and his promis'd Race.

PSALM XIX.

1. THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill ;
The Firmament and Stars express
Their great Creator's Skill.

2. Revolving Days, with ev'ry Dawn,
Fresh Beams of Knowledge bring ;
From darkest Nights succeſſive Rounds
Divine Instructions spring.

3. Their pow'rful Language to no Realm
Or Region is confin'd ;
'Tis Nature's Voice, and understood
Alike by all Mankind.

4. Their Doctrines sacred Sense itself
Through Earth's extent displays ;
Whose bright Contents the circ'ling Sun
Around the World conveys.

5. No Bridegroom, for his Nuptials dreſt,
Has such a cheerful Face ;
No Giant does like him rejoice,
To run his glorious Race.

6. From East to West from West to East,
His restless Circuit goes ;
And through his Progress cheerful Light
And vital Warmth bestows.

PART

PART II.

7. God's perfect Law converts the Soul,
Reclaims from false Desires;
With sacred Wisdom his sure Word
The Ignorant inspires.
8. The Statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere Delight;
His pure Commands, in search of Truth,
Assist the feebleſt Sight.

9. His Fear is clean, his Worship fix'd
For ever to abide;
His equal Judgments in the scale
Of Truth and Justice try'd.
10. Of more esteem than Golden Mines,
Or Gold refin'd with skill;
More sweet than Honey, or the Drops
That from the Comb distil.

11. My trusty Counsellours they are,
And friendly Warnings give:
Divine Rewards attend on those
Who by thy Precepts live.
12. But what frail Man observes, how oft
He does from Vertue fall?
O cleanse me from my secret Faults,
Thou God who know'st them all.

13. Let no presumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That by thy Grace preserv'd, I may
The great Transgression flee.

14. So

14. So ſhall my Pray'r and Praiſes be
With thy Acceptance bleſt;
And I, ſecure, on thy Defence,
My Strength and Saviour, reſt.

PSALM XX.

1. THE Lord to thy Requeſt attend,
And hear thee in Diſtreſs;
The Name of *Jacob*'s God defend,
And grant thy Arms Succeſs.
2. To aid thee from on high repair,
And Strength from *Sion* give;
Remember all thy Offerings there,
Thy Sacrifice receive.
3. To compaſs thy own Heart's Deſire
Thy Counſels ſtill direct;
Make kindly all Events conſpire
To bring them to effect.
4. To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid
We'll cheerfully repair,
With Banners in thy Name diſplay'd:
The Lord accept thy Pray'r.
5. Our Hopes are now confirm'd, the Lord
Will by our Sov'reign ſtand;
From Heav'n the ſaving Strength afford
Of his reſiſtleſs Hand.
6. Some truſt in Steeds for War deſign'd,
On Chariots ſome rely;
Againſt them all, we'll call to mind
The Name of God moſt High.

7. Bur

7. But from their Steeds and Chariots thrown,
Behold them through the Plain,
Diſorder'd, broke, and trampled down,
Whilſt firm our Troops remain.
8. Still ſave us, Lord, and ſtill proceed
Our rightful Cauſe to bleſs;
Hear, King of Heav'n, in times of need
The Pray'rs that we addreſs.

PSALM XXI.

1. THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praiſe
Shall in thy Strength rejoice;
With thy Salvation glad ſhall raiſe
To Heav'n his cheerful Voice,
2. For thou whate'r his Lips requeſt
Not only didſt impart,
But haſt with thy Acceptance bleſt
The Wiſhes of his Heart.
3. Thy Goodneſs and thy tender Care
Have ev'n his Hopes out-gone;
A Crown of Gold thou mak'ſt him wear
And ſett'ſt it firmly on.
4. He pray'd for Life, and thou, O Lord,
Didſt his ſhort ſpan extend;
And graciouſly to him afford
A Life that ne'er ſhall end.
5. Thy ſure Defence to Nations round
Has ſpread his glorious Name;
And his ſucceſsful Actions crown'd
With Majeſty and Fame.

6. Eternal

6. Eternal Bleſſings thou beſtow'ſt,
And mak'ſt his Joy encreaſe,
Whilſt thou to him unclouded ſhow'ſt
The Brightneſs of thy Face.

PART II.

7. Becauſe the King on God alone
For timely Aid relies,
His Mercy ſtill ſupports his Throne,
And all his Needs ſupplies.
8. But, righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn Foes
Shall feel thy heavy Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe
That hate thy mild Command.

9. When thou againſt them doſt engage,
Thy juſt but dreadful Doom
Shall like a glowing Oven's Rage,
Their Hopes and them conſume.
10. Nor ſhall thy furious Anger ceaſe,
Or with their Ruine end;
But ravage all their guilty Race,
And to their Seed deſcend.

11. For all their Thoughts were ſet on ill,
Their Hearts on Malice bent,
(Though thou with watchful care didſt ſtill
The ill Effects prevent.)
12. In vain by ſhameful flight they'll try
To ſcape thy dreaded Might;
While thy ſwift Darts ſhall faſter fly,
And gaul them in their Flight.

13. Thus

13. Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Strength diſcloſe,
And thus exalt thy Name;
Whilſt we loud Songs of Joy compoſe,
And make thy Pow'r the Theme.

PSALM XXII.

1. MY God, my God, why leav'ſt thou me
When I with Anguiſh faint?
O why ſo far from me remov'd,
And from my loud Complaint.
2. All day, but all the day unheard,
To thee do I complain;
With Cries implore Relief all night,
But cry all night in vain.
3. But thou art ſtill the righteous Judge
Of Innocence oppreſs'd,
And therefore *Iſrael*'s Praiſes are
Of right to Thee addreſs'd.
4, 5. On Thee our Anceſtors rely'd,
And thy Deliv'rance found;
With pious Confidence they pray'd
And with Succeſs were crown'd.
6. But I am treated as a Worm,
Like none of Woman born:
Not only by the Great revil'd,
But made the Rabble's Scorn.
7. With Laughter all the gazing Crowd
My Agonies ſurvey,
They ſhoot the Lip, they ſhake the Head,
And thus, deriding, ſay,

"In

8. " In God he truſted, boaſting oft
" That he was Heaven's Delight;
" Let God come down to own him now,
" And ſave his Favourite.

PART II.

9. Thou mad'ſt my teeming Mother's Womb
A living Offſpring bear;
When but a Suckling at the Breaſt,
I was th' Almighty's Care.
10. My Guardian thou didſt ſhield from Wrongs
My helpleſs Infant days;
Up from my Birth my God and Guide,
Through Life's bewilder'd ways.

11. Withdraw not then ſo far from me
When Trouble is ſo nigh:
O ſend me Help! thy Help, on which
I only can rely.
12. High pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd,
From *Baſan* Foreſts met,
With Strength proportion'd to their Rage,
Have me around beſet.

13. They gape on me and every Mouth
A yawning Grave appears;
The rav'ning Lion's loudeſt Roar
Leſs dreadful is than theirs.

PART III.

14. My Blood like Water's ſpill'd, my Joints
Diſtorted out of Frame;
My Heart diſſolves within my Breaſt,
Like Wax before the Flame.

15. My

15. My Strength like Potter's Earth is parch'd,
My thirſty Tongue and Breath
From Plaints reſtrain'd; my Life reduc'd
Ev'n to the Gates of Death.

16. Like Blood-hounds to ſurround me, they
In pack'd Aſſemblies meet;
They pierc'd my inoffenſive Hands,
They pierc'd my harmleſs Feet.
17. My Body's rack'd till all my Bones
Diſtinctly may be told:
Yet ſuch a Spectacle of Woe
As Paſtime they behold.

18. As Spoil my Garments they divide,
Lots for my Veſture caſt;
Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength,
And to my Succour haſte.
20. Deliver from their Sword my Soul,
(Of all but Life bereft!)
Nor let my Darling in the Pow'r
Of cruel Dogs be left.

21. Retrieve me from the Lion's Jaws
As from the brandiſh'd Horns
Thou reſcued'ſt me, and from the Hoofs
Of trampling Unicorns.
22. Then to my Brethren I'll declare
The Triumphs of thy Name,
In Preſence of aſſembled Saints
Thy Glory thus proclaim,

23. "Ye Worſhippers of *Jacob*'s God,
"All you of *Iſrael*'s Line,

"O

" O praiſe the Lord, and to your Praiſe
" Sincere Obedience join.
24. He ne'er diſdain'd on low Diſtreſs
" To caſt a gracious Eye;
" Nor turn'd from Poverty his Face,
But hears its humble Cry.

PART IV.

25. Thus in thy Courts Religious Throng
My Thanks I will expreſs,
In preſence of thy Saints perform
The Vows of my Diſtreſs.
26. The Meek Companions of my Grief
Shall find my Table ſpread,
And all that ſeek the Lord ſhall be
With Joys immortal fed.

27. Then ſhall the Univerſe, convinc'd,
To God their Homage pay;
And ſcatter'd Nations of the Earth
One Sov'reign Lord obey.
28. 'Tis his ſupream Prerogative
O'er Subject-Kings to reign,
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the World,
Who does the World ſuſtain.

29. The Rich, who are with Plenty fed,
His Bounty muſt confeſs;
The Sons of Want, by him reliev'd,
Their gen'rous Patron bleſs.
With humble Worſhip, to his Throne
They all for Aid reſort
That Power which firſt their Beings gave,
Can only them ſupport.

30, 31.

30, 31. Then shall a chosen spotless Race
Devoted to his Name,
To their admiring Heirs his Truth
And glorious Acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

1. SInce God does me, his worthless Charge,
Protect with tender Care,
As watchful Shepherds guard their Flocks,
What can I want or fear?
2. In shady Pastures fresh and green
He makes me feed and lie;
Then leads me on to silver Streams,
That gently murmur by.
3. My wand'ring Soul, by him restor'd,
To his immortal Praise,
He taught with humble Zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
4. Tho through Death's gloomy Vale I march,
Yet safe and undismaid;
His Presence cheers, his Rod and Staff
Afford me constant Aid.
5. By him, in sight of all my Foes,
My Table's richly spread,
My Cup o'erflows with gen'rous Wine,
With pretious Oyls my Head.
6. Since God thus shews his wond'rous Love
Through all my Life's extent,
My time to come shall, in his House,
In Pray'r and Praise be spent.

PSALM

PSALM XXIV.

1. THis ſpacious Earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord's her Fulneſs is;
The World and its Inhabitants
By ſov'reign Right are his.
2. He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas,
And with Almighty Hand
Upon inconſtant Floods he made
Her ſtable Fabrick ſtand.

3. But for himſelf this Lord of All
One choſen Seat deſign'd;
O who ſhall to that Sacred Hill
Deſerv'd Admittance find?
4. The Man whoſe Hands and Heart are pure,
Whoſe Thoughts were never vain,
Had rather live deſpis'd and poor,
Than thrive by perjur'd Gain.

5. This, this is He on whom the Lord
Shall ſhow'r his Bleſſings down,
Whom God his Saviour ſhall vouchſafe
With Righteouſneſs to crown.
6. Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
Thy ſacred Courts are trod;
And ſuch the Proſelytes that ſeek
The face of *Jacob*'s God.

7. Erect your Heads, eternal Gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory: ſee he comes
With his celeſtial Train.

8. Who

8. Who is this King of Glory? who?
The Lord for Strength renown'd,
In Battel mighty, o'er his Foes
Eternal Victor crown'd.

9. Erect your Heads, ye Gates, unfold
In ſtate to entertain
The King of Glory: ſee he comes
With all his ſhining Train.
10. Who is this King of Glory? who?
The Lord of Hoſts renown'd:
Of Glory He alone is King,
Who is with Glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

1, 2. TO thee, the God in whom I truſt
I lift my Heart and Voice;
O let me not be put to ſhame,
Nor let my Foes rejoice.
3. Thoſe who on Thee for Succour wait
Let no Diſgrace attend.
Be that the ſhameful Lot of ſuch
As wilfully offend.

4, 5. Thy Paths diſcloſe, thy Truth impart
And lead me in thy way,
For thou art he that brings me Help,
On Thee I wait all day.
6. Thy Mercies and thy tender Love,
O Lord, recall to mind,
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
As thou wert ever kind.

7. Let

7. Let all my early youthful Crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And for thy wond'rous Goodneſs ſake
In Mercy think on me.
8. His Mercy and his Juſtice both
The righteous Lord diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring Sinners home
And teaching them his ways.

9. All thoſe in Judgment ſhall he guide
Who his Direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred Paths ſhall lead
The humble and the meek.
10. Through all the equal ways of God
Both Truth and Mercy ſhine,
Tow'rds them, that with religious Hearts
To his bleſt Will incline.

PART II.

11. Since Mercy is thy darling Grace,
And moſt exalts thy Fame,
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,
And ſo advance thy Name.
12. Whoe'er to God with holy Fear
His humble Duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide
In all his righteous Ways.

13. His quiet Soul with inward Peace
Shall be for ever bleſt,
And by his num'rous Race the Land
Succeſſively poſſeſt.

14. For

14. For God to ſuch as fear his Name,
His ſecret Will imparts,
And does his gracious Cov'nant write
In their obedient Hearts.

15. To him I ſtill will lift my Eyes,
And wait his timely Aid,
Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous ſnare
Which for my Feet was laid.

16. O turn again, and all my Griefs
In mercy, Lord, redreſs;
For I am compaſs'd round with Woes,
And plung'd in deep Diſtreſs.

17. The Sorrows of my penſive Heart
To mighty Sums increaſe;
O from this dark and diſmal ſtate
My troubled Soul releaſe!

18. With tender Eyes and pitying Looks
My ſad Afflictions ſee;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt,
Intirely ſet me free.

19. Conſider, Lord, my cruel Foes,
How faſt their Numbers grow!
What lawleſs Force and Rage they uſe,
What boundleſs Hate they ſhow!

20. O guard my life, and ſet my Soul
From their fierce Malice free;
Nor let me, Lord, be ſham'd, who place
My ſtedfaſt Truſt in thee.

21. Let all my juſt and righteous Acts
To full Perfection riſe,

Becauſe

Becauſe my firm and conſtant Hope
On thee alone relies.
12. To *Iſrael*, Lord, thy choſen Race,
Continue ever kind;
And in the midſt of all their Wants
Let them thy Succour find.

PSALM XXVI.

1. JUdge me, O Lord, for I the Paths
Of Righteouſneſs have trod;
I cannot fail, who all my Truſt
Repoſe on thee, my God.
2, 3. Search, prove my Heart, whoſe Innocence
Will ſhine the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy Grace in view,
Thy Truth my conſtant Guide.

4. I never for Companions took
The Idle or Prophane,
No Hypocrite with all his Arts
My Friendſhip e'er could gain.
5. I hate the Factious Plotting Crew
Who make diſtracted Times.
No more would ſhare their Company,
Than I'd partake their Crimes.

6. I'll waſh my Hands in Innocence;
And bring a Heart ſo pure
As ſhall when I approach thy Courts,
My Welcome there ſecure.
7, 8. My Thanks I'll publiſh there and tell
How thy Renown excels:

That

That Seat affords me moſt Delight,
In which thy Honour dwells.

9. Involve me not in Sinners doom,
Who Murder make their Trade;
10. Who other's Rights by ſecret Bribes,
Or open Force invade.
11. But I will walk in Paths of Truth,
Integrity purſue;
Protect me therefore, and on me
Thy Mercies, Lord, renew.

12. In ſpight of all my Foes Attacks
I ſtill maintain my ground:
And ſhall ſurvive, amongſt thy Saints,
Thy Praiſes to reſound.

PSALM XXVII.

1. WHom ſhould I fear, ſince God to me
Salvation is and Light?
Since ſtrongly he my Life ſupports,
What can my Soul affright?
2. With rav'nous Aims, my Fleſh to tear
When Foes beſet me round,
They ſtumbled, and their lofty Creſts
Were made to ſtrike the Ground.

3. Through him my Heart, undaunted, dares
With num'rous Hoſts to cope;
Through him, in dang'rous Straits of War,
For good Succeſs I hope,

4. Henceforth within his Houſe to dwell
I earneſtly deſire,
His wond'rous Beauty there to view,
And his bleſt Will enquire.

5. For there may I with Comfort reſt,
In times of deep Diſtreſs,
And ſafe as on a Rock abide
In that ſecure receſs.

6. Whilſt God above my haughty Foes
My lofty Head ſhall raiſe,
And I my joyful Off'ring bring,
And ſing glad Songs of Praiſe

PART II.

7. Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry;
In mercy all my Pray'rs receive,
Nor my Requeſt deny.

8. When thou to ſeek thy glorious Face
Doſt graciouſly adviſe,
Thy glorious Face I'll always ſeek,
My grateful Heart replies.

9. Then hide not thou thy Face, O Lord,
Nor me in Wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didſt ſo oft protect.

10. Tho all my Friends and neareſt Kin
Their helpleſs Charge forſake,
Yet thou, whoſe Love excels them all,
Wilt Care and Pity take.

11. Inſtruct

11. Inſtruct me in thy ways, O Lord,
My Goings plainly guide,
Leſt envious Men, who watch my ſteps,
Should ſee me tread aſide:
12. Defeat, O Lord, my cruel Foes,
And thwart their ill Deſire,
Whoſe lying Lips and bloody Hands
Againſt my Peace conſpire.

13. I truſted that my future Life
Should with thy Love be crown'd,
Or elſe my fainting Soul had ſunk
With Sorrows compaſs'd round.
14. With patient Faith expect God's time,
And he'll inſpire thy Breaſt
With inward Strength; do thus thy part,
And leave to him the reſt.

PSALM XXVIII.

1. O Lord, my Rock, to Thee I cry,
In Sighs conſume my Breath:
O anſwer, or I ſhall become
Like thoſe that ſleep in Death.
2. Regard my Supplication, Lord,
The Cries that I repeat,
With weeping Eyes, and Hands ſtretch'd out
Before thy Mercy-ſeat,

3. Involve me not in Sinners doom,
Who make a Trade of Ill,
And ever ſpeak the Perſon fair,
Whoſe Blood they mean to ſpill.

4. According to their Crimes extent
Let Juſtice have its Courſe;
Relentleſs be to them, as they
Have ſinn'd without Remorſe.

5. Since they the Works of God deſpiſe,
Nor would his Grace adore,
His Wrath ſhall utterly deſtroy,
And build them up no more.

6. But I, with due Acknowledgment,
His Praiſes will reſound,
From whom the Cries of my Diſtreſs
A gracious Anſwer found.

7. My Heard repos'd its Confidence
In God, my Strength and Shield,
In him I truſted, and return'd
Triumphant from the Field.
As he has made my Joys compleat,
'Tis juſt that I ſhould raiſe
The chearful Tribute of my Thanks,
And thus reſound his Praiſe.

8. His aiding Pow'r ſupports the Troops
That my juſt cauſe maintain;
'Twas he advanc'd me to the Throne,
'Tis he ſecures my Reign.

9. Preſerve thy choſen, and proceed
Thine Heritage to bleſs;
With Plenty proſper them, in Peace;
In Battle, with Succeſs.

PSALM XXIX.

1. YE Princes that in Might excel,
Devout Oblations ſtrait prepare;
God's glorious Actions loudly tell,
To all his wond'rous pow'r declare.
2. To his great Name freſh Altars raiſe,
And due Reſpect with Care afford;
Him in his holy Temple praiſe,
Where he's with ſolemn State ador'd.

3. 'Tis he that with amazing Noiſe
The wat'ry Clouds in ſunder brake;
The Ocean trembled at his Voice,
When he from Heaven in Thunder ſpake.
4, 5. How full of Pow'r his Voice appears!
With what majeſtick Horror crown'd!
Which from their Roots tall Cedars tears,
And ſtrews their ſcatter'd Branches round!

6. They, and the Hills on which they grow,
Are ſometimes hurried far away;
And leap, like Hinds that bounding go,
Or Unicorns in youthful play.
7, 8. When God in Thunder loudly ſpeaks,
And ſcatter'd Flames of Lightning ſends,
The Foreſt nods, the Deſart quakes,
And ſtubborn *Kadeſh* lowly bends.

9. He aids the Hinds with Pangs oppreſs'd,
And lays the Beaſts dark Coverts bare,
Whilſt thoſe that in his Temple reſt,
Securely ſing his Praiſes there.

10, 11. God rules the angry Floods on high;
His boundless Sway shall never cease;
His People he'll with Strength supply,
And bless his own with constant Peace.

PSALM XXX.

1. I'll celebrate thy Praises, Lord,
Who didst thy Pow'r employ
To lift my drooping Head above
My Foes insulting Joy.
2, 3. To Thee I cry'd in my Distress,
Who kindly didst relieve,
And from the Grave's expecting Jaws
My hopeless Life retrieve.

4. Thus to his Courts ye Saints of his
With Songs of Praise repair,
With me commemorate his Truth,
And providential Care.
5. His Wrath has but a Moment's reign,
His Favour no Decay:
Your Night of Grief is recompenc'd
With Joy's returning Day.

6. But I in prosp'rous days presum'd,
No Revolution fear'd,
Whilst in my Sun-shine of Success
No low'ring Cloud appear'd.
7. But soon perceiv'd thy Favour, Lord,
My Empire's strongest Trust;
Thou hidd'st thy Face, and strait I found
My Honour laid in Dust.

8. Then

8. Then, as I vainly had presum'd,
My Error I confess'd,
And thus, with supplicating Voice,
Thy Mercy's Throne address'd.
9. " What Profit is there in my Blood,
" Congeal'd by Death's cold Night?
" Can silent Ashes speak thy Praise,
" Thy wond'rous Truth recite?
10. " Hear me, O Lord, in Mercy hear,
" Thy wonted Aid extend;
" Be thou my Helper, on whose Help
" I only can depend.
11. 'Tis done! Thou hast my mournful Scene
To Songs and Dances turn'd;
In Robes of State invested me,
Who late in Sackcloth mourn'd.
12. My Glory therefore shall proclaim
Thy Praise in grateful Verse;
And, as thy Favours endless are,
Thy endless Praise rehearse.

PSALM XXXI.

1. DEfend me, Lord, from Shame,
For still I trust in Thee;
As Just and Righteous is thy Name,
From Danger set me free.
2. Bow down thy gracious Ear,
And speedy Succour send;
Do thou my stedfast Rock appear,
To rescue and defend.

3. Since Thou, when Foes oppreſs,
My Rock and Fortreſs art,
To guide me forth from this Diſtreſs
Thy uſual Help impart.
4. Releaſe me from the Snare
Which they have cloſely laid,
Since I, O God my Strength, repair
To thee alone for Aid.

5. To Thee, the God of Truth,
My Life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preſerv'dſt me from my Youth)
I willingly reſign.
6. All vain Deſigns I hate,
Of thoſe that truſt in Lies;
Whilſt my firm Hope, in every ſtate,
On God alone relies.

PART II.

7. The Mercies thou haſt ſhown
I'll cheerfully expreſs;
For thou haſt view'd my Straits, and known
My Soul in deep Diſtreſs.
8. When *Keilah*'s treach'rous Race
Did all my Strength encloſe,
Thou gav'ſt my Feet a larger ſpace
To ſhun my watchful Foes.

9. Thy Mercy, Lord, diſplay,
Redreſs my juſt Complaint;
For both my Heart and Fleſh decay,
With Grief and Hunger faint.

10. Sad

10. Sad Thoughts my Life oppreſs,
My Years are ſpent in Groans,
My Sins have made my Strength grow leſs,
And ev'n conſum'd my Bones.

11. My Foes inſulting mock'd,
My Neighbours did upbraid;
My Friends at ſight of me were ſhock'd,
And fled as Men diſmaid.

12. By all I am forgot,
As dead, and out of mind;
And hopeleſs as a ſhatter'd Pot,
Whoſe Parts can ne'er be join'd.

13. With ſland'rous Tongues they ſpeak,
And ſeem my Pow'r to dread,
Whilſt they together Counſel take
My guiltleſs Blood to ſhed.

14. But ſtill my ſtedfaſt Truſt,
I on thy Help repoſe;
That thou, my God, art good and juſt,
My Heart with Comfort knows.

PART III.

15. Whate'er Events betide
Thy Wiſdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy Servant ſafely hide
From thoſe that ſeek his Fall.

16. The Brightneſs of thy Face
To me, O Lord, diſcloſe;
And, as thy Mercies ſtill encreaſe,
Preſerve me from my Foes.

17. Let me no Shame receive,
Who ſtill have call'd on Thee;
Let That and Silence in the Grave,
The Sinner's Portion be.
18. Do thou their Tongues reſtrain,
Whoſe Breath in Lies is ſpent;
Who falſe Reports, with proud Diſdain,
Againſt the Righteous vent.

19. How great thy Mercies are
To ſuch as fear thy Name!
Which thou, for thoſe that truſt thy Care,
Doſt to the World proclaim.
20. Thou ſhrowd'ſt them in thy Sight
From Man's defeated Pride;
From Tongues that do in Strife delight
Thou doſt them ſafely hide.

21. With Glory and Renown
God's Name be ever bleſs'd;
Whoſe Love in *Keilah*'s well-fenc'd Town
Was wond'rouſly expreſs'd!
22. I ſaid, in haſty Flight,
"I'm baniſh'd from thine Eyes
Yet ſtill thou kept'ſt me in thy Sight,
And heard'ſt my earneſt Cries.

23. Let holy Men the Lord
With eager Love purſue,
Who to the Juſt will Help afford,
And give the Proud their due.
24. All that on God rely
Couragiouſly proceed:

For-

For he will ſtill your Hearts ſupply
With Strength in time of need.

PSALM XXXII.

1. THrice bleſt, whoſe Sins have Pardon gain'd
No more in Judgment to appear;
2. Whoſe Guilt Remiſſion has obtain'd,
And whoſe Repentance is ſincere.
3. Whilſt I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
My Bones conſum'd without Relief;
All day with Anguiſh I did roar,
But no Complaints aſſwag'd my Grief.
4. Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd,
By Day and Night alike diſtreſt,
Till quite of vital Moiſture drain'd,
Like Land with Summer's drought oppreſt.
5. No ſooner I my Wound diſclos'd,
The Guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy Forgiveneſs interpos'd,
And Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.
6. True Penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
Who ſeek Thee whilſt thou mayſt be found,
From Danger's common Deluge freed,
See the lewd World about 'em drown'd.
7. Thy Favour, Lord, in laſt Diſtreſs,
My Tow'r of Refuge I muſt own,
Thou ſhalt my haughty Foes ſuppreſs,
And me with Songs of Triumph Crown.

8. To my Instruction then confide,
You that would Truth's safe Path descry,
Your Progress, I'll securely guide,
And keep you in my watchful Eye.
9. Submit your selves to Wisdom's Rule,
Like Men that Reason have attain'd;
Not like th' ungovern'd Horse and Mule,
Whose Fury must be Curb'd and Rein'd.

10. Sorrows on Sorrows multiply'd
Obdurate Sinners shall confound,
But them who in his Truth confide
Blessings of Mercy shall surround.
11. His Saints that have perform'd his Laws
Their Life in Triumphs shall employ:
Let then (as such alone have cause)
The Heart that's Upright shout for Joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

1. LEt all the Just to God with Joy
Their chearful Voices raise,
For well the Righteous it becomes
To sing glad Songs of Praise.
2,3. Let Harps, and Psalteries, and Lutes,
Be in one Consort met,
And new-made Songs of loud Applause
To skilful Notes be set.

4,5. For faithful is the Word of God,
His Works with Truth abound;
He Justice loves, and o'er the Earth
Diffuses his Goodness round.

6. By

6. By his Almighty Word at firſt
Heav'ns glorious Arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous Hoſts of Light
At his Command appear'd.

7. The ſwelling Floods together rowl'd,
He makes in Heaps to lye,
And lays, as in a Store-houſe, ſafe,
The wat'ry Treaſures by.

8, 9. Let Earth and all that dwell therein
Before him trembling ſtand:
For when he ſpake the word, 'twas done,
'Twas fix'd at his Command.

10. He, when the Heathen cloſely plot,
Their Counſels undermines;
His Wiſdom ineffectual makes
The People's vain Deſigns.

11. But what the mighty Lord decrees
Shall ſtand for ever ſure;
The ſettled purpoſe of his Heart
To Ages ſhall endure.

PART II.

12. How happy then are they, to whom
The Lord for God is known!
Whom he from all the World beſides
Has choſen for his own!

13, 14, 15. He all the Nations of the Earth
From Heav'n his Throne ſurvey'd;
He ſaw their Works, and view'd their Thoughts.
By him their Hearts were made

16, 17.

16, 17. No King is safe by num'rous Hosts,
Their Strength the Strong deceives;
No manag'd Horse, by Force or Speed,
His Warlike Rider saves:
18, 19. 'Tis God, who those that trust in him
Beholds with gracious Eyes:
He frees their Soul from Death, their Wants
In time of Dearth supplies.

20, 21. Our Soul on God with Patience waits,
Our Help and Shield is He!
Then, Lord, let still our Hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in Thee.
22. The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

1. THrough all the changing Scenes of Life,
In Trouble and in Joy,
The Praises of my God shall still
My Heart and Tongue employ.
2. Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest,
From my Example Comfort take,
And charm their Grief to rest.

3. O magnifie the Lord with me,
With me exalt his Name:
4. Distress'd, to him I sought, he heard,
And to my rescue came.

5. Their

5. Their drooping Hearts were ſoon refreſh'd,
Who look'd to him for Aid:
Deſir'd Succeſs in ev'ry Face
A chearful Air diſplaid.

6. Behold (ſay they) the Supplicant
Whom Providence reliev'd,
The Man ſo dang'rouſly beſet,
So wond'rouſly retriev'd!

7. His Angel Hoſts encamp around
The Dwellings of the Juſt;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on his Succour truſt.

8. O taſte th' Experience of his Love;
The Tryal will decide,
How bleſs'd they are, and only they,
Who in his Truth confide.

9. Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then
Have nothing elſe to fear;
Fear him, make you his Service yours,
He'll make your Wants his Care.

10. When Hungry Rapine fails with Prey
Young Lions to provide,
All thoſe that meekly fear the Lord
Shall have their Wants ſupply'd.

PART II.

11. Approach, ye piouſly diſpos'd,
And my Inſtruction hear,
I'll teach you the true Diſcipline
Of his religious Fear.

12. Let

12. Let him who Length of Life desires,
And prosp'rous Days would see
13. From Slander's Venom keep his Tongue,
His Lips from Falshood free.

14. The crooked Paths of Vice decline
And Virtue's Ways pursue,
Establish Peace where 'tis begun,
And, where 'tis lost, renew.
15. The Lord, from Heav'n, beholds the Just
With favourable Eyes,
And when distress'd, his gracious Ear
Is opened to their Cries.

16. But turns his wrathful Look on those
Whom Mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and raze from Earth
Their hated Race and Name.
17. Deliv'rance to his Saints he gives
When his relief they crave:
18. Still nigh to heal the broken Heart
And contrite Spirit save.

19. The Wicked oft, but still in vain,
Against the Just conspire:
20. For under their Affliction's weight
He keeps their Bones entire.
21. The Wicked from their Wickedness
Their Ruine shall derive;
Whilst them, their Malice, and their Names,
The Righteous shall survive.

22. The Lord redeems his Servants Souls,
Who on his Trust depend,

To

To them and their Poſterity
His Bleſſings ſhall deſcend.

PSALM XXXV.

1. AGainſt all thoſe that ſtrive with me,
O Lord, aſſert my Right;
With ſuch as War unjuſtly wage
Do Thou my Battels fight.
2. Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield
Upon thy warlike Arm;
Stand up, my God, in my defence,
And keep me ſafe from Harm.
3. Bring forth thy Spear, ſtop thoſe that ſeek
My guiltleſs Blood to ſpill;
Say to my Soul, I am thy Health,
And will preſerve thee ſtill.
4. Whilſt they with Shame are covered o'er
That my Deſtruction ſought;
And ſuch as did my Harm deviſe
Are to Confuſion brought.
5. Then ſhall they fly, diſpers'd like Chaff
That's ſcatter'd by the Wind;
God's vengeful Miniſter of Wrath
Shall follow cloſe behind.
6. And when through dark and ſlipp'ry ways
They ſtrive thy Rage to ſhun,
Thy vengeful Miniſters of Wrath
Shall goad them as they run.

7. Since

7. Since unprovok'd by any Wrong
They hid their treach'rous Snare;
And for my harmleſs Soul a Pit
Did without Cauſe prepare;
8. Surpriz'd by Miſchiefs unforeſeen,
By their own Traps betray'd;
Their Feet ſhall fall into the Net
Which they for me had laid.

9. Whilſt my glad Soul ſhall God's great Name
For his Deliv'rance bleſs;
And by his Saving Health ſecur'd,
Its grateful Joy expreſs.
10. My very Bones ſhall ſay, O Lord,
Who can compare with Thee?
Who ſett'ſt the poor and helpleſs Man
From ſtrong Oppreſſors free.

PART II.

11. Falſe Witneſſes, with forg'd Complaints,
Againſt my Truth combin'd;
And to my Charge ſuch things they laid
As I had ne'er deſign'd.
12. The Good which I to them had done,
With Evil they repaid;
And, urg'd by Malice undeſerv'd,
Did ev'n my Life invade.

13. But as for me, when they were ſick
I did in Sackcloth mourn;
I pray'd and faſted, and my Pray'r
Did to my ſelf return.

14. Had

14. Had they my Friends or Breth'ren been,
I could have done no more;
Nor with a Grief more ſharp and true
A Mother's Loſs deplore.

15. How diff'ring has their Carriage prov'd,
In times of my Diſtreſs;
When they in Crowds together met,
Did ſalvage Joy expreſs.
The Rabble too, in num'rous Throngs,
By their Example came;
And ceas'd not, with their ſordid Taunts,
To wound my ſpotleſs Fame.

16. Scoffers, that noble Tables haunt,
And earn their Bread with Lies,
Did gnaſh their Teeth, and ſland'rous Jeſts
Maliciouſly deviſe.
17. But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
On my behalf appear;
And ſave my guiltleſs Soul, which they
Like ſalvage Beaſts would tear.

PART III.

18. So I, before the liſt'ning World,
Shall grateful Thanks expreſs;
And where the great Aſſembly meets,
Thy Name with Praiſes bleſs.
19. Lord, ſuffer not my cauſeleſs Foes,
Who me unjuſtly hate;
With publick Joy, or private Winks
To mock my ſad Eſtate.

20. For

20. For they, with Hearts averſe from Peace,
Maliciouſly deviſe,
Againſt the Men of quiet Minds
To utter ſpiteful Lies:
21. Nor with theſe private Arts content,
With open Mouths they bawl,
And ſay, at laſt we 've found him out,
Our ſelves have ſeen it all.

22. But Thou, who doſt both them and me
With righteous Eyes ſurvey,
Declare my Innocence, O Lord,
And keep not far away.
23. Stir up thy ſelf, and freſhly rowz'd
To Judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous Servant's Cauſe, O God,
To thy Deciſion take.

24 Lord, as my Heart has upright been,
Let me thy Judgment find;
Nor let my cruel Foes obtain
The Triumph they deſign'd.
25. O let them not amongſt themſelves,
In Boaſting Language ſay,
At length our Wiſhes are compleat,
At laſt he's made our Prey.

26. Let ſuch as in my Harm rejoic'd
For ſhame their Faces hide;
And foul Diſhonour wait on thoſe
That proudly me defy'd:
27. Whilſt they with Joy and Gladneſs ſhout,
Who my juſt Cauſe befriend;

And

And bleſs the Lord, who loves to make
Succeſs his Saints attend.

28. So ſhall my Tongue, with Joy inſpir'd,
Thy Righteouſneſs proclaim;
And of my grateful Songs thy Praiſe
Shall be the conſtant Theme.

PSALM XXXVI.

1. MY crafty Foe with flatt'ring Art
His wicked Purpoſe would diſguiſe;
But Reaſon whiſpers to my Heart,
No Fear of God's before his Eyes.

2. He ſooths himſelf, retir'd from ſight,
And thinks ſecur'd his treach'rous Game;
Till his dark Plots expos'd to Light,
Their falſe Contriver brand with Shame.

3. In Deeds he is my Foe confeſs'd,
Whilſt, to deſtroy, he ſpeaks me fair:
True Wiſdom's baniſh'd from his Breaſt,
And Vice has ſole Dominion there.

4. His Malice ſpends the ſleepleſs Night
In forging miſchievous Deſigns;
His obſtinate ungen'rous Spite
No execrable Means declines.

5. But, Lord, thy Mercy is my Hope,
That Heav'ns ſublimeſt Orb tranſcends:
O Lord, thy Truth's unmeaſured Scope
Beyond the ſpreading Skies extends.

6. Thy

6. Thy Juſtice, like the Hills remains;
Unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;
Thy Providence the World ſuſtains,
To Men and Beaſts extends its Care.

7. O, ſince thy Kindneſs all partake,
With what Aſſurance ſhould the Juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
And Saints to thy Protection truſt!
8. Such Gueſts ſhall to thy Courts be led,
To banquet on thy Love's Repaſt.
And drink, as from a Fountain's head,
Of Joys that ſhall for ever laſt.

9. With Thee the Springs of Life remain,
Thy Preſence is eternal Day;
10. O let thy Saints thy Favour gain;
To upright Hearts thy Truth diſplay.
11. Let Pride's inſulting Foot ne'er tread,
Nor wicked Hand my Life ſurprize:
12. Their Miſchief turns on their own Head,
Down, down they're fall'n, no more to riſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

1. THough wicked Men grow Rich or Great,
Yet let not their ſucceſsful State,
Thy Anger or thy Envy raiſe:
2. For they cut down like tender Graſs,
Or like young Flow'rs away ſhall paſs,
Whoſe blooming Beauty ſoon decays.

3. Depend

3. Depend on God, and ſtill live well;
So Thou within the Land ſhalt dwell,
Secure from Danger, and from Want:
4. Make him thy only chief Delight,
And He, thy Duty to requite,
Shall all thy earneſt wiſhes grant.

5. In all thy ways truſt thou the Lord,
And he'll his needful Help afford
To perfect ev'ry juſt Deſign:
6. He'll make, like Light ſerene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
And as a mid-day Sun to ſhine.

7. With quiet Mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend;
Nor let thy Anger fondly riſe,
Tho wicked Men with Wealth abound,
And with Succeſs the Plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciouſly deviſe.

8. From Anger ceaſe, and Wrath forſake,
Let no ungovern'd Paſſion make
Thy wav'ring Heart eſpouſe their Crime;
9. For God ſhall ſinful Men deſtroy,
Whilſt only they the Land enjoy,
Who truſt on him and wait his time.

10. How ſoon ſhall wicked Men decay!
Their Place ſhall vaniſh quite away,
Nor by the ſtricteſt ſearch be found:
11. Whilſt humble Souls poſſeſs the Earth,
Rejoicing ſtill with godly Mirth,
With Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

PART II.

12. While Sinful Crowds with fell Design
Againſt the righteous Few combine,
And gnaſh their Teeth and threatning ſtand:
13. God ſhall their empty Plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated Pride;
He ſees their Ruine near at hand.

14. They draw the Sword, and bend the Bow,
The Poor and Needy to oe'rthrow,
And Men of upright Lives to ſlay:
15. But their ſtrong Bows ſhall ſoon be broke,
Their ſharp-edg'd Weapon's mortal Stroke
Through their own Hearts ſhall force it's way.

16. A little, with God's Favour bleſs'd,
That's by a Righteous Man poſſeſs'd,
The Wealth of many Bad excels:
17. For God ſupports the righteous Cauſe,
But as for thoſe that break his Laws,
Their ineffectual Pow'r he quells.

18. His conſtant Care the Upright guides,
And over all their Days preſides,
Their Portion ſhall for ever laſt:
19. They, when Diſtreſs o'erſpreads the Earth,
Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in Dearth
The happy Fruits of Plenty taſte.

20. Not ſo the wicked Men, and thoſe
Who proudly dare Gods will oppoſe;
Deſtruction is their hapleſs ſhare:

Like

Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes and they
Shall in an inſtant melt away,
And vaniſh into Smoak and Air.

PART III.

21. While Sinners brought to ſad Decay,
Tho forc'd to borrow, can't repay,
The Juſt have Will and Pow'r to give:
22. For ſuch as God vouchſafes to bleſs,
Shall peaceably the Earth poſſeſs;
And thoſe he curſes ſhall not live.

23. The good Man's way is God's Delight,
He orders all the Steps aright
Of him that owns his dread Command;
24. Tho he ſometimes may be diſtreſs'd,
Yet ſhall he ne'er be quite oppreſs'd,
For God upholds him with his Hand.

25. From blooming Youth till Age prevail'd,
I never ſaw the Righteous fail'd,
Or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race;
26. Becauſe Compaſſion fill'd his Heart,
And he did chearfully impart,
God made his Offſprings Wealth increaſe.

27. Ill Deeds with utmoſt Caution ſhun;
In that that's good with Zeal go on,
And ſo prolong your happy Days:
28. For God who Judgment loves, will ſtill
Preſerve his Saints ſecure from Ill,
While ſoon the wicked Race decays.

29, 30, 31. The Upright shall possess the Land,
His Portion there for Ages stand;
His Mouth with Wisdom's stores supply'd,
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves,
His Heart the Law of God approves,
Which makes his Footsteps never slide.

PART IV.

32. In vain the watchful Sinner lies
In wait, the Righteous to surprise;
In vain his Ruine does decree;
33. God will not him defenceless leave,
To his Revenge expos'd, but save,
And when he's sentenc'd, set him free.

34. Wait still on God, and keep his way,
And thou, advanc'd the Land to sway,
Thy firm possession ne'er shalt quit:
With longing Eyes thou soon shalt see
The Wicked's fatal Tragedy,
And as a glad Spectator sit.

35. The Wicked in great Pow'r I've seen,
And like a Bay-tree fresh and green
That spreads its pleasant Branches round:
36. But he was gone as swift as Thought,
He disappear'd, where e'er I sought,
Nor could his smallest Track be found.

37. Observe the perfect Man with Care,
And mark all such as Upright are;
For their calm days in Peace shall end:

38. While

38. While ſtill the latter end of thoſe
Who dare Gods ſacred Will oppoſe,
A common Ruine ſhall attend.

39. God to the Juſt will Aid afford,
Their onely Safeguard is the Lord,
Their Strength in time of Trouble, He.
40. Becauſe on Him they ſtill depend,
The Lord ſhall Help and Succour ſend,
And from the Wicked ſet them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1. CORrect me not in Anger, Lord,
Tho I deſerve it all;
Nor let at once on me the Storm
Of thy Diſpleaſure fall.
2. In ev'ry wretched Part of me
Thy Arrows deep remain:
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting Weight
I can no more ſuſtain.

3. My Fleſh is one continued Wound,
Thy Wrath ſo fiercely glows;
Betwixt my Puniſhment and Guilt
My Bones have no Repoſe.
4. My Sins are to a Deluge ſwell'd
My wretched Head to drown;
And for my feeble Strength to bear
Too vaſt a Burthen grown.

5. My Wounds with putrid Stench are fill'd,
My Folly's juſt Return.

6. With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
For all the day I mourn.
7. A Loath'd Diſeaſe afflicts my Loins,
Unſound in ev'ry Part;
8. I'm feeble, broken, groan and roar
Through Anguiſh of my Heart.

PART II.

9. But, Lord, before thy ſearching Eyes
All my Deſigns appear;
And ſure my Groans have been too loud,
Not to have reach'd thine Ear.
10. My Heart's oppreſt, my Strength decay'd,
My Eyes depriv'd of Light:
11. Friends, Lovers, Kinſmen gaze aloof
On ſuch a diſmal Sight.

12. Mean while the Foes that ſeek my Life,
Their Snares to take me ſet;
Vent Slanders, and contrive all day
To forge ſome new Deceit.
13. But I, as if both Deaf and Dumb,
Nor heard, nor once reply'd: (Tongue
14. Quite Deaf and Dumb, like one whoſe
With conſcious Guilt were ty'd.

15. For, Lord, to Thee I do appeal
My Innocence to clear;
Aſſur'd that Thou, the Righteous God,
My injur'd Cauſe wilt hear.
16. Hear me, I ſaid, leſt they rejoice
Who triumph in my Woe;
Inſulting if they ſee my Foot
Once indirectly goe.

17. And

17. And, with continual Grief oppreſt,
To halt I now begin :
18. For, Lord, to Thee I will confeſs,
To thee bewail my Sin.
19. But whilſt I languiſh my proud Foes
Their Strength and Vigor boaſt ;
Who hate me without Cauſe, are grown
A formidable Hoſt.
20. Ev'n they whom I oblig'd, return
My Kindneſs with Deſpight ;
Become my Enemies, becauſe
I chuſe the Path that's right.
21. Forſake me not, O Lord my God,
Nor far from me depart ;
22. Make haſt to my Relief, O Thou,
Who my Salvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

1. RESolv'd to watch o'er all my Ways,
My very Words to aw,
I curb'd my haſty Tongue, when I
The proſp'rous Wicked ſaw.
2. Like one that's dumb I Silence kept,
And did my Tongue refrain
From good Diſcourſe ; but that Conſtraint
Increas'd my inward Pain.
3. My Heart did glow, which waking Thoughts
Did hot and reſtleſs make,
And warm Reflections fann'd the Fire,
Till thus at length I ſpake.

4. Lord, let me know my term of days,
How ſoon my Life will end;
The num'rous Train of Ills diſcloſe
Which this frail State attend.

5. My Life, thou know'ſt is but a Span,
A Cypher ſums my Years;
And ev'ry Man in beſt eſtate
But Vanity appears.

6. Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,
With Fruitleſs Cares oppreſs'd;
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be poſſeſs'd.

7. Why then ſhould I for worthleſs Toys
With anxious Care attend?
On Thee alone my ſtedfaſt Hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

8,9. Forgive my Sins, nor let me ſcorn'd
By fooliſh Sinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,
Becauſe 'twas done by Thee.

10. The dreadful Burthen of thy Wrath
In mercy, Lord, remove;
Leſt my frail Fleſh too weak to bear
The heavy Load ſhould prove.

11. For when thou chaſt'neſt Man for Sin,
Thou mak'ſt his Beauty fade,
(So vain a thing is he!) like Cloth
By fretting Moths decay'd.

12. Lord, hear my Cry, my Tears accept,
And liſten to my Pray'r;

Who

Who ſojourn, like a Stranger, here,
As all my Fathers were.
13. O ſpare me yet a little time,
My Strength again reſtore;
Before I vaniſh quite from hence,
And ſhall be ſeen no more.

PSALM XL.

1 I Waited meekly for the Lord,
Till he'd vouchſafe a kind Reply;
Who did his gracious Ear afford,
And heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.
2. Me from the diſmal Pit he took,
When founder'd deep in miry Clay;
He plac'd my Feet on ſolid Rock,
And ſuffer'd not my Steps to ſtray,
3. The Wonders he for me has wrought
Inſpire me with new Songs of Praiſe;
Whence, Strangers ſhall his Fear be taught,
And Hope of like Deliv'rance raiſe.
4. For Bleſſings ſhall that Man reward
Who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the Proud with Diſregard,
And hates the Hypocrites Diſguiſe.
5. Who can the wond'rous Works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us haſt wrought?
Thy treaſur'd Thoughts of Love ſurmount
The Pow'r of numbers, ſpeech and thought.
6. I've learn'd, that Thou haſt not deſir'd
Off'rings and Sacrifice alone;

Nor Blood of guiltleſs Beaſts requir'd
For Man's Tranſgreſſion to atone.

7. I therefore come,----come to fulfil
The Oracles thy Books impart:
8. 'Tis my Delight to do thy Will;
Thy Law is written in my Heart.

PART II.

9. In full Aſſemblies I have told
Thy Truth and Righteouſneſs at large;
Nor did, thou know'ſt, my Lips with-hold
From utt'ring what thou gav'ſt in charge.
10. Nor kept within my Breaſt confin'd,
Thy Juſtice, Faith, and ſaving Grace
But preach'd thy Love and Truth (deſign'd
For All,) that All might them embrace.

11. Then let thoſe Mercies I declar'd
To others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy loving Kindneſs my Reward,
Thy Truth my ſafe Protection be.
12. For I with Troubles am diſtreſt
Too vaſt and numberleſs to bear;
Nor leſs with Loads of Guilt oppreſt
That plunge and ſink me to Deſpair.

As ſoon, alas! I may recount
The Hairs on this afflicted Head,
My vanquiſht Courage they ſurmount
And fill my drooping Soul with Dread.

PART III.

13. But, Lord, to my Relief draw near;
For never was more preſſing Need!
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that Deliverance Speed.
14. Confuſion on their Heads return
Who to deſtroy my Soul combine;
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn,
Enſnar'd in their own vile Deſign.

15. Their Doom let Deſolation be,
With Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
And Sport of my Affliction made.
16. While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy Face
To joyful Triumphs are uprais'd;
And all who prize thy Saving Grace
Ever reſound, *The Lord be prais'd.*

17. Thus wretched tho I am and poor,
Of me th' Almighty Lord takes care.
Thou, God, who onely can'ſt reſtore,
To my Relief with Speed repair.

PSALM XLI.

1. HAppy the Man, whoſe tender Care
Relieves the poor Diſtreſt;
Whene'er by Troubles compaſs'd round,
The Lord ſhall give him Reſt.

2. The Lord his Life, with Bleſſings crown'd,
In Safety ſhall prolong;
And diſappoint the Will of thoſe
That ſeek to do him wrong.

3. If he in languiſhing eſtate
Oppreſt with Sickneſs ly;
The Lord will make his eaſie Bed,
And inward Strength ſupply.

4. Secure of This, to thee, my God,
I thus my Pray'r addreſs'd;
Lord, for thy Mercy heal my Soul,
Tho I have much tranſgreſs'd.

5. My cruel Foes, with ſland'rous words,
Attempt to wound my Fame.
When ſhall he die, (ſay they) and Men
Forget his very Name?

6. Suppoſe they formal Viſits make,
'Tis all but empty ſhow;
They gather Miſchief in their Hearts,
And vent it where they go.

7, 8. With private Whiſpers, ſuch as theſe,
My Foes my Hurt deviſe;
A ſore Diſeaſe afflicts him now,
He's fall'n, no more to riſe.

9. My own familiar Boſom Friend
On whom I moſt rely'd,
Has me, whoſe Bread he daily eat,
With open Scorn defy'd.

10. But thou, my ſad and wretched State,
In Mercy, Lord, regard;

And

And raiſe me up, that all their Crimes
May meet their juſt Reward.
11. By this, I know, thy gracious Ear
Is open when I call;
Becauſe thou ſuffer'ſt not my Foes
To triumph in my Fall.

12. Thy tender Care ſecures my Life
From Danger and Diſgrace;
And thou vouchſaf'ſt to ſet me ſtill
Before thy glorious Face.
13. Let therefore *Iſr'el*'s Lord and God
From age to age be bleſs'd;
And all the People's glad Applauſe
With loud *Amens* expreſs'd.

PSALM XLII.

1. AS pants a Hart for cooling Streams
When heated in the Chace,
So pants my Soul, O God, for thee
And thy refreſhing Grace.
2. For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirſty Soul doth pine;
O when ſhall I behold thy Face,
Thou Majeſty Divine!

3. Tears are my conſtant Food, while thus
Inſulting Foes upbraid,
"Deluded Wretch, where's now thy God?
"And where his promis'd Aid?
4. I ſigh, when recollecting Thoughts
Thoſe happy Days preſent,

When

When I with Troops of pious Friends
Thy Temple did frequent.

When I advanc'd with Songs of Praise,
My solemn Vows to pay,
And led the joyful sacred Throng
That kept the Festal Day.

5. Why restless, why cast down my Soul?
Trust God, and he'll employ
His Aid for thee; convert these Sighs
To thankful Hymns of Joy.

6. My Soul's cast down. O God, but thinks
On thee and *Sion* still;
From *Jordan*'s Banks, from *Hermon*'s Heights,
And *Misar*'s humble Hill.

7. One Trouble calls another on,
And bursting o'er my Head,
Fall spouting down, till round my Soul
A roaring Deluge spread.

8. But when thy Presence, Lord of Life,
Has once dispell'd this Storm,
To thee I'll midnight Anthems sing,
And midnight Vows perform.

9. God of my Strength, how long shall I
Like one forgotten mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
To my Oppressors Scorn.

10. My Heart is pierc'd, as with a Sword,
Whilst thus my Foes upbraid
"Vain Boaster, where is now thy God?
"And where his promis'd Aid.

11. Why

11. Why reſtleſs, why caſt down my Soul?
Hope ſtill, and thou ſhalt ſing
The Praiſe of him, who is thy God,
Thy Health and Safety's Spring.

PSALM XLIII.

1. AGainſt my wicked Rebel-Foes,
Juſt Judge of Heav'n, aſſert my Right:
O ſet me free, my God, from thoſe
That in Deceit and Wrong delight.
2. Since thou art ſtill my only Stay,
Why leav'ſt thou me in deep Diſtreſs?
Why go I mourning all the day,
Whilſt proud inſulting Foes oppreſs?
3. Let me with Light and Truth be bleſt,
Be theſe my Guides and lead the way;
Till on thy holy Hill I reſt,
And in thy ſacred Temple pray.
4. Then will I there freſh Altars raiſe
To God, my chief my only Joy;
And well tun'd Harps with Songs of Praiſe
Shall all my grateful Hours employ.
5. Why then art thou, my Soul, ſo much
Caſt down and preſs'd with anxious Care,
O truſt in God, for he, as ſuch,
My low dejected Head ſhall rear.

PSALM

PSALM XLIV.

1. O Lord, our Fathers oft have told
In our astonisht Ears,
Thy Wonders in their days perform'd,
And elder Times than theirs:
2. How Thou, to plant them here, didst drive
The Heathen from this Land;
Dispeopled by repeated Strokes
Of thy avenging Hand.

3. For, not their Courage nor their Sword
To them Possession gave;
Nor Strength, that from unequal Force
Their fainting Troops could save;
But thy Right Hand and pow'rful Arm,
Whose Succour they implor'd,
Thy Presence with the chosen Tribes
Who thy great Name ador'd.

4. As Thee, O God, our Fathers own'd,
Thou art our Sov'reign King;
O therefore, as to them thou didst,
To us Deliv'rance bring.
5. Through thy victorious Name our Arms
The proudest Foe shall quell,
And crush 'em with repeated Strokes
Presuming to rebel.

6. I'll neither trust to Bow nor Sword,
when I in Fight engage;
7. But Thee, who hast our Foes subdu'd,
And sham'd their spiteful Rage.

8. To

8. To Thee the Triumph we aſcribe,
From whom the Conqueſt came;
In God rejoicing all the day,
And ever bleſs his Name.

PART II.

9. But thou haſt caſt us off, and now
Moſt ſhamefully we yield;
For thou no more vouchſaf'ſt to lead
Our Armies to the Field.
10. Since when, to every upſtart Foe
We turn our Backs in Fight;
And with our Spoil their Malice feaſt
Who bear us antient Spite.
11. To Slaughter doom'd, we fall like Sheep
Into their Butch'ring Hands;
Or (what's more wretched yet) ſurvive
Diſperſt through Heathen Lands.
12. Thy People thou haſt ſold for Slaves,
And ſet their Price ſo low,
That not thy Treaſure by the Sale
But their Diſgrace might grow.
13, 14. Reproacht and ſcofft by Nations round,
The Heathen's By-word grown,
Whoſe Scorn of us is both in Speech
And mocking Geſtures ſhown.
15. Confuſion ſtrikes me blind, my Face
In conſcious ſhame I hide,
16. While we are ſcoff'd, and God blaſphem'd
By their licentious Pride.

PART

PART III.

17. On us this Mass of Woes is fall'n,
All this we have endur'd;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name;
Nor Covenant abjur'd.
18. But kept in Paths, by Thee prescrib'd,
Our Heart and Steps with Care;
19. Tho shatter'd, mangled and reduc'd
To Confines of Despair.

20. Could we th' Almighty's Name forget
And other Gods adore,
21. And not the Searcher of all Hearts
The treach'rous Crime explore?
22. Thou seest how for thy sake all day
We Martyrdom sustain;
All slaughter'd, or reserv'd like Sheep
Appointed to be slain.

23. Wake, Lord, arise; let seeming Sleep
No longer thee detain;
Nor we, thy faithful Supplicants,
For ever sue in vain!
24. O wherefore hidest thou thy Face
From our afflicted state?
25. Whose Souls and Bodies sink to Earth
With Grief 's oppressive Weight.

26. Arise, O Lord, and timely Speed
To our Deliv'rance make;
Redeem us, Lord,—if not for Ours,
Yet for thy Mercies sake.

PSALM

PSALM XLV.

1. WHile I the King's loud Praiſe rehearſe,
Endited by my Heart,
My Tongue is like the Pen of one
That writes with ready Art.
2. How matchleſs is thy Form, O King!
Thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows;
Becauſe freſh Bleſſings, God, on thee
Eternally beſtows.
3. Gird on thy Sword, moſt mighty Prince,
And clad in rich array,
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r,
Majeſtick Pomp diſplay.
4. Ride on in ſtate, and ſtill protect
The Meek, the Juſt, and True;
Whilſt thy Right-hand with fell Revenge
Does all thy Foes purſue.
5. How ſharp thy Weapons are to them
That dare thy Pow'r oppoſe! (Heart
Down, down they fall, while through their
The feather'd Arrow goes.
6. But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd
For ever to endure;
Thy Sceptre's ſway ſhall always laſt,
Through righteous Laws ſecure.
7. Becauſe thy Heart, by Juſtice ſteer'd
Did upright ways approve,
And hated ſtill the crooked Paths
Where wand'ring Sinners rove.

Therefore

Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
The Oyl of Gladneſs ſhed;
And has above thy Fellows round
Advanc'd thy lofty Head.

8. With Caſſia, Aloës and Myrrh
Thy Royal Robes abound;
Which from thy ſtately Wardrobes brought
Spread grateful Odours round.

9. Among thy honourable Train
Did Princely Virgins wait,
The Queen was plac'd at thy Right-hand,
In Golden Robes of State.

PART II.

10. But thou, O Royal Bride, give ear
And to my Words attend;
Forget thy Native Country now,
And ev'ry former Friend.

11. So ſhall thy Beauty charm the King,
Nor ſhall his Love decay;
For he is now become thy Lord,
To him due Rev'rence pay.

12. The *Tyrian* Ladies rich and proud
Shall humble Preſents make;
And all the wealthy Nations ſue
Thy Favour to partake:

13. The King's fair Daughter's beauteous Soul
All inward Graces fill;
Her Raiment is of pureſt Gold,
Adorn'd with coſtly skill.

14. She,

14. She, in her nuptial Garments dreſs'd,
With Needles richly wrought,
Attended by her Virgin Train,
Shall to the King be brought.
15. With all that State of ſolemn Joy
The Triumph moves along,
Till with wide Gates the Royal Court
Receives the pompous Throng.

16. Thou, in thy Royal Fathers Room,
Muſt princely Sons expect;
Whom thou to diff'rent Realms mayſt ſend
To govern and protect:
17. Whilſt this my Song to future times
Tranſmits thy Glorious Name;
And makes the World, with joint conſent,
Thy laſting Praiſe proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

1. GOD is our Refuge in Diſtreſs,
A preſent Help when Troubles preſs;
In him undaunted we confide:
2, 3. Tho Earth were from her Centre toſt,
And Mountains in the Ocean loſt,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.

4. A Gentler Stream with Gladneſs ſtill
The City of our Lord ſhall fill,
Imperial Seat of God moſt High:
5. God dwells in *Sion*, whoſe fair Tow'rs
Shall mock th' Aſſaults of Earthly Pow'rs,
While his Almighty Aid is nigh.

6. In

6. In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,
And Kingdoms War againſt us wag'd,
He thunder'd and diſſolv'd their Pow'rs:
7. The Lord of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
Our Fathers Guardian-God and ours.

8. Come, ſee the Wonders he hath wrought,
On Earth what Deſolation brought,
9. And cruſh'd to Peace the jarring World;
In ſhivers brake the Spear and Bow,
With them their thund'ring Chariots too
Into devouring Flames were hurld.

10. Submit to God's Almighty Sway
For Him the Heathen ſhall obey,
And Earth her Sov'reign Lord confeſs.
11. The God of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
As to our Fathers in Diſtreſs.

PSALM XLVII.

1, 2. O All ye People clap your hands,
And with triumphant Voices ſing;
No Force the mighty Pow'r withſtands,
Of God, the univerſal King.
3. 4. He ſhall oppoſing Nations quell,
And with Succeſs our Battels fight;
Shall point the place where we muſt dwell,
The Pride of *Jacob*, his Delight.

5, 6. God

5, 6. God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With Shouts of Joy and Trumpet's Sound;
To him repeated Praiſes ſing,
And let the chearful Song go round.
7, 8. Your utmoſt Skill in Praiſe be ſhown;
For him that all the World commands.
Who ſits upon his Holy Throne,
And ſpreads his Sway o'er Heathen Lands.

9. Our Chiefs and Tribes, that far from hence
T' adore the God of *Abr'am* came,
Found him their conſtant ſure defence.
How great and glorious is his Name!

PSALM XLVIII.

1. THE Lord is great, and o'er the Gods
Sublimely to be prais'd;
In *Sion*, on whoſe happy Mount
His ſacred Throne is rais'd.
2. Her Tow'rs, the Joy of all the Earth,
With beauteous Proſpect riſe:
On her North-ſide th' Almighty King's
Imperial City lies.

3. God in her Palaces is known,
His Preſence is her Guard.
4. Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Siege,
And of Succeſs deſpair'd.
5. They view'd her Walls, admir'd and fled,
With Grief and Terror ſtruck,
6. Like Women whom the ſudden Pangs
Of Travel had o'ertook.

7. No

7. No wretched Crew of Mariners
Appear like them forlorn,
When freighted Fleets from *Tarshish* shore
By Eastern Winds are torn.
8. In *Sion* we have seen perform'd
A Work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come,
His City will uphold.

9. Not in our Fortresses and Walls
Did we, O God, confide,
But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes,
In which thou dost reside.
10. Thy Name is, Lord of Hosts, supream
Whose Fame through Earth extends;
Thy pow'ful Arm, as Justice guides,
Chastises or defends.

11. Let *Sion*'s Mount with Joy resound,
Her Daughters all be taught
In Songs his Judgments to extol,
Who this Deliv'rance wrought.
12. Walk round her Walls in solemn Pomp,
Your Eyes about her cast,
Recount her Tow'rs, if by the Siege
You find a Stone displac'd.

13. Her Forts and Palaces survey,
Observe their Order well.
That with Assurance to your Heirs,
This Wonder you may tell.
14. This God is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in him confide;

And,

And, as he has preſerv'd us now,
Till Death will be our Guide.

PSALM XLIX.

1, 2. LET all the liſt'ning World attend,
And my Inſtructions hear;
Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor
With joint Conſent give ear.

3. My Mouth, with ſacred Wiſdom fill'd,
Shall good Advice impart,
The ſound Reſult of prudent Thoughts,
Digeſted in my Heart.

4. To Parables of weighty Senſe
I will my Ear incline;
Whilſt to the tuneful Harp I ſing
Dark Words of deep Deſign.

5. Why ſhould my Courage fail in times
Of Danger and of Doubt?
When Sinners that would me ſupplant
Have compaſs'd me about?

6. Thoſe Men that all their Hope and Truſt
In Heaps of Treaſure place,
And boaſt and triumph when they ſee
Their ill-got Wealth encreaſe.

7. Are yet unable from the Grave
Their deareſt Friend to free;
Nor can by force of coſtly Bribes
Reverſe God's firm Decree.

8, 9. Their

8, 9. Their vain Endeavours they muſt quit,
The Price is held too high;
No Sums can purchaſe ſuch a Grant,
That Man ſhould never die.
10. Not Wiſdom can the Wiſe exempt,
Nor Fools their Folly ſave;
But both muſt periſh, and in Death
Their Wealth to others leave.

11. For tho they think their ſtately Seats
Shall ne'r to Ruine fall;
But their remembrance laſt, in Lands
Which by their Names they call;
12. Yet ſhall their Fame be ſoon forgot,
How great ſoe'er their State,
With Beaſts their Memory and They
Shall ſhare one common Fate.

PART II.

13. How great their Folly is who thus
Abſurd Concluſions make!
And yet their Children, unreclaim'd,
Repeat the groſs Miſtake.
14. Like Sheep, the Prey of rav'nous Death,
Within the Grave they're laid;
And there, whilſt Righteous Men rejoice,
Shall all their Beauty fade.

15. But God will yet redeem my Soul,
And from the greedy Grave
His greater Pow'r ſhall ſet me free,
And to himſelf receive.

16. Then

16. Then fear not Thou, when worldly Men
In envy'd Wealth abound,
Nor tho their proſp'rous Houſe increaſe,
With lofty Honours crown'd.

17. For when they're ſummon'd hence by Death
They leave all this behind;
No Shadow of their former Pomp
Within the Grave they find:
18. And yet they thought their State was bleſt,
Caught in the Flatt'rers Snare,
Who praiſes thoſe that ſlight all elſe,
And of themſelves take care.

19. In their Forefathers Steps they tread;
And when, like them, they die,
Their wretched Anceſtors and they
In endleſs Darkneſs lie.
20. For Man, how great ſoe'er his ſtate,
Unleſs he's truly wiſe,
As like a ſenſual Beaſt he lives,
So like a Beaſt he dies.

PSALM L.

1, 2. THE Lord hath ſpoke, the mighty God
Hath ſent his Summons all abroad,
From dawning Light till Day declines:
The liſt'ning Earth his Voice has heard,
And he from *Sion* has appear'd,
Where Beauty in Perfection ſhines.

3, 4. Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstru'd Silence as before,
But wasting Flames before him send:
Around shall Tempests fiercely rage,
While he does Heav'n and Earth engage
His just Tribunal to attend.

5, 6. Assemble all my Saints to me
(Thus runs the Great Divine Decree)
That in my lasting Cov'nant live,
And Off'rings bring with constant Care;
(The Heavens his Justice shall declare,
For God himself shall Sentence give.)

7. Attend, my People; *Isr'el*, hear;
Thy strong Accuser I'll appear;
Thy God, thy only God am I;
8. 'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,
With which you did, both burnt and slain,
My sacred Altar still supply.

9. Will this alone Atonement make?
No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,
Nor He-goat from thy Fold accept:
10. The Forest Beasts that range alone,
The Cattel too are all my own,
That on a thousand Hills are kept.

11. I know the Fowls, that build their Nests
In craggy Rocks; and salvage Beasts,
That loosely haunt the open Fields.
12. To thee, if Hunger did oppress,
I need not tell my sad Distress,
Since the World's mine, and all it yields.

13. Think'st

13. Think'ſt thou that I have any need
On ſlaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed,
To eat their Fleſh, and drink their Blood?
14. The ſacrifice by me requir'd,
Is Hearts with grateful Love inſpir'd,
And Vows with ſtricteſt Care made good.

15. In time of Trouble call on me,
And I will ſet thee ſafe and free;
And Thou returns of Praiſe ſhalt make:
16. But to the Wicked thus ſaith God,
How dar'ſt thou teach my Laws abroad,
Or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take?

17. For ſtubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,
Haſt proof againſt Inſtruction been,
And of my Word didſt lightly ſpeak:
18. When thou a ſubtle Thief didſt ſee,
Thou gladly didſt with him agree,
And with Adult'rers didſt partake.

19. Vile Slander is thy conſtant Theme,
And thou thy Mouth and Tongue doſt frame
Vile and deceitful Words to ſpread:
20. Thou doſt with hateful Scandals wound
Thy Brother, and with Lies confound
The Offspring of thy Mother's Bed.

21. Theſe things thou didſt, whom ſtill I ſtrove
To gain with Silence and with Love;
Till thou didſt wickedly ſurmiſe,
That I was ſuch a one as thou;
But I'll reprove and ſhame thee now,
And ſet thy Sins before thine Eyes.

22. Ye wicked Fools, mark this with Care,
Left I ſhould you in pieces tear,
Whilſt none ſhall dare your Cauſe to own.
23. Who praiſes me due Honour gives;
And to the Man that juſtly lives
My ſtrong Salvation ſhall be ſhown.

PSALM LI.

1. MY God, as thou haſt always been,
Continue ever kind;
Let me, oppreſt with Loads of Guilt,
Thy wonted Mercy find.
2, 3. O waſh me from my foul Offence,
And cleanſe me from my Sin;
For I confeſs my Crime, and ſee
How great my Guilt has been.
4. Againſt Thee only, Lord, have I,
And in thy Sight tranſgreſs'd;
Whoſe Words and Judgments, pure and juſt,
Will bear the ſtricteſt Teſt.
5. In Guilt each ſev'ral part was form'd
Of all this ſinful Frame;
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
The Heir of Sin and Shame.
6. Yet thou, O God, whoſe ſearching Eye
Does inward Truth require,
In ſecret didſt with Wiſdom's Laws,
My tender Soul inſpire.
7. O then with Hyſſop purge my Soul,
And ſo I ſhall be clean;

In

In pity wash me, and I shall
More white than Snow remain.

8. Make me with Joy and Gladness hear
Thy kind forgiving Voice;
That so the Bones which thou hast broke,
With Comfort may rejoice.

9, 10. Blot out my Sins, nor let thine Eyes
My Fault in Anger view;
Create in me a Heart that's clean,
A virtuous mind renew.

PART II.

11. Withdraw not thou thy Presence, Lord,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
It's everlasting Flight:

12. The Joy which thy Salvation gives
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm Support
My stagg'ring Soul sustain.

13. So I thy just and righteous Ways
To Sinners will impart,
Whilst my Advice shall wicked Men
To thy just Laws convert.

14. Do Thou my Guilt of Blood remove,
My Saviour and my God;
And my glad Tongue shall loudly tell
Thy righteous Acts abroad.

15. Let thy Free Grace unlock my Lips,
With Sorrow clos'd and Shame;

So shall my Mouth thy Wond'rous Praise
To all the World proclaim.
16. Could Victims for my Guilt atone,
Whole Hecatombs should die;
But on such Off'rings thou disdain'st
To cast a gracious Eye:

17. A broken Spirit is the Gift
By God most highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite Heart
Shall never be despis'd.
18. Let *Sion*, Lord, thy Favour find,
Of thy Good Will assur'd;
And thy own City flourish long,
By lofty Walls secur'd.

19. Then shall the Righteous Off'rings bring,
And pleasing Tribute pay;
And Sacrifice of choicest kind,
Upon thy Altar lay.

PSALM LII.

1. IN vain, O Man of matchless Might,
Thou boast'st thy self in Ill;
Since God, whose Pow'r is much more great,
Vouchsafes his Favour still.
2. Thy wicked Tongue does sland'rous Tales,
Maliciously devise;
And like a Razor sharply set,
Does wound with treach'rous Lies.

3, 4. Thy

3, 4. Thy Thoughts are more on Ill than Good,
On Lies than Truth employ'd,
Thy Tongue delights in Words by which
The Guiltleſs are deſtroy'd.

5. God ſhall for ever blaſt thy Hopes,
And ſnatch thee ſoon away;
Nor in thy Dwelling-place permit,
Nor in the World to ſtay.

6. The Juſt with pious Fear ſhall ſee
The downfall of thy Pride;
Shall at thy ſudden Ruine laugh,
And thus thy Fall deride:

7. "See there the haughty Man that was,
"Who proudly God defy'd,
"Who truſted in his Wealth, and ſtill
"On wicked Arts rely'd.

8. But like thoſe Olive-Plants am I,
That ſhade God's Temple round;
And hope with his indulgent Grace
To be for ever crown'd.

9. So ſhall my Soul with Praiſe, O God,
Extoll thy wondrous Love;
And on thy Name with Patience wait;
For this thy Saints approve.

PSALM LIII.

1. THE wicked Fools muſt ſure ſuppoſe
That God is but a Name;
This their lewd Practice plainly ſhows,
Since Virtue all diſclaim. (Tow'r
2. The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high
And did all Mankind view;
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r,
Or Truth or Juſtice knew.

3. But all, he ſaw, were backwards gone,
Degen'rate grown and baſe;
None for Religion car'd, not One
Of all the ſinful Race.
4. But are thoſe Workers of Deceit
So dull and ſenſeleſs grown,
That they like Bread my People eat,
And God's juſt Pow'r diſown?

5. Their cauſeleſs Fears ſhall ſtrangely grow;
And they, deſpis'd by God,
Shall ſoon be foil'd; his hand ſhall throw
Their ſhatter'd Bones abroad.
6. Would he his ſaving Pow'r employ,
To break our ſervile Band,
Loud Shouts of univerſal Joy
Should eccho through the Land.

PSALM

PSALM LIV.

1, 2. LOrd, ſave me, for thy Glorious Name,
And in thy Strength appear
To judge my Cauſe: accept my Pray'r,
And to my Words give Ear.

3. Mere Strangers, whom I never wrong'd,
To ruine me deſign'd;
And cruel Men, that fear no God,
Againſt my Soul combin'd.

4, 5. But God takes part with all my Friends,
And he's the ſureſt Guard;
The God of Truth ſhall ſlay my Foes,
Their Falſhood's juſt Reward.

6. While I my grateful Off'rings bring,
And Sacrifice with Joy;
And in his Praiſe my time to come
Delightfully employ.

7. From dreadful Danger and Diſtreſs
The Lord has ſet me free;
Through him ſhall I of all my Foes
The wiſh'd Deſtruction ſee!

PSALM

PSALM LV.

1. GIve ear, thou Judge of all the Earth,
And liſten when I pray;
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn
Thy glorious Face away.
2. Attend to this my ſad complaint,
And hear my grievous Moans;
Whilſt I my mournful Caſe declare
With artleſs Sighs and Groans.
3. Hark! how the Foe inſults aloud,
How fierce Oppreſſors Rage! (Hate
Whoſe ſland'rous Tongues with wrathful
Againſt my Fame engage.
4, 5. My Heart is rack'd with Pain, my Soul
With deadly Frights diſtreſt;
With Fear and Trembling compaſs'd round
With Horror quite oppreſt.
6. How often wiſh'd I then, that I
Swift Dove-like Wings could get;
That I might take my ſpeedy Flight,
And ſeek a ſafe Retreat!
7, 8. Then would I wander far from hence,
And in wild Deſarts ſtray,
Till all this furious Storm were ſpent,
This Tempeſt paſt away.

PART

PART II.

9. Deſtroy, O Lord, their ill Deſigns,
Their Counſels all divide;
For my griev'd Eyes in ev'ry Street
Have Striſe and Rapine ſpy'd.
10. By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall
They walk their conſtant Round;
And in the midſt of all her Strength,
Are Grief and Miſchief found.

11. Whoe'er through ev'ry Part ſhall roam,
Will freſh Diſorders meet;
Deceit and Guile their conſtant poſts
Maintain in ev'ry Street.
12. For 'twas not any open Foe
That did my Faults upbraid;
For then I could with eaſe have born
The bitter'ſt things he ſaid:

'Twas none who Hatred had profeſt
That did againſt me riſe;
For then I had withdrawn my ſelf
From his malicious Eyes.
13, 14. But 'twas ev'n thou, my Guide, my Friend,
Whom tend'reſt Love did join;
Whoſe ſweet Advice I valu'd moſt,
Whoſe Pray'rs were mixt with mine.

15. Sure Vengeance, equal to their Crimes,
Such Traytors muſt ſurprize;
And Sudden Death requite thoſe Ills
They wickedly deviſe!

16, 17. But

16,17. But I'll ſtill call on God, and he
Shall in my Aid appear;
At Morn, and Noon, and Night I'll pray,
And he my Voice ſhall hear.

PART III.

18. God has releas'd my Soul from thoſe
That in fierce Fight contend;
And made a num'rous Hoſt of Friends
My righteous Cauſe defend.
19. For He who was my Help of old,
Shall my Petition hear;
And puniſh them whoſe proſp'rous State
Makes them no God to fear.

20. Whom can I truſt, if faithleſs Men
Perfidiouſly deviſe
To ruine me, their peaceful Friend,
And break the ſtrongeſt Ties!
21. Tho ſmooth as Butter are their Words,
Their Hearts with War abound;
Their Speeches are more ſoft than Oyl,
And yet like Swords they wound.

22. Do thou, my Soul on God depend,
And He ſhall thee ſuſtain,
He aids the juſt whom to remove
The Wicked ſtrive in vain.
23. Thou, Lord ſhalt ſoon deſtroy my Foes;
While thoſe who truſt in Lies,
And trade in Blood, untimely fall,
My Soul on God relies.

PSALM

PSALM LVI.

1. DO Thou, O God, in Mercy help,
For Man my Life purſues;
To cruſh me with repeated Wrongs,
He dayly Strife renew's.
2. Each Day, all Day, invet'rate Foes
To ruine me combine;
Thou ſee'ſt, who ſit'ſt enthron'd on high,
What mighty Numbers join.
3. But, tho ſometimes ſurpriz'd by Fear,
(On Danger's firſt Alarm)
For Succour I repoſe my Truſt
On thy Almighty Arm.
4. God's Word I ſhall hereafter praiſe,
On which I now relie:
In God I truſt, and truſting him,
The Arm of Fleſh defie.
5. They rack my harmleſs Words to ſpeak
A Senſe they never meant:
Their Thoughts are all, with reſtleſs Spite,
On my Deſtruction bent.
6. In cloſe Aſſemblies they combine,
And wicked Projects lay.
They watch my Steps, and lie in wait,
To make my Soul their Prey.
7. Shall ſuch Injuſtice ſtill eſcape?
O Righteous God ariſe;
Let thy juſt Wrath, (too long provok'd)
This impious Race chaſtiſe.

8. My

8. My Wand'rings Thou, and Suff'rings knowst
Since first compell'd to flee:
My very Tears are treasur'd up,
And regist'red by Thee.

9. When therefore I invoke thy Aid,
My Foes shall be o'erthrown;
For I am well assur'd that God
My righteous cause will own.

10, 11. I'll bless God's Word, trust him, nor fear
The Force that Man can raise:

12. To Thee, O God, my Vows are due,
To Thee I'll render Praise.

13. Thou hast retriev'd my Soul from Death;
And Thou wilt still secure
The Life thou hast so oft preserv'd,
And make my Footsteps sure;
That thus protected by thy Pow'r,
I may this Light enjoy,
And in the Service of my God
My length'ned Days employ.

PSALM LVII.

1. THY Mercy, Lord, to me extend,
On thy Protection I depend;
And to thy Wing for shelter haste,
Till this outragious Storm is past.

2. To thy Tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou Sov'reign Judge and God most high;
Who Wonders hast for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy Work undone.

3. From

3. From Heav'n Thou'lt save me by thine Arm,
Bring those to shame who seek my Harm;
To aid me, forth thy Mercy send,
And Truth, on which my Hopes depend.
4. Condemn'd, as to a Lion's Den,
I lie among more salvage Men;
Whose Teeth are pointed Spears, their Words
Invenom'd Darts and two-edg'd Swords.

5. Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy Glory fills the Skie,
So let it be on Earth displaid,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.
6. To take me they their Net prepar'd,
And had almost my Soul ensnar'd,
But fell themselves, by just Decree,
Into the Pit they delv'd for me.

7. O God my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
It's thankful Tribute to present,
And with my Heart, my Voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in Songs of Praise.
8. Awake my Glory; Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute;
Awake his Prailes to pursue,
As I my self will early do.

9. Thy Praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning Nations round:
10. Thy Mercy highest Heav'n transcends,
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.
11. Be Thou, O God, exalted High;
And as thy Glory fills the Skie,

So

So let it be on Earth disſplaid,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM LVIII.

1. SPeak, O ye Judges of the Earth,
If juſt your Sentence be,
Or, muſt not Innocence appeal
To Heav'n from your Decree?
2. Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are
Alike by Malice ſway'd:
Your covetous Hands by weighty Bribes
To Violence betray'd.
3. Eſtrang'd from Virtue from the Womb,
Their Infant-ſteps went wrong:
They prattled Slander, and in Lies
Employ'd their liſping Tongue.
4. No Serpent of parch'd *Africk*'s breed
Does ranker Poiſon bear;
The drowſie Adder will as ſoon
Unlock his ſullen Ear.
5. To Counſel obſtinately deaf
As Adders they remain;
From whom the skilful Charmer's Voice
Can no Attention gain.
6. Defeat, O God, their threat'ning Rage,
And timely break their Pow'r:
Diſarm theſe growing Lion's Jaws,
E'er practis'd to devour.

7. Let

7. Let now their Insolence at height,
Like ebbing Tides be spent;
Their splint'ring Darts deceive their Aim
When they their Bow have bent.
8. Like Snails let them dissolve to Slime;
Abortive Births become,
Unworthy to behold the Sun
And buried in the Womb.
9. E'er Thorns can make the Flesh-pots boil,
Tempestuous Wrath shall come
From God, and Living snatch them hence,
To their eternal Doom.
10. The Righteous shall rejoice to see
Their Crimes such Vengeance meet,
And Saints in Persecutors Blood,
Wash their victorious Feet.
11. Transgressors then with Grief shall see
Just men Rewards obtain;
And own a God that strictly will
The guilty Earth arraign.

PSALM LIX.

1. DEliver me, O Lord my God,
From all my spiteful Foes:
In my Defence oppose thy Pow'r
To theirs who me oppose,
2. Preserve me from a wicked Race
Who make a Trade of Ill;
Protect me from remorseless Men
Who seek my Blood to spill.

3. They

3. They lie in wait, and mighty Pow'rs
Againſt my Life combine:
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou knowſt,
For no Offence of mine.
4. In hurry they ſet watch and ward
My guiltleſs Life to take:
Look down, O Lord, on my Diſtreſs,
And to my Help awake!

5. Thou, Lord of Hoſts and *Iſr'el*'s God,
Their Heathen Rage ſuppreſs:
Relentleſs Vengeance take on thoſe
Who ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
6. At Ev'ning to beſet my Houſe
Like growling Dogs they meet;
While others through the City roam,
And ranſack ev'ry Street.

7. Their Throats belch Slanders, from their Mouths
They brandiſh ſharpned Swords; (
Who hears (ſay they) or hearing, dares
Reprove our lawleſs Words?
8. But from thy Throne thou ſhalt, O Lord,
Their baffled Plots deride;
To Scorn and Infamy expoſe
Inſulting Heathen's Pride.

9. On Thee I wait, 'tis on thy Strength
For Succour I depend,
'Tis Thou, O God, art my Defence,
Who only canſt defend.
10. Thy Mercy, Lord, ſhall firſt prevent
And me from Danger free;

Then

Then crown my Wiſhes, and ſubdue
My Haughty Foes to me.

11. Deſtroy 'em, Lord, but not intire,
Nor at a ſingle Blow,
Leſt we, ingratefully, too ſoon
Forget their Overthrow.

But Vagabonds through ſundry Realms
Diſperſe 'em by thy Pow'r;
Do Thou bring down their haughty Pride,
O Lord, our Shield and Tow'r.

12. Now, in the Height of all their Pride,
Their Arrogance chaſtiſe; (ſtraint
Whoſe Tongues have ſinn'd without Re-
And Curſes join'd with Lies.

13. Nor till thou haſt conſum'd their Race
Thine Anger, Lord, ſuppreſs,
That outmoſt Lands, by their juſt Doom,
May *Iſr'el*'s God confeſs.

14. At Ev'ning let them ſtill perſiſt
Like growling Dogs to meet,
Still traverſe all the City round,
And ranſack ev'ry Street.

15. Then, as for Malice now they do,
For Hunger let 'em ſtray,
And yell their vain Complaints aloud,
Defeated of their Prey.

16. Whilſt early I thy Mercy ſing,
Thy wond'rous Pow'r confeſs;
For thou haſt been my ſure Defence
My Refuge in Diſtreſs,

17. To

17. To Thee with never-ceasing Praise,
O God, my Strength, I'll sing;
For thou hast always been the Rock
From whence my Comforts spring.

PSALM LX.

1. O God who hast our Troops dispersst,
Forsaking them forsook Thee first,
As we thy just Displeasure mourn,
To us in Mercy, Lord, return.
2. Our Strength, that firm as Earth did stand,
Is rent by thy avenging Hand;
O heal the Breaches thou hast made,
We shake, we fall, without thy Aid!
3. Our Folly's sad Effects we feel,
For drunk with Discord's Cup we reel.
4. But now for them who thee rever'd,
Thou hast thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd.
5. Let thy Right-hand thy Saints protect,
Lord hear the Pray'rs that we direct!
6. The Holy God has spoke; and I
On his firm Word, o'erjoy'd, relie.

To Thee in Portions I'll divide
Fair *Sichem*'s Soil, *Samaria*'s Pride,
To *Sichem*, *Succoth* next I'll join,
And measure out her Vale by Line.
7. *Manasseh Gilead*, both subscribe
To my Commands, with *Ephraim*'s Tribe;
Ephraim by Arms supports my Cause,
And *Judah* by religious Laws.

8. *Moab*

8. *Moab* my Slave and Drudge ſhall be,
Nor *Edom* from my Yoke get free;
Proud *Paleſtine*'s imperious State
Shall humbly on our Triumph wait.
9. But who ſhall quell theſe mighty Pow'rs
And me poſſeſs of *Edom*'s Tow'rs?
Or through her guarded Frontiers tread
The Path that does to Conqueſt lead?
10. Ev'n thou, O God, who haſt diſperſt
Our Troops, (for we forſook Thee firſt)
Whom in juſt wrath thou didſt forſake,
Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
11. Do thou our fainting Cauſe ſuſtain,
For humane Succours are but vain.
12. Freſh Strength and Courage God beſtows,
'Tis He treads down our proudeſt Foes.

PSALM LXI.

1. LOrd, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r,
Which I, oppreſt with Grief,
2. From Earth's remoteſt Parts addreſs
To thee for kind Relief.
O lodge me ſafe beyond the Reach
Of perſecuting Pow'r,
3. Thou who ſo oft from ſpiteful Foes,
Haſt been my ſhelt'ring Tow'r.
4. Within thy ſacred Courts I ſhall
Secure from Danger lie:
Beneath the Covert of thy Wings,
All future Storms defie.

5. In

5. In ſign my Vows are heard, once more
I o'er thy Choſen reign:
6. O bleſs with long and proſp'rous Life
The King thou didſt ordain.

7. Confirm his Throne, and make his Reign
Accepted in thy ſight;
And let thy Truth and Mercy both
In his Defence unite.
8. So ſhall I ever ſing thy Praiſe,
Thy Name for ever bleſs;
Devote my proſp'rous Days to pay
The Vows of my Diſtreſs.

PSALM LXII.

1, 2. MY Soul for Help on God relies,
From him alone my Safety flows:
My Rock, my Health, that Strength ſupplies,
To bear the ſhock of all my Foes.
3. How long will ye contrive my Fall?
Which will but haſten on your own
You'll totter like a bowing Wall,
Or fence of uncemented Stone.

4. To make my envy'd Fortunes leſs
They ſtrive with Lies their chief Delight;
For they, tho with their Mouths they bleſs,
In private curſe with inward Spite.
5, 6. But thou, my Soul, on God rely;
On him alone thy Truſt repoſe;
My Rock and Health will ſtrength ſupply,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.

7. God

7. God does his saving Health dispence,
And flowing Glories largely send;
He is my Fortress and Defence,
On him my Soul shall still depend.
8. In him, ye People, always trust,
Before his Throne pour out your Hearts;
For God, the Merciful and Just,
His timely Aid to us imparts.

9. Sure High and Low in balance laid,
With vain Conceits and Lies abound;
And if with Vanity they're weigh'd,
Lighter than that they'll both be found.
10. Then trust not in oppressive Ways,
By Spoil and Rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increase,
Be set too much upon your Gain.

11. For God has oft his Will express'd;
And I this Truth have fully known;
To be of boundless Pow'r possess'd
Belongs of right to God alone.
12. Tho Mercy is his Darling Grace,
In which he chiefly takes delight.
Yet will he all the Human Race
According to their Works requite.

PSALM

PSALM LXIII.

1. O God, my gracious God, to Thee,
My Morning Pray'rs shall offer'd be;
For Thee my thirsty Soul does pant;
My fainting Flesh implores thy Grace,
Within this dry and barren Place,
Where I refreshing Waters want.

2. O to my longing Eyes once more
That View of glorious Pow'r restore,
Which thy majestick House displays:
3. Because to me thy wond'rous Love
Than Life it self does dearer prove,
My Lips shall always speak thy Praise.

4. My Life, while I that Life enjoy,
In blessing God I'll still employ,
With lifted Hands adore his Name:
5. My Soul's Content shall be as great,
As theirs who choicest Dainties eat,
While I with Joy his Praise proclaim.

6. When down I lie sweet Sleep to find,
Thou'rt always present to my Mind,
And when I wake in dead of Night:
7. Because thou still didst Succour bring,
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing
I'll rest with Safety and Delight.

8. My Soul, when Foes would me devour
Cleaves fast to Thee, whose matchless Pow'r
In her Support is daily shown:

9. But

9. But thoſe the Righteous Lord ſhall ſlay
That my Deſtruction wiſh; and they
That ſeek my Life ſhall loſe their own,

10, 11. They by untimely Ends ſhall die,
Their Fleſh a Prey to Foxes lie:
But God ſhall fill the King with Joy.
Who ſwears by him ſhall ſtill rejoice,
Whilſt the falſe Mouth and lying Voice
The Lord ſhall ſilence and deſtroy.

PSALM LXIV.

LOrd, hear the Voice of my Complaint,
And to my Pray'r give ear;
Preſerve my Life from cruel Foes,
And free my Soul from Fear.

2. O hide me with thy tend'reſt Care
In ſome ſecure Retreat,
From Sinners that againſt me riſe,
And their cloſe Plots defeat.

3. See how intent to work my Harm,
They whet their Tongues like Swords;
And bend their Bows to ſhoot their Darts,
Sharp Lies and bitter Words!

4. In private lurking, at the Juſt
They take their ſecret Aim;
And ſuddenly at him they ſhoot,
Quite void of Fear and Shame.

5. To carry on their ill Deſigns,
They mutual Help ſupply,

They speak of laying private Snares,
And think that none shall spy.
6. With utmost Diligence and Care
Their wicked Plots they lay;
The private Thoughts of all their Hearts
With deep Designs betray.

7. But God, to Anger justly mov'd,
His dreadful Bow shall bend,
And on his flying Arrows point
Shall swift Destruction send.
8. Sharp Slanders, which their Tongues did vent,
Upon themselves shall fall;
Their Friends that see't shall them forsake,
Despis'd and shun'd by All.

9. The World shall then God's Power confess
And Nations trembling stand,
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty Work
Of his avenging Hand.
10. Whilst righteous Men by God secur'd
In him shall gladly trust;
And all the list'ning Earth shall hear
Loud Triumphs of the Just.

PSALM LXV.

1. FOR Thee, O God, our constant Praise
In *Sion* waits, thy chosen Seat;
Whilst there we promis'd Altars raise,
We'll all our zealous Vows compleat.
2. O Thou, who to my humble Pray'r
Didst always bend thy list'ning Ear,

To

To Thee ſhall all Mankind repair,
And at thy gracious Throne appear.

3. In vain of Sins a num'rous Train
To ſtop thy flowing Mercies try;
Whilſt thou o'erlook'ſt the Guilty Stain,
And waſheſt out the Crimſon Dye.

4. Bleſt is the Man, who, near Thee plac'd,
Within thy Sacred Dwelling lives!
Whilſt we at humbler Diſtance taſte
The vaſt delights thy Temple gives.

5. By wond'rous Acts, O God, moſt juſt,
Have we thy gracious Anſwer found;
In Thee remoteſt Nations truſt,
And thoſe whom ſtormy Waves ſurround.

6,7. God, by his Strength, ſets faſt the Hills,
And does his matchleſs Pow'r engage,
With which the Seas loud Waves he ſtills,
And angry Crowds tumultuous Rage.

PART II.

8. Thou, Lord, doſt barb'rous Lands diſmay
When they thy dreadful Tokens view:
With Joy they ſee the Night and Day
Each other's Track by turns purſue.

9. From out thy unexhauſted Store
Thy Rain relieves the thirſty Ground;
And makes the Earth, quite parch'd before,
With Corn and uſeful Fruits abound.

10. On riſing Ridges down it pours,
And all the furrow'd Valleys fills;
Thou mak'ſt them ſoft with gentle Show'rs,
In which a bleſt Increaſe diſtils.

11. Thy Goodneſs does the circling Year
With freſh Returns of Plenty Crown;
And where thy glorious Paths appear,
Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatneſs down.
12. They drop on barren Forreſts chang'd
By them to Paſtures freſh and green;
The Hills about in order rang'd,
In beauteous Robes of Joy are ſeen.
13. Large Flocks with fleecy Wool adorn
The chearful Downs; the Valleys bring
A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd Corn,
And ſeem for Joy to ſhout and ſing.

PSALM LXVI.

1, 2. LET all the Lands with Shouts of Joy
To God their Voices raiſe.
Sing Pſalms in Honour of his Name,
And ſpread his glorious Praiſe.
3. And let them ſay, how dreadful, Lord,
In all thy Works art thou!
To thy great Power thy ſtubborn Foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.
4. Through all the Earth the Nations round
Shall Thee their God confeſs;
And with glad Hymns their awful Dread
Of thy great Name expreſs.
5. O come, behold the Works of God,
And then with me you'll own,
That he tow'rds all the Sons of Men
Has wond'rous Judgments ſhown.

6. He

6. He made the Sea become dry Land,
And through the Flood they walk'd;
Whilſt to each other of his Might
With Joy his People talk'd.
7. He by his Pow'r for ever rules;
His Eyes the World ſurvey;
Let no Preſumptuous Man rebel
Againſt his ſov'reign Sway.

PART II.

8, 9. O all ye Nations, bleſs our God,
And loudly tell his Praiſe;
Who keeps our Soul alive and ſtill
Confirms our ſtedfaſt Ways.
10, 11. For thou haſt try'd us, Lord, as Fire
Does try the precious Ore;
Thou brought'ſt us to the Net, where we
Oppreſſing Burthens bore.

12. By Thee permitted, Men did us
Through Fire and Water chaſe;
But yet at laſt thou brought'ſt us forth
Into a wealthy place.
13, 14. Burnt-off'rings to thy Houſe I'll bring,
And there my Vows I'll pay,
Which I with ſolemn Zeal did make
In that diſaſtrous day.

15. Then ſhall the richeſt Incenſe ſmoak;
The fatteſt Rams ſhall fall;
The choiceſt Goats from out the Fold,
And Bullocks from the Stall.

16. O come all ye that fear the Lord,
Attend with heedful Care;
Whilſt I what God has done for me,
With grateful Joy declare.

17, 18. As I before his Aid implor'd,
So now I praiſe his Name;
Who, if my Heart had harbour'd Sin,
Would all my Pray'rs diſclaim.

19. But God to me whene're I cry'd
His gracious Ear did bend;
And to the Voice of my Requeſt
With conſtant Love attend.

20. Then bleſs'd for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,
Nor turns his Face away.

PSALM LXVII.

1. TO bleſs thy choſen Race,
In Mercy, Lord, incline;
And cauſe the Brightneſs of thy Face
Upon us all to ſhine.

2. That ſo thy wond'rous Ways
May through the World be known;
Whilſt diſtant Lands glad Tribute pay,
And thy Salvation own.

3. Let diff'ring Nations join
To celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
To praiſe thy glorious Name.

4. O

4. O let them ſhout and ſing,
Diſſolv'd in pious Mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the Earth.

5. Let diff'ring Nations join
To celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
To praiſe thy glorious Name.

6. Then ſhall the teeming Ground
A large Encreaſe diſcloſe;
And we with Plenty ſhall abound,
Which God, our God, beſtows.

7. Then God upon our Land
Shall conſtant Bleſſings ſhower;
And all the World in aw ſhall ſtand
Of his reſiſtleſs Power.

PSALM LXVIII.

1. LET God, the God of Battle riſe,
And ſcatter his preſumptuous Foes;
Let ſhameful Rout their Hoſt ſurpriſe,
Who ſpitefully his Pow'r oppoſe.

2. As Smoak in Tempeſts Rage is loſt,
Or Wax into the Furnace caſt,
So let their ſacrilegious Hoſt
Before his wrathful Preſence waſte,

3. But let the Servants of his Will
His Favour's gentle Beams enjoy;

Their upright Heart let Tranſports fill,
And chearful Songs their Tongue employ.
4. To him your Voice in Anthems raiſe,
Jehovah's pow'rful Name he bears:
In him rejoice, extol his Praiſe,
Who rides upon high-rowling Spheres.

5. Him, from his Empire of the Skies,
Down, down to Earth Compaſſion draws
The Orphan's Claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd Widow's Cauſe.
6. 'Tis God who, from a foreign Soil,
Reſtores poor Exiles to their Home,
Makes Captives free, and fruitleſs Toil
Their Proud Oppreſſors righteous Doom.

7. 'Twas ſo of old, when thou, O God,
In Perſon led'ſt our Armies forth,
Strange Terrors through the Deſart ſpread,
8. Convulſions ſhook th' aſtoniſh'd Earth.
When Lightning's made the Skies diſtil,
And Heav'ns high Arches ſhook with Fear,
How then ſhould *Sinai*'s humble Hill
Of *Iſrael*'s God the Preſence bear?

9. Thy Hand at famiſht Earth's Complaint,
Reliev'd her from celeſtial Stores;
And when thy Heritage was faint (ſhow'rs.
Refreſh'd the Drought with plenteous
10. Where Salvages had rang'd before
At Eaſe thou mad'ſt our Tribes reſide;
And in the Deſart, for the Poor,
Thy gen'rous Bounty did provide.

PART

PART II.

11. Thou gav'ſt the Word, we ſally'd forth,
And in that pow'rful Word o'ercame;
While Virgin-Troops with Songs of Mirth
In ſtate our Conqueſt did proclaim.
12. Vaſt Armies by ſuch Gen'rals led,
As yet had ne'er receiv'd a Foil,
Forſook their Camp with ſudden Dread,
And to our Women left the Spoil.

13. Tho *Egypt*'s Drudges you have been,
Your Armies Wings ſhall ſhine more bright
Than Doves in golden Sun-ſhine ſeen,
Or ſilver'd o'er with paler Light.
14. 'Twas ſo when God's Almighty Hand
O'er ſcatter'd Kings the Conqueſt won;
Our Troops, drawn up on *Jordan*'s Strand,
High *Salmon*'s glitt'ring Snow out-ſhone.

15. From thence to *Jordan*'s farther Coaſt
And *Baſhan*'s Hill we did advance:
No more her Height ſhall *Baſhan* boaſt,
But that ſhe's God's Inheritance.
16. But wherefore (tho the Honour's great)
Should this, ye Mountains ſwell your Pride?
For *Sion* is his choſen Seat,
Where he for ever will reſide.

17. His Chariots numberleſs, his Pow'rs
Are Angel-Hoſts that wait his Will;
His Preſence now fills *Sion*'s Tow'rs,
As once it honour'd *Sinai*'s Hill.

18. Aſcending high, in Triumph Thou
Captivity haſt Captive led,
And on thy People didſt beſtow
The Spoil of Armies once their Dread.

Ev'n Rebels ſhall partake thy Grace,
And humble Proſelytes repair
To worſhip at thy Dwelling-place,
And all the World pay Homage there.

19. For Benefits each Day beſtow'd
Be daily his great Name ador'd;

20. Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of Life and Death the Sov'reign Lord.

21. But Juſtice, for his hard'ned Foes
Proportion'd Vengeance has decreed,
To wound the grizly Head of thoſe
Who in preſumptuous Crimes proceed.

22. The Lord has thus, in Thunder, ſpoke;
" As I ſubdu'd proud *Baſhan*'s King,
" Once more I'll break my People's Yoak,
" And from the Deep my Servant's bring.

23. " Their Feet ſhall in a Crimſon Flood
" Of ſlaughter'd Foes be cover'd o'er,
" Nor Earth receive ſuch impious Blood,
" But leave for Dogs th' unhallow'd Gore.

PART III.

24. When entring to thy bleſt Abode,
The wond'ring Multitude ſurvey'd
Thy pompous State, my King and God,
In Robes of Majeſty array'd.

25. Sweet-

25. Sweet-singing *Levites* led the Van,
Loud Instruments brought up the Rear;
Between both Troops a Virgin-Train
With Voice and Timbrel charm'd the Ear.

26. This was the Burden of their Song,
In full Assemblies bless the Lord,
All, who to *Israel*'s Tribes belong,
The God of *Israel*'s Praise record.

27. Nor little *Benjamin* alone
From neighb'ring Bounds did there attend,
Nor only *Judah*'s nearer Throne,
Her Counsellours in state did send;

But *Zebulon*'s remoter Seat,
And *Nephthali*'s more distant Coast
(The grand Procession to compleat)
Sent up their Tribes, a Princely Host.

28. Thus God to Strength and Union brought
Our Tribes, at Strife till that blest Hour:
This Work which thou, O God, hast wrought,
Confirm, with fresh Recruits of Pow'r.

29. To visit *Salem*, Lord, descend,
And *Sion* thy terrestrial Throne;
Where Kings with Presents shall attend,
And there with offer'd Crowns atone.

30. Break down their Spear-mens Ranks that threat
Like pamper'd Herds of Salvage Might,
Their Silver-armour'd Chiefs defeat
Who in destructive War delight.

31. To God shall *Egypt* then stretch forth
Her Hands, and *Africk* Homage bring;

32. The

32. The ſcatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth
Their common Sovereign's Praiſes ſing.
33. Who mounted on the loftieſt Sphere
Of ancient Heav'n, ſublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful Voice we hear,
Like that of warring Winds and Tides.

34. Aſcribe ye Pow'r to God moſt High,
Of humble *Iſrael* he takes Care;
Whoſe Strength from out the dusky Sky
Darts ſhining Terrors through the Air.
35. How dreadful are the ſacred Courts
Where God has fix'd his earthly Throne!
His Strength his feeble Saints ſupports:
To God give Praiſe and him alone.

PSALM LXIX.

1. SAve me, O God, from Waves that rowl,
And preſs to overwhelm my Soul.
2. In Mire my found'ring Foot-ſteps tread,
And Deluges o'erflow my Head.
3. With reſtleſs Cries my Spirits faint,
My Voice is hoarſe with long Complaint,
My Sight decays with tedious Pain,
Whilſt for my God I wait in vain.

4. My Heads unnumber'd Hairs are few,
Compar'd to Foes that me purſue
With groundleſs Hate grown now of might
To execute their lawleſs Spite.
They force me guiltleſs to reſign
As Rapine, what by right was mine.

5. Thou

5. Thou Lord my Innocence doſt ſee,
Nor are my Sins conceal'd from Thee.

6. Lord God of Hoſts take timely care,
Leſt for my ſake thy Saints deſpair;
7. Since I have ſufferd, for thy Name,
Reproach, and hid my Face in ſhame.
8. A Stranger to my Country grown,
Nor to my neareſt Kindred known;
A Foreigner, expos'd to Scorn,
By Brethren of my Mother born.

9. For Zeal to thy lov'd Houſe and Name
Conſumes me like devouring Flame,
Concern'd at their Affronts to Thee
Beyond their Slanders caſt on me.
10. My very Tears and Abſtinence
They conſtrue in a ſpiteful ſenſe;
11. When cloth'd with Sackcloth for their ſake,
They me their Jeſt and Proverb make.

12. Their Judges make my Wrongs their Jeſt,
Thoſe Wrongs they ought to have redreſt!
How ſhall I then expect to be
From Libels of Lewd Drunkards free?
13. But, Lord, to Thee I will repair
For Help, with humble timely Pray'r;
Relieve me from thy Mercies ſtore,
Diſplay thy Truth's preſerving Pow'r.

14. O ſave me yet from Dangers Brink,
Nor ſuffer me in Mire to ſink;
From ſpiteful Foes in Safety keep,
And ſnatch me from the raging Deep.

15. Control

15. Control the Deluge e'er it ſpread,
And rowl its Waves above my Head;
Nor deep Deſtruction's yawning Pit
To cloſe her Jaws on me permit.

16. Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make,
For thy tranſcending Kindneſs ſake;
Relieve thy Suppliant once more
From thy abounding Mercies ſtore.
17. Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face;
Make ſpeed, for deſp'rate is my Caſe:
18. Thy timely Succour interpoſe,
And ſhield me from remorſeleſs Foes.

19. The Slanders, Infamy and Scorn
I from my Enemies have born
Thou knowſt, nor has their open Spite
Or ſecret Plots eſcap'd thy Sight.
20. Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart,
I look'd for ſome to take my part,
To pity or relieve my Pain,
But lookt (alas!) for both in vain!

21. With Hunger pin'd for Food I call,
Inſtead of Food they give me Gall;
And when with Thirſt my Spirits ſink,
They give me Vinegar to drink.
22. Their Table therefore to their Health
Shall prove a Snare, a Trap their Wealth:
23. Perpetual Darkneſs ſeize their Eyes,
And ſudden Blaſts their Hope ſurpriſe.

24. On them and theirs thy Fury pour,
And in tempeſtuous Wrath devour:

25. Their

25. Their Houſe diſ-people to a Cell,
Till none remain therein to dwell.
26. For new Afflictions they procur'd
For him who had thy Stripes endur'd;
And made the Wounds thy Scourge had torn
To bleed afreſh with ſharper Scorn.

27. Let Sin to Sin their ſteps betray,
Till they to Truth have loſt the Way.
28. From Life's bright Liſt exclude their Soul,
Nor with the Juſt their Names enrol.
29. But me, howe'er diſtreſt and poor,
Thy ſtrong Salvation ſhall reſtore:
30. Thy Power with Songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.

31. Our God ſhall this more highly prize
Than Hecatombs of Sacrifice:
32. Which humble Saints with Joy ſhall ſee,
And hope for like Redreſs with me.
33. For God regards the Poor's Complaint,
Sets Pris'ners free from cloſe Reſtraint:
34. Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea their Voices raiſe,
The Univerſe reſound his Praiſe.

35. For God will *Sion*'s Walls protect,
Fair *Judah*'s Cities He'll erect,
Till all her ſcatter'd Sons repair
To undiſturb'd poſſeſſion there;
36. Enjoy for Life, and at their Death
To their religious Heirs bequeath;
And they to endleſs Ages more,
On ſuch as his bleſt Name adore.

PSALM

PSALM LXX.

1. O Lord, to my Relief draw near,
For never was more preſſing Need!
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that Deliverance Speed.

2. Confuſion on their Heads return
Who to deſtroy my Soul combine;
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn,
Enſnar'd in their own vile Deſign.

3. Their Doom let Deſolation be,
With Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
And Sport of my Affliction made.

4. While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy Face
To joyful Triumphs are uprais'd;
And all who prize thy Saving Grace
Ever reſound, *The Lord be prais'd.*

5. Thus wretched tho I am and poor,
Of me th' Almighty Lord takes care.
Thou, God, who onely can'ſt reſtore,
To my Relief with Speed repair.

PSALM LXXI.

1, 2. IN Thee I put my ſtedfaſt Truſt,
Defend me, Lord, from Shame;
Incline thine Ear, and ſave my Soul,
For righteous is thy Name.

3. Be thou my ſtrong abiding Place,
To which I may reſort;
'Tis thy Decree that keeps me ſafe,
Thou art my Rock and Fort.

4, 5. From cruel and ungodly Men
Protect and ſet me free,
For from my earlieſt Youth till now
My Hope has been in Thee.

6. Thy conſtant Care did ſafely guard
My tender Infant days;
Thou took'ſt me from my Mother's Womb
To ſing thy conſtant Praiſe.

7, 8. While ſome with Wonder on me gaze,
Thy Hand ſupports me ſtill;
Thy Honour therefore and thy praiſe
My Mouth ſhall always fill.

9. Reject not then thy Servant, Lord,
When freezing Age prevails;
Forſake me not, when ſpent with years
My manly Vigour fails.

10. My Foes againſt my Fame, and me
With crafty Malice ſpeak,
Againſt my Soul they lay their Snares,
And mutual Counſel take.

11. His

11. His God, say they, forsakes him now,
On whom he did rely;
Pursue and take him, whilst no Hope
Of timely Succour's nigh.

12, 13. But thou, my God, withdraw not far,
For speedy Help I call;
To Shame and Ruine bring my Foes
That seek to work my Fall.
14. But as for me, my stedfast Hope
Shall on thy Help depend,
And I in grateful Songs of Praise
My time to come will spend.

PART II.

15. Thy righteous Acts and saving Health
My Mouth shall still declare:
Unable yet to count them all,
Tho summ'd with utmost Care.
16. By God supported I'll go on,
And in his Strength proceed,
And shew how far his Righteousness
All others does exceed.

17. Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my Youth
To praise thy glorious Name;
And ever since thy wond'rous Works
Have been my constant Theme.
18. Then now forsake me not when I
Am grey and feeble grown,
Till I to these and future times,
Thy Strength and Pow'r have shown.

19. How

19. How high thy Juſtice ſoars, O God!
How great and wond'rous are
The mighty Works which thou haſt done!
Who may with Thee compare!
20. Me whom thy Hand has ſorely preſs'd
Thy Grace ſhall yet relieve;
And from the loweſt Depth of Wo
With tender Care retrieve.

21. Through Thee my time to come ſhall be
With Pow'r and Greatneſs crown'd,
My future Years ſhall all rejoice.
With Comfort compaſs'd round.
22. Therefore with Pſaltery and Harp
Thy Truth, O Lord, I'll praiſe;
To Thee, the God of *Jacob*'s Race,
My Voice in Anthems raiſe.

23. Then Joy ſhall fill my Mouth, and Songs
Employ my chearful Voice;
My grateful Soul, by Thee redeem'd
Shall in thy Aid rejoice.
24. My Tongue thy juſt and righteous Acts
Shall all the day proclaim;
Becauſe thou didſt confound my Foes
And brought'ſt them all to ſhame.

PSALM

PSALM LXXII.

1. LOrd, let thy juſt Decrees the King
In all his Ways Direct;
And let his Son throughout his Reign
Thy righteous Laws reſpect.
2. So ſhall he ſtill thy People judge
With pure and upright Mind,
Whilſt all the helpleſs Poor in him
A juſt Protector find.
3. Then Hills and Mountains ſhall bring forth
The happy Fruits of Peace;
Which all the Land ſhall own to be
The Work of Righteouſneſs:
4. Whilſt he the poor and needy Race
Shall rule with gentle Sway;
And from their humble Necks ſhall take
Oppreſſive Yokes away.
5. In ev'ry Heart thy awful Fear
Shall then be rooted faſt,
As long as Sun and Moon endure,
Or Time it ſelf ſhall laſt.
6. He ſhall deſcend like Rain that chears
The Meadows ſecond Birth,
Or like warm Show'rs, whoſe gentle Drops
Refreſh the thirſty Earth.
7. In his bleſt days the juſt and good
Shall be with Favour crown'd,
The happy Land ſhall ev'ry where
With endleſs Peace abound.

8. His

8. His uncontroul'd Dominion ſhall
From Sea to Sea extend,
Begin at proud *Euphrates* Streams,
At Nature's Limits end.

9. To him the ſalvage Nations round
Shall bow their ſervile Heads,
His vanquiſht Foes ſhall lick the Duſt
Where he their Conq'rour treads.
10. The Kings of *Tarſhiſh* and the Iſles
Shall coſtly Preſents bring;
From haughty *Perſia* Gifts ſhall come,
And from *Arabia*'s King.

11. To him ſhall ev'ry King on Earth
His humble Homage pay,
And diff'ring Nations gladly join
To own his righteous Sway.
12. For he ſhall ſet the Needy free,
When they for Succour cry;
Shall ſave the Helpleſs and the Poor,
And all their Wants ſupply.

PART II.

13. His Eye the humble patient Man
Indulgently ſhall ſpare;
And over his defenceleſs Life
Shall watch with tender Care.
14. He ſhall preſerve and keep their Souls
From Fraud and Rapine free,
And in his ſight their guiltleſs Blood
Of mighty Price ſhall be.

15. There-

15. Therefore shall God his Life and Reign
To many Years extend,
Whilst Eastern Princes Tribute pay,
And golden Presents send.
For him shall constant Pray'rs be made,
And all his prosp'rous Days,
His just Dominion shall afford
A lasting Theme of Praise.

16. Through all the Land, of useful Grain
Great Plenty shall appear;
A Handful sown on Mountain Tops
A mighty Crop shall bear:
Its Fruit, like Cedars shook by Winds,
A rattling Noise shall yield;
The City too shall thrive, and vie
For Plenty with the Field.

17. To endless Ages shall endure
His great and glorious Name;
As bright and lasting as the Sun,
Shall shine his spotless Fame:
In him the Nations of the World
Shall be compleatly blest,
And his unbounded Happiness
By ev'ry Tongue confest.

18. Then blest be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom *Israel* fears;
Who only wond'rous in his Works,
Beyond Compare appears.
19. Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd;
For ever bless his Name:

Whilst

Whilſt to his Praiſe the liſt'ning World
Their glad aſſent proclaim.

20. [With this exalted Hymn of Praiſe
The Pray'rs and Praiſes end,
Which holy *David*, *Jeſſe*'s Son,
In pious Raptures penn'd.]

PSALM LXXIII.

1. AT length, by certain proofs 'tis plain
That God will to his own be kind;
That all, whoſe Hearts are pure and clean,
Shall his indulgent Favour find,
2,3. But my unwary Feet before
And ſtagg'ring Steps had almoſt fail'd;
With Pain I view'd the Sinner's ſtore,
And envy'd when the Fools prevail'd.

4,5. They to the Grave in peace deſcend,
And whilſt they live are hail and ſtrong;
No Plagues or Troubles them offend,
Which ſtill to other Men belong.
6,7. With Pride as with a Chain they're held,
And Rapine is their Robe of State;
Their Eyes ſtand out, with Fatneſs ſwell'd,
They grow, beyond their Wiſhes, great.

8,9. With Hearts corrupt, and lofty Talk,
Oppreſſive Methods they defend;
Their Tongue thro all the Earth does walk,
Their Blaſphemies to Heav'n aſcend.

10. And

10. And yet admiring Crowds are found
Who ſervile Viſits duly make,
Becauſe with Plenty they abound,
Of which their pamper'd Slaves partake.

11. Their fond Opinions theſe purſue,
Till they with them profanely cry,
How ſhould the Lord our Actions view,
Can he perceive who dwells on high?
12. Behold the Wicked! theſe are they
Who openly their Sins profeſs;
And yet their Wealth's increas'd each day,
And all their Actions meet Succeſs.

13, 14. Then have I cleans'd my Heart (ſaid I)
And waſh'd my Hands from Guilt in vain,
If all the Day oppreſs'd I lie,
And ev'ry Morning ſuffer Pain.
15. Thus did I once to ſpeak intend;
But if ſuch things I raſhly ſay,
Thy Children, Lord, I muſt offend,
And baſely ſhould their Cauſe betray.

PART III.

16, 17. To fathom This my Thoughts I bent,
But found the Caſe too hard for me,
Till to the Houſe of God I went,
Then I their End did plainly ſee.
18. How high ſoe're advanc'd, they all
In ſlipp'ry Places tott'ring ſtand;
Thence into Ruine headlong fall,
Caſt down by thy avenging Hand.

19, 20. How

19,20. How dreadful and how quick their Fate!
Deſpis'd by Thee when they're deſtroy'd;
As waking Men with Scorn do treat
The Fancies that their Dreams employ'd.

21,22. Thus was my Heart with Grief oppreſt,
My Reins were rack'd with reſtleſs Pains,
So fooliſh was I, like a Beaſt,
In whom no Thought or Senſe remains.

23,24. And yet thy Preſence cheer'd me ſtill,
And thy Right-hand did always ſave;
Thou firſt didſt guide me with thy Skill,
And to thy Glory then receive.

25. Whom then in Heav'n, but Thee alone,
Have I, whoſe Favour I require?
And over all the Earth there's none
That I beſides Thee can deſire.

26. My trembling Fleſh and aking Heart
May often fail to ſuccour me;
But God ſhall inward Strength impart,
And my Eternal Portion be.

27. For they that far from Thee remove,
Shall into ſudden Ruine fall;
If after other Gods they rove,
Thy Vengeance ſhall deſtroy them all.

28. But as for me, 'tis good and juſt
That I ſhould ſtill to God repair;
In him I always put my Truſt,
And will his wond'rous Works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

1. WHY haſt thou caſt us off, O God;
Muſt we no more return?
O why, againſt thy choſen Flock,
Does thy fierce Anger burn?
2. Think on thy antient Purchaſe, Lord,
The Land that is thy own,
By Thee redeem'd, and *Sion*'s Mount
Where once thy Glory ſhone.
3. O come and view our ruin'd ſtate!
How long our Troubles laſt!
See! how the Foe with wicked Rage
Has laid thy Temple waſte!
4. Thy Foes blaſpheme thy Name, where late,
Thy zealous Servants pray'd;
Their Banners all, as conqu'ring Signs,
With haughty Pomp diſplay'd.
5, 6. Thoſe curious Carvings which did once
The Workmen famous make,
With Axes and with Hammers now
They all in pieces break.
7. Thy Holy Temple have they burnt;
And what eſcap'd the Flame,
Has been prophan'd and quite pull'd down,
Tho ſacred to thy Name.
8. Together to deſtroy us all
Maliciouſly they aim'd;
And all the ſacred Places burn'd
Where we thy Praiſe proclaim'd:

9. Yet

9. Yet of thy Preſence thou vouchſaf'ſt
No tender Signs to ſend;
We have no Prophet now that knows
When this ſad ſtate ſhall end.

PART II.

10. But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit
Th' inſulting Foe to boaſt?
Shall all the Honour of thy Name
For evermore be loſt?
11. Why hold'ſt thou back thy ſtrong Right-hand?
And on thy patient Breaſt
When Vengeance calls to ſtretch it forth,
So calmly let'ſt it reſt?

12. Thou heretofore, with Kingly Pow'r,
In our Defence haſt fought;
For us, throughout the wond'ring World,
Haſt great Salvation wrought.
13. 'Twas Thou, O God, that didſt the Sea
By thy own Strength divide;
Thou break'ſt the watry Monſters Head,
The Waves o'rwhelm'd their Pride.

14. The greateſt, fierceſt of them all,
That ſeem'd the Deep to ſway;
Was by thy Pow'r deſtroy'd, and made
To ſalvage Beaſts a Prey.
15. Thou clav'ſt the ſolid Rock, and bad'ſt
The Waters largely flow; (Streams
Again, Thou mad'ſt, through dry'd up
Thy wond'ring People go.

16. Thine is the chearful Day, and thine
The black Return of Night;
Thou haſt prepar'd the glorious Sun,
And ev'ry feebler Light.
17. By Thee the Borders of the Earth
In perfect order ſtand;
The Summer's Warmth and Winter's Cold
Attend on thy Command.

PART III.

18. Remember, Lord, how ſcornful Foes
Have daily urg'd our Shame;
And how the fooliſh People have
Blaſphem'd thy holy Name.
19. O free thy mourning Turtle-dove,
By ſinful Crowds beſet;
Nor the Aſſembly of the Poor
For evermore forget.

20. Thy ancient Cov'nant, Lord, regard,
And make promiſe good;
For now each Corner of the Land
Is fill'd with Men of Blood.
21. O let not the Oppreſt return,
With Sorrow cloath'd and Shame;
But let the Helpleſs, and the Poor
For ever praiſe thy Name.

22. Ariſe, O God, in our behalf,
Thy Cauſe and ours maintain;
Remember how inſulting Fools
Each day thy Name prophane!

23. Make

23. Make Thou the Boaſtings of thy Foes
For ever, Lord, to ceaſe;
Whoſe haughty Rage and furious Threats
Still more and more increaſe.

PSALM LXXV.

1. TO Thee, O God, we render Praiſe,
To Thee with Thanks repair;
For, that thy Name to us is nigh
Thy wond'rous Works declare.
2. In *Iſrael* when my Throne is fix'd
With me ſhall Juſtice reign:
3. The Land with Diſcord ſhakes, but I
The tott'ring Frame ſuſtain.
4. Deluded Wretches I adviſ'd
Their Errors to redreſs,
Preſumptuous Sinners warn'd that they
Their Swelling Pride ſuppreſs.
5. Bear not your ſelves ſo high, as if
No Pow'r could yours reſtrain;
Submit your ſtubborn Necks, and learn
To ſpeak with leſs Diſdain.
6. For that Promotion, which to gain,
Your vain Ambition ſtrives,
From neither Eaſt nor Weſt, nor yet
From Southern Climes arrives.
7. For God the great Diſpoſer is
And Sov'reign Judge alone,
Who caſts the Proud to Earth, and lifts
The Humble to a Throne.

8. His Hand holds forth a dreadful Cup,
With purple Wine 'tis crown'd;
Fill'd with Ingredients which his Wrath
Deals out to Nations round.
Of This his darling Saints may taste,
But Wicked Men shall squeeze
The baleful Dregs, and be condemn'd
To drink the very Lees.

9. His Prophet, I to all the World
This Message will relate;
The Justice then of *Jacob*'s God
My Song shall celebrate.

10. The Wicked's Pride I will reduce,
Their Cruelty disarm;
Exalt the Just, and seat him high,
Above the Reach of Harm.

PSALM LXXVI.

1. IN *Judah* the Almighty's known,
(Almighty there by Wonders shown)
His Name in *Jacob* does excel:

2. His Sanctuary in *Salem* stands,
The Majesty that Heav'n commands
In *Sion* condescends to dwell.

3. He brake the Bow and Arrows there
The Shield, the temper'd Sword and Spear,
There slain the mighty Army lay;

4. Whence *Sion*'s Fame through Earth is spread
Of greater Glory greater Dread, (Prey.
Than Hills where Robbers lodge their

3. Their

5. Their valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,
Themſelves met there a ſhameful Foil,
Securely down to ſleep they lay
But, wak'd no more; their ſtouteſt Band
Ne'er lifted one reſiſting Hand
'gainſt his that did their Legions ſlay.

6. When *Jacob*'s God began to frown
Horſe, Horſemen, Chariots were o'erthrown,
Together huſht in endleſs Night: (vere,
7. When Thou, whom Earth and Heav'n re-
Doſt once in wrathful Looks appear,
What Mortal Pow'r can ſtand thy ſight?

8. Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard its Doom,
Grew huſht with Fear, when Thou didſt come
9. To Judgment, and the Meek reſtore:
10. The Wrath of Man ſhall yield Thee Praiſe
Its proud Reſerves but ſerve to raiſe
The Triumphs of Almighty Pow'r.

11. Vow to the Lord, ye Nations, bring
Vow'd Preſents to th' eternal King;
Thus to his Name due Rev'rence pay,
12. Who proudeſt Potentates can quell,
To Earthly Kings more terrible
Than to their trembling Subjects They.

PSALM LXXVII.

1. TO God I ſent my mournful Cry,
Who graciouſly did hear;
3. In Trouble's diſmal Day I ſought
My God with humble Pray'r.
All Night my feſt'ring Wound did run,
No Med'cine gave Relief;
My Soul no Comfort would admit,
My Soul indulg'd her Grief.

3. I thought on God, and Favours paſt,
But that increas'd my Pain;
I found my Spirit more oppreſt
The more I did complain.
4. Through ev'ry watch of tedious Night
Thou keep'ſt my Eyes awake;
My Grief is ſwell'd to that Exceſs
I ſigh but cannot ſpeak.

5. I call to mind the Days of old
With ſignal Mercy crown'd,
Thoſe famous years of antient Times
For Miracles renown'd.
6. By Night I recollect my Songs
On former Triumphs made,
Then ſearch, conſult and ask my Heart
Where's now that wond'rous Aid?

7. Has God for ever caſt us off,
Withrawn his Favour quite?
8. Are both his Mercy and his Truth
Retir'd to endleſs Night?

9. Can

9. Can his long-practis'd Love forget
Its wonted Aids to bring?
Has he in Wrath ſhut up and ſeal'd
His Mercy's healing Spring?
10. I ſaid my Weakneſs hints theſe Fears,
But I'll my Fears disband;
I'll yet remember the moſt High,
And Years of his Right-hand.

11. I'll call to mind his Works of old,
The Wonders of his Might;
12. On them my Heart ſhall meditate,
My Tongue ſhall them recite.
13. Safe lodg'd from humane Search on high
O God thy Counſels are!
Who is ſo great a God as Ours?
Who can with him compare?

14. Long ſince a God of Wonders Thee
Thy reſcu'd People found;
15. *Joſeph* and *Iſrael*'s Seed thy Arm
With ſtrong Deliv'rance crown'd.
16. When Thee, O God, the Waters ſaw
The frighted Billows ſhrunk;
The troubled Depths themſelves, for Fear,
Beneath their Channels ſunk.

17. The Clouds pour'd down, while with their (Noiſe
The rending Skies conſpire;
Thy Arrows all abroad were ſent,
Wing'd with avenging Fire.
18. Heav'n with thy Thunder's Voice was torn
Whilſt all the lower World

With Lightnings blaz'd; Earth ſhook and
From her Foundations hurl'd. (ſeem'd

19. Thro' rowling Seas Thou find'ſt thy Way,
Thy Paths in waters lie;
Thy wond'rous paſſage, where no Sight
Thy Footſteps can deſcry.

20. Thou led'ſt thy People like a Flock,
Conducted by the Hand
Of *Moſes* and of *Aaron*, ſafe
To *Canaan*'s promis'd Land.

PSALM LXXVIII.

1. HEar, O my People; to my Law
Devout Attention lend;
Let the Inſtruction of my Mouth
Deep in your Hearts deſcend.

2. My Tongue, by Inſpiration taught,
Shall Parables unfold,
Dark Oracles, but underſtood,
And known for Truths of Old.

3. Which we from ſacred Regiſters
Of ancient Times have known,
Which our Fore-fathers pious Care
To Us has handed down.

4. We will not hide them from our Sons;
Our Offspring ſhall be taught
The Praiſes of the Lord, whoſe Strength
Has Works of Wonder wrought.

5. With

5. With *Jacob* He this League ordain'd,
This Law with *Israel* made,
With Charge to be from Age to Age,
From Race to Race convey'd.
6. That Generations yet to come
Should to their unborn Heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
And they again to theirs.

7. To teach 'em that in God alone
Their Hope securely stands;
That they should ne'er his Works forget,
But keep his just Commands.
8. Lest, like their Fathers, they might prove
A stiff rebellious Race,
False-hearted, fickle to their God,
Unstedfast in his Grace.

9. Such were revolting *Ephraim*'s Tribe,
A Tribe to Warfare bred,
Who, arm'd with Bows and Archers skill'd,
From Field ignobly fled.
10, 11. They falsify'd their League with God,
His Orders dis-obey'd;
Forgot his Works and Miracles
Before their Eyes display'd.

12. Nor Wonders, which their Fathers saw,
Did they in Mind retain;
Prodigious things in *Egypt* done,
And *Zoan*'s fertile Plain.
13. He cut the Seas to let 'em pass,
Restrain'd the pressing Flood;

While

While pil'd in Heaps, on either ſide,
The wond'ring Waters ſtood.

14. He led 'em by a Prodigy
Compos'd of Shade and Light;
A ſhelt'ring Cloud it prov'd by Day,
A leading Fire by Night.

15. With Drought afflicted, where no Stream
The Wilderneſs ſupply'd,
He cleft the Rock, whoſe flinty Breaſt
Diſſolv'd into a Tide.

16. Streams from the ſolid Rock he brought,
Which down in Rivers fell,
That, trav'ling with their Camp, each day
Renew'd the Miracle.

17. Yet there they ſinn'd againſt him more,
Provoking the Moſt High,
In that ſame Deſart where he did
Their fainting Souls ſupply.

18. They firſt incens'd him in their Hearts
That crav'd for ſtronger Meat,
Not mov'd by Hunger, but their Luſt
Luxuriouſly to treat.

19. Then utter'd their blaſpheming Doubts,
"Can God, ſaid they, prepare
"A Table in the Wilderneſs,
"Set out with various Fare?

20. "He ſmote the Flinty Rock ('tis true)
"And guſhing Streams enſu'd,
"But can He Corn and Fleſh provide
"For ſuch a Multitude?

21. The

21. The Lord with Indignation heard ;
From Heav'n avenging Flame
On *Jacob* fell, conſuming Wrath
On thankleſs *Iſrael* came.

22. Becauſe their unbelieving Hearts
In God would not confide,
Who had from Heav'ns own Granary
Their Wants ſo oft ſupply'd.
23. Tho he had made his Clouds diſcharge
Proviſions down in Show'rs ;
And, when Earth fail'd, reliev'd their Needs
From his celeſtial Stores.

24. Tho taſtful Manna had rain'd down
Their Hunger to relieve.
Tho from the Stores of Heav'n they did
Suſtaining Corn receive.
25. And thus with Angels ſacred Food
Ingrateful Man was fed,
Not ſparingly, for ſtill they found
A plenteous Table ſpread.

26. From Heav'n he made an Eaſt-Wind blow
And next the South commands
27. To rain down Fleſh like Duſt, and Fowls
Like Seas unnumb'red Sands.
28. Within their Trenches he let fall
The luſcious eaſy Prey,
And all around their ſpreading Camp
The feather'd Booty lay.

29. They fed, were fill'd, he gave 'em leave
Their Appetites to feaſt ;

30, 31.

30, 31. Yet ſtill their wanton Luſt gorg'd on,
Nor with their Hunger ceas'd.

But whilſt in their luxurious Mouths,
They did their Dainties chew,
The Wrath of God ſmote down their Chiefs,
And *Iſrael*'s choſen ſlew.

PART II.

32. Yet ſtill they ſinn'd, nor would afford
His Miracles Belief;
33. Therefore through fruitleſs Travels, he
Conſum'd their Lives in Grief.
34. When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd
To God with early Cry;
35. Own him the Rock of their Defence,
Their Saviour, God moſt High.

36. But this was feign'd Submiſſion all
Their Heart their Tongue bely'd;
37. Their Hearts were ſtill perverſe, nor wou'd
Firm in his League abide.
38. Yet, full of Mercy, he forgave,
Nor did with Death chaſtiſe;
Oft turn'd his kindled Wrath aſide,
Or ſuffer'd not to riſe.

39. For he remember'd they were Fleſh
That could not long remain;
A murm'ring Wind that's quickly paſt
And ne'er returns again.
40. How oft did they provoke him there,
How oft his Patience grieve,

In

In that ſame Deſart where he did
Their fainting Souls relieve?

41. They tempted him by turning back,
And graceleſly repin'd,
When *Iſrael*'s God refus'd to be
By their Deſires confin'd.
42. Nor call'd to mind the Hand and Day
That their Redemption brought;
43. His Signs in *Egypt*, wond'rous Works
In *Zoan*'s Valley wrought.

44. He turn'd their Rivers into Blood
That Man and Beaſt forbore,
And rather choſe to die of Thirſt
Than drink the putrid Gore.
45. He ſent devouring Swarms of Flies,
Hoarſe Frogs annoy'd their Soil;
46. Locuſts and Caterpillars reap'd
The Harveſt of their Toil.

47. Their Vines with batt'ring Hail, with Froſt
The Tender Fig-tree dies;
48. Light'ning and Hail made Flocks and Herds
One gen'ral Sacrifice.
49. He turn'd his furious Anger looſe,
No time preſcrib'd to ceaſe;
And, with their Plagues, ill Angels ſent
Their Torments to increaſe.

50. He op'd a Paſſage to his Wrath,
To ravage uncontrol'd;
The Murrain on their Firſtlings ſeiz'd
In ev'ry Field and Fold.

51. From

51. From Beaſt to Man the deadly Peſt,
From Field to City came;
It ſlew their Heirs, their eldeſt Hopes,
Through all the Tents of *Ham*.

52. But his own Tribes, like folded Sheep,
He brought from their Diſtreſs,
And, like a Flock, conducted through
The pathleſs Wilderneſs.

53. He led 'em on, and in their way.
No cauſe of Fear they found;
But march'd ſecurely through thoſe Deeps
In which their Foes were drown'd.

54. Nor ceas'd his Care till them he brought
Into his promis'd Land,
His Sanctu'ry and Mount, the Prize
Of his victorious Hand.

55. To them the Out-caſt Heathen's Land
He did by Lot divide;
And ſafe in their abandon'd Tents
Made *Iſrael*'s Tribes reſide.

PART III.

56. Yet ſtill they tempted, ſtill provok'd
The Wrath of God moſt High;
Nor would to practiſe his Commands
Their ſtubborn Hearts apply.

57. But in their faithleſs Father's Steps
Perverſly choſe to go;
They turn'd aſide, like Arrows ſhot
From ſome deceitful Bow.

58. For

58. For him to Fury they provok'd,
With Altars ſet on high;
And with their graven Images
Inflam'd his Jealouſie.
59. When God heard this, on *Iſrael*'s Tribes
His Wrath and Hatred fell;
60. He quitted *Shilo* and the Tents
Where once he choſe to dwell,

61. To vile Captivity his Ark,
His Glory to Diſdain,
62. His People to the Sword he gave,
Nor would his Wrath reſtrain.
63. Deſtructive War their ableſt Youth
Untimely did confound;
No Virgin was to th' Altar led,
With nuptial Garlands crown'd.

64. In Fight the Sacrificer fell,
The Prieſt a Victim bled;
Widows, that ſhould their Fun'rals mourn,
Themſelves of Grief were dead.
65. Then, like a Giant freſh from Sleep,
Or Wine's inſpiring Charms,
The Lord awak'd, and ſhouting loud
The trembling Foe alarms.

66. He ſmote their Hoſt, that home from Field
A ſcatter'd Remnant came,
With Wounds, imprinted on their Backs,
Of everlaſting Shame.
67. With Conqueſt crown'd, He, *Joſeph*'s Tents
And *Ephraim*'s Tribe forſook;

68. But

68. But *Judah* chose, and *Sion*'s Mount
For his lov'd Dwelling took.

69. His Temple He erected there,
Whose Head confronts the Skies,
While deep and fix'd, as that of Earth,
The strong Foundation lies.

70. His faithful Servant *David* too
He for his Choice did own,
And from the Sheep-folds him advanc'd
To sit on *Judah*'s Throne.

71. From tending on the teeming Ews
He brought him forth to feed
His own Inheritance, the Tribes
Of *Israel*'s chosen Seed.

72. Exalted thus, the Monarch prov'd
A faithful Shepherd still.
He fed them with an Upright Heart,
And guided them with Skill.

PSALM LXXIX.

1. BEhold, O God, the Heathen have
On thy Possession seiz'd;
Thy sacred House have they defil'd,
Thy holy City raz'd.

2. The mangled Bodies of thy Saints
Abroad unburied lay;
Their Flesh expos'd to salvage Beasts,
And ravenous Birds of Prey.

3. Quite

3. Quite through *Jerus'lem* was their Blood
Like Common Water shed;
And none were left alive to pay
Last Duties to the Dead.
4. The neighb'ring Lands our small Remains
With loud Reproaches wound;
We're made a Laughing-stock and Scorn
To all the Nations round.

5. How long wilt Thou be angry, Lord,
Must we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous Rage
Like Fire, for ever burn?
6. On Foreign Lands, that know not Thee,
Thy heavy Vengeance show'r,
Those sinful Kingdoms let it crush
That have not own'd thy Pow'r.

7. For they their greedy Throats have gorg'd
With *Jacob*'s chosen Race.
And to a barren Desart turn'd
Their fruitful Dwelling-place.
8. O think not on our former Sins,
But speedily prevent
Thy Suff'ring People's utter Loss,
Almost with Sorrow spent.

9. O God our Saviour, help and save,
And free our Souls from blame;
So shall our Pardon and Defence
Exalt thy glorious Name.
10. Let Infidels, that scoffing say,
Where is the God they boast?

In

In Vengeance for thy ſlaughter'd Saints
Perceive thee to their Coſt.

11. Lord, hear the ſighing Priſ'ner's moan,
And as thy Pow'r is great;
Preſerve the Wretches doom'd to die,
From that untimely Fate.

12. On our oppreſſive Neighbours let
Our Suff'rings be repaid;
Make their Confuſion ſev'n times more
Than what on us they laid.

13. So we thy People and thy Flock
Shall ever praiſe thy Name;
And with glad Hearts our grateful Thanks
From Age to Age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.

1. O *Iſrael*'s Shepherd, *Jacob*'s Guide, (ear;
Whom like a Sheep thou leadſt, give
Thou that doſt on the Cherubs ride,
Again in ſolemn State appear.

2. Behold, how *Benjamin* expects,
With *Ephraim* and *Manaſſeh* join'd,
In our Deliv'rance the Effects
Of thy reſiſtleſs Strength to find.

3. Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
And all the Ills we ſuffer now
Like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.

4. O

4. O Thou, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce Anger burn?
How long thy suff'ring People pray,
And yet their Pray'rs meet no Return.
5. Thou, when we're hungry mak'st us drench
Our scanty Food in Floods of Woe;
When dry, our raging Thirst we quench
With Streams of Tears that largely flow.
6. For us the Heathen Nations round
As for a certain Prey, contest;
Our Foes with spiteful Joy abound
And at our lost Condition jest.
7. Do thou convert us Lord, do thou
The Lustre of thy Face display;
And all the Ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd Clouds shall pass away.

PART II.

8. Thou brought'st a Vine from *Egypt*'s land;
And casting out the Heathen Race,
Did'st plant it with thy own Right-hand,
And firmly fix it in their Place.
9. Before it thou prepar'dst the Way,
And mad'st it take a lasting Root,
Which blest with thy indulgent Ray
O'er all the Land did widely shoot.
10, 11. The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,
Her goodly Boughs did Cedars seem;
Her Branches to the Sea were spread,
And reach'd to proud *Euphrates* Stream.

12. Why

12. Why then haſt Thou its Hedge o'rthrown,
Which thou hadſt made ſo firm and ſtrong?
Whilſt all its Grapes, defenceleſs grown,
Are pluck'd by thoſe that paſs along.

13. See how the briſt'ling Foreſt Boar
With dreadful Fury lays it waſte;
Hark how the ſalvage Monſters roar,
And to their helpleſs Prey make haſte.

PART III.

14. To Thee, O God of Hoſts, we pray:
Thy wonted Goodneſs, Lord, renew:
From Heav'n, thy Throne, this Vine ſurvey,
And her ſad State with Pity view.

15. Behold the Vineyard, made by Thee,
Which thy Right-hand did guard ſo long;
And keep that Branch from Danger free,
Which for thy ſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.

16. To waſting Flames 'tis made a Prey,
And all its ſpreading Boughs cut down;
At thy Rebuke they ſoon decay,
And periſh at thy mortal Frown.

17. Crown thou the King with good Succeſs,
By thy Right-hand ſecur'd from Wrong;
The Son of Man in Mercy bleſs
Whom for thy ſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.

18. So will we ſtill continue free
From whatſoe'r deſerves thy blame;
And if once more reviv'd by Thee
Will always praiſe thy holy Name.

19. Do

19. Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
And all the Ills we ſuffer now
Like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.

PSALM LXXXI.

1. TO God, our never-failing Strength,
With loud Applauſes ſing;
And jointly make a chearful Noiſe
To *Jacob*'s awful King.
2. Compoſe a Hymn of Praiſe, and touch
Your Inſtruments of Joy;
Let Pſalteries and pleaſant Harps
Your grateful skill employ.
3. Let Trumpets at the Great New-Moon
Their joyful Voices raiſe,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The ſolemn Day of Praiſe.
4. For this a Statute was of old,
Which *Jacob*'s God decreed
To be with pious Care obſerv'd
By *Iſr'el*'s choſen Seed.
5. This He for a Memorial fix'd
When freed from *Egypt*'s Land,
Strange Nations barb'rous Speech we heard,
But could not underſtand.
6. Your burthen'd Shoulders I reliev'd,
(Thus ſeems our God to ſay)
Your ſervile Hands by me were freed
From lab'ring in the Clay.

7. With

7. With Troubles quite oppreſt, on me
Your Anceſtors did call;
With Pity I their Suff'rings ſaw,
And ſet them free from all.
In Thunder from my ſecret Place
My frequent Anſwers came;
And I their Faith and Duty try'd,
At that contentious Stream.

PART II.

8. While I my ſolemn Will declare,
My choſen People, hear;
If thou, O *Iſr'el*, to my Words
Wilt bend thy liſt'ning Ear;
9. Then ſhall no God beſides my ſelf
Within thy Coaſts be found;
Nor ſhalt thou worſhip any God
Of all the Nations round.

10. The Lord thy God am I, who thee
Brought forth from *Egypt*'s Land;
'Tis I, that all thy juſt Deſires
Supply with lib'ral Hand.
11. But they, my choſen Race, refus'd
To hearken to my Voice,
Nor would rebellious *Iſr'el*'s Sons
Make me their happy Choice.

12. So I, provok'd by their Neglect,
To all their Luſts gave way,
And in their own perverſe Deſigns,
I ſuffer'd them to ſtray:

13. O

13. O that my People wisely would
My just Commandments heed!
And *Isr'el* in my righteous ways
With pious care proceed!

14. Then should my heavy Judgments fall
On all that them oppose,
And my avenging Hand be turn'd
Against their num'rous Foes.

15. The Haters of the Lord should all
Before his Foot-stool bend;
But as for them, their happy State
Should never know an end.

16. All parts with Plenty should abound;
And I with finest Wheat,
And Honey from the Rock, would them
In great abundance treat.

PSALM LXXXII.

1. GOD in the great Assembly stands
Where his impartial Eye
In state surveys the Earthly Gods,
And does their Judgments try.

2,3. How dare you then unjustly judge,
Or be to Sinners kind?
Defend the Orphans and the Poor,
Let such your Justice find.

4. Protect the humble helpless Man,
That's plung'd in deep Distress,

And let not him become a Prey
To such as would oppress.

5. They neither know nor will they learn,
But blindly rove and stray;
Justice and Truth, the World's great Props,
Through all the Land decay.

6. Well then may God in anger say,
I've call'd you by my Name,
I've said ye're Gods the Sons and Heirs
Of my immortal Fame.

7. But ne'ertheless your unjust Deeds
To strict account I'll call;
You all shall die like common Men,
Like other Tyrants fall.

8. Arise, and thy just Judgments, Lord,
Throughout the Earth display;
And all the Nations of the World
Shall own thy righteous Sway.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1. HOld not thy peace, O Lord our God,
No longer silent be;
Nor with consenting quiet Looks
Our Ruine calmly see!

2. For lo! the Tumults of thy Foes
O'er all the Land are spread;
And they which hate thy Saints and Thee
Lift up their threatning Head.

3. Against

3. Againſt thy zealous People, Lord,
They craftily combine;
And to deſtroy thy choſen Saints
Have laid their cloſe Deſign.
4. Come, let us cut them off, ſay they,
Their Nation quite deface;
That no remembrance any more
May be of *Iſr'el*'s Race.
5. Thus they againſt thy People's Peace
Conſult with one Conſent;
And diff'ring Nations jointly leagu'd
Their common Hatred vent.
6. The *Iſhm'elites* that dwell in Tents
With warlike *Edom* join'd,
And *Moab*'s Sons our Ruine vow
With *Hagar*'s Race combin'd:
7. Proud *Ammon*'s Offspring, *Gebal* too,
With *Amalek* conſpire;
The Lords of *Palæſtine*, and all
The wealthy Sons of *Tyre*:
8. All theſe the ſtrong *Aſſyrian* King
Their firm Ally have got,
Who with a pow'rful Army aids
Th' inceſtuous Race of *Lot*,

PART II.

9. But let ſuch Vengeance come to them
As once to *Midian* came,
To *Jabin* and proud *Siſera*
At *Kiſhon*'s fatal Stream,

10. When thy Right-hand their num'rous Hosts
Near *Endor* did confound,
And their Dead Bodies, left for Dung,
Manur'd the neighb'ring Ground.

11. Let all their mighty Men the Fate
Of *Zeb* and *Oreb* share;
As *Zebah* and *Zalmunnah*, so
Let all their Princes fare.

12. Who with the same Design inspir'd,
Thus vainly boasting spake,
In firm possession for our selves
Let us God's Houses take.

13. O make them all like Wheels, my God,
Which downwards swiftly move;
Like Chaff that's tos'd by Winds, let all
Their scatter'd Forces prove.

14, 15. As Flames consume dry Wood, or Heath
That on parch'd Mountains grows,
So let thy fierce pursuing Wrath
With Terror strike thy Foes.

16, 17. Lord, shroud their Faces with Disgrace
That they may own thy Name;
Or, quite confounded, Victims fall
At once to Grief and Shame.

18. That so the wond'ring World may know,
That Thou whose Name alone
Jehovah is, o'er all the Earth
Hast rais'd thy lofty Throne.

PSALM

PSALM LXXXIV.

1. O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the Place
Where Thou, enshrin'd in Glory, shew'st
The Brightness of thy Face!
2. My longing Soul faints with Desire,
To view thy blest abode;
My panting Heart and Flesh cry out
For Thee the living God.

3. The Birds, more happy far than I,
About thine Altars rest:
There lay their little Young, and there
Securely build their Nest.
O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
4. How highly blest are They,
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
And there thy Praise display!

5. Thrice happy they, whose Choice has Thee
Their sure Protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy Dwelling lead!
6. Who pass through *Baca*'s thirsty Vale,
Yet no Refreshments want; (Thou
Their Pools being fill'd with Rain, which
At their Request dost grant.

7. Thus with unweary'd Strength and Pains
They still approach more near;
Till all on *Sion*'s holy Mount,
Before their God appear.

8. O Lord, the mighty God of Hosts
My just Request regard;
Thou God of *Jacob*, let my Pray'r
Be still with Favour heard.

9. Behold, O God, for thou alone
Dost timely Aid dispence;
On thy anointed Servant look,
Be Thou his strong Defence.

10. For in thy Courts one single Day
'Tis better to attend;
Than any other where besides,
A thousand Days to spend.

Much rather would I in God's House
The meanest Office take,
Than in the Tents of Wickedness
My constant Dwelling make.

11. For God is both our Sun and Shield,
He'll Grace and Glory give;
And no good thing will he with-hold
From them that justly live.

12. O God, whom heav'nly Hosts obey.
How highly blest is he
Whose constant Trust, securely plac'd,
Is still repos'd on Thee!

PSALM

PSALM LXXXV.

1. LOrd, thou haſt granted to thy Land
The Favours we implor'd;
And faithful *Jacob*'s captive Race
Haſt graciouſly reſtor'd.
2, 3. Thou haſt forgiv'n thy People's Sins
And all their Guilt defac'd;
Thou haſt not let thy Wrath flame on,
Nor thy fierce Anger laſt.

4. O God our Saviour, all our Hearts
To thy Obedience turn,
That ſo thy Rage, extinguiſht now,
Again may never burn.
5, 6. For why ſhouldſt Thou be angry ſtill,
And Wrath ſo long retain?
O ſoon revive us that thy Saints
May ſpeedy Comfort gain!

7. Thy gracious Favour, Lord, diſplay,
Which we ſo long implor'd;
And for thy wond'rous Mercies ſake
Thy wonted Aid afford.
8. God's Anſwer patiently I'll wait,
For he his Saints will bleſs
(If they no more to Folly turn)
With Peace and good Succeſs.

9. To all that fear his holy Name
His ſure Salvation's near;
That in its former happy ſtate
Our Nation may appear.

10. For Mercy now with Truth is join'd;
And Righteousness and Peace,
Like kind Companions absent long,
With friendly Arms embrace.

11,12. Truth from the Earth shall spring, from Heav'n
Shall Streams of Justice pour; (And God, from whom all Goodness flows,
Shall endless Plenty show'r.

13. Before him Righteousness shall march,
And his just Paths prepare;
Whilst we his holy Steps pursue,
With constant Zeal and Care.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1. TO my Complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious Ear incline;
Hear me, distrest and destitute
Of all Relief but thine!

2. Do Thou, O God, preserve my Soul
That does thy Name adore.
Thy Servant keep, and him, whose Trust
Relies on Thee, restore.

3. To me, who daily Thee invoke,
Thy Mercy, Lord extend:

4. Rejoice thy Servant's Soul, a Soul
That does on Thee depend.

5. Thou, Lord, art good, nor only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous Mercy to all those
Who for thy Mercy sue.

6. To

6. To my repeated Suppliant Pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be!
7. In Trouble on thy Name I'll call,
For Thou wilt answer me.
8. Among the Gods is none like Thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To Thee as much Inferiour they,
As are their Works to thine.

9. Therefore their great Creator Thee
The Nations shall adore,
Their long misguided Pray'rs and Praise
To thy blest Name restore.
10. All shall confess Thee great, and great
The Wonders thou hast done:
Confess Thee God, the God supreme,
Confess Thee God alone.

PART II.

11. Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
From Truth shall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy sacred Name
Devoutly fix my Heart.
12. Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Praise Thee with Heart sincere;
And to thy everlasting Name
Eternal Trophies rear.

13. Thy boundless Mercy shewn to me
Transcends my Pow'r to tell,
For Thou hast oft redeem'd my Soul
From lowest depths of Hell.

14. O God, the Proud are risen, the Sons
Of Strife my soul have sought;
Regardless of thy Pow'r, that oft
Has my Deliv'rance wrought.
15. When they remorseless were, Thou, Lord,
Didst full Compassion bring;
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
Thou everlasting Spring!

16. O turn to me; thy Grace and Strength
To me thy Servant show;
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me
Thy Handmaid's Son bestow.
17. Some Signal give, which my proud Foes
May see with Shame and Rage,
Because Thou, Lord, for my Relief
And Comfort dost engage.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1. GOD's Temple crowns the Holy Mount;
The Lord there condescends to dwell:
2. His *Sion*'s Gates, in his Account,
Our *Israel*'s fairest Tents excel.
3. Fame glorious things of Thee shall sing,
O City of th' almighty King!

4. The Fame of *Rahab* I will raise,
In *Babylon*'s Applause conspire;
Nor derogate from the just Praise
Of *Æthiop*, *Palæstine* and *Tyre*;
Amongst 'em such a Person born,
His Age and Country did adorn.

5. But

5. But ſtill of *Sion* I'll averr
That many ſuch from her proceed;
Th' Almighty ſhall eſtabliſh her.
6. His gen'ral Liſt ſhall ſhew, when read,
That ſuch a Perſon there was born,
And ſuch did ſuch an Age adorn.
7. He'll *Sion* find with Numbers fill'd
Of ſuch as merit high Renown;
For Hand and Voice Muſicians skill'd,
And (her tranſcending Fame to crown)
Of ſuch ſhe ſhall Succeſſions bring,
Like Waters from a living Spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1. TO Thee my God and Saviour I
By day and night addreſs my Cry;
2. Permit my mournful Voice acceſs,
Incline thine Ear to my Diſtreſs.
3. For Seas of Trouble me invade,
My Soul draws nigh to Death's cold ſhade.
4. Like one whoſe Strength and Hopes are fled
They number me among the Dead.
5. Like thoſe who ſhrouded in the Grave,
From Thee no more Remembrance have;
Caſt down from thy ſuſtaining Care
6. To loweſt Depths of dark Deſpair.
7. Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with reſtleſs Pain;
Me all thy Mountain Waves have preſs'd,
Too weak alas to bear the leaſt.

8. Re-

8. Remov'd from Friends, I ſigh alone,
In a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none
A Viſit will vouchſafe to me,
Confin'd paſt Hopes of Liberty.
9. My Eyes from weeping never ceaſe,
They waſte, but ſtill my Griefs increaſe!
Yet daily, Lord, to Thee I've pray'd,
With out-ſtretcht Hands invok'd thy Aid.

10. Wilt thou by miracle revive
The Dead whom thou forſook'ſt Alive?
From Death reſtore thy Praiſe to ſing,
Whom thou from Priſon wouldſt not bring?
11. Shall the mute Grave thy Love confeſs?
A mold'ring Tomb thy Faithfulneſs;
12. Thy Truth and Pow'r Renown obtain,
Where Darkneſs and Oblivion reign?

13. To Thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn,
My Pray'r prevents the early Morn?
14. Why haſt thou, Lord, my Soul forſook,
Nor once vouchſaf'd a gracious Look?
15. Prevailing Sorrows bear me down,
Which from my Youth with me have grown,
Thy Terrors paſt diſtract my Mind,
And Fears of blacker Days behind.

16. Thy Wrath has burſt upon my Head,
Thy Terrors fill my Soul with Dread;
17. Environ'd as with Waves combin'd,
And for a gen'ral Deluge join'd.
18. My Lovers, Friends, Familiars, all
Remov'd from ſight and out of call;

To

To dark Oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or at leaſt to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1. THY Mercies, Lord, ſhall be my Song;
My Song on them ſhall ever dwell;
To Ages yet Unborn my Tongue
Thy never-failing Truth ſhall tell.
2. I have affirm'd, and ſtill maintain,
Thy Mercy ſhall for ever laſt;
Thy Truth, that does the Heav'ns ſuſtain,
Like them ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.
3. Thus ſpak'ſt Thou, by thy Prophet's voice:
" With *David* I a League have made,
" To him, my Servant and my Choice,
" By ſolemn Oath this Grant convey'd,
4. " While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure
" Thy Seed ſhall in my ſight remain;
" To them thy Throne I will enſure;
" They ſhall to endleſs Ages reign.
5. For ſuch ſtupendious Truth and Love
Both Heav'n and Earth juſt Praiſes ow,
By Choirs of Angels ſung above,
And by aſſembled Saints below.
6. What Seraph of celeſtial Birth
To vie with Heav'ns Supreme ſhall dare?
7. Or who, among the Gods of Earth,
With our Almighty Lord compare?

8. Lord

8. Lord God of Armies, who can boaſt
Of Strength or Pow'r, like thine, renown'd?
Of ſuch a num'rous faithful Hoſt,
As that which does thy Throne ſurround?
9. Thou doſt the lawleſs Sea controul,
And change the Proſpect of the Deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows rowl,
Thou mak'ſt the rowling Billows ſleep.

10. Thou break'ſt in pieces *Rahab*'s Pride,
And didſt oppreſſing Pow'r diſarm;
Thy ſcatter'd Foes have dearly try'd
The Force of thy reſiſtleſs Arm.
11. In Thee the ſov'reign Right remains
Of Earth and Heav'n; Thee, Lord, alone
The World, and all the World contains,
Their Maker and Preſerver own.

12. The Poles on which the Globe does reſt,
Were form'd by thy creating Voice;
Tabor and *Hermon*, Eaſt and Weſt,
In thy ſuſtaining Pow'r rejoice.
13. Thy Arm is mighty, ſtrong thy Hand,
Yet, Lord, thou doſt with Juſtice reign;
14. Poſſeſt of abſolute Command,
Thou Truth and Mercy doſt maintain.

15. Happy, thrice happy they who hear
Thy ſacred Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Who may at Feſtivals appear,
With thy moſt glorious Preſence crown'd.
16. With Triumph they ſhall be o'erjoy'd
Who on thy ſacred Name rely.

And,

And, in thy Righteouſneſs employ'd,
Above their Foes exalted high.

17. For in thy Strength they ſhall advance,
Their Conqueſts from thy Favour ſpring:
18. The Lord of Hoſts is our Defence,
And *Iſrael*'s God our *Iſrael*'s King.
19. Thus ſpak'ſt Thou, by thy Prophet's voice,
A mighty Champion I will ſend,
From *Judah*'s Tribe have I made choice
Of one who ſhall the reſt defend.

20. My Servant *David* I have found,
With holy Oil anointed him;
21. Him ſhall the Hand ſupport that crown'd,
And guard, that gave the Diadem.
22. No Prince from him ſhall Tribute force,
Nor Son of Violence annoy;
23. Before his Face will I diſperſe,
And all his ſpiteful Foes deſtroy.

24. My Truth and Grace ſhall him ſuſtain,
His Arms through my auſpicious Beams,
25. Shall conquer, from the *Tyrian* Main
To *Tigris* and *Euphrates* Streams.
26. Me for his Father he ſhall take,
His God and Rock of Safety call;
27. And him my firſt-born Son I'll make,
The Kings of Earth his Subjects all.

28. My Mercy ſhall to him ſecure,
My Cov'nant ſtand for ever faſt;
29. His Seed for ever ſhall endure,
His Throne till Heav'n diſſolves ſhall laſt;

PART

PART II.

30. But if his Heirs my Law forſake,
And from my ſacred Precepts ſtray,
31. If they my righteous Statutes break,
Nor ſtrictly my Commands obey,
32. Their Sins I'll viſit with a Rod,
And for their Folly make them ſmart;
33. Yet will not ceaſe to be their God,
Nor from my Truth, like them, depart.

34. My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But in remembrance faſt retain;
The thing that once my Lips have ſpoke
Shall in eternal Force remain.
35. Once have I ſworn, but once for all,
And made my Holineſs the Tie,
That I my Grant will ne'er recal,
Nor to my Servant *David* lie.

36. Whoſe Throne and Race the conſtant Sun
Shall, like his Courſe, eſtabliſht ſee;
37. Of this my Vow, thou conſcious Moon,
In Heav'n my faithful Witneſs be.
38. Such was thy gracious Promiſe, Lord,
But thou alas haſt now forſook.
Thy own Anointed haſt abhorr'd,
And turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.

39. Thou haſt repeal'd, and render'd void
The Cov'nant with thy Servant made,
His Crown and Dignity deſtroy'd,
And in the Duſt his Honour laid.

40. Of

40. Of Strong-holds thou hast him bereft,
Reduc'd his Bulwarks to decay,
41. His Frontier-Coasts defenceless left,
A publick Scorn and common Prey.

42. His Ruine does glad Triumphs yield
To Foes advanc'd by Thee to Might;
43. Thou hast his conqu'ring Sword unsteel'd,
His Valour turn'd to shameful Flight.
44. His Glory is to Darkness fled,
His Throne is levell'd with the Ground:
45. His Youth to wretched Bondage led,
With Shame o'erwhelm'd & Sorrow drown'd.

46. How long shall we thy Absence mourn?
Wilt thou for ever, Lord retire?
Shall thy consuming Anger burn
Till that and we at once expire?
47. Consider, Lord, how short a space
Thou dost for Mortal Life ordain;
No Method to prolong the Race,
But loading it with Grief and Pain?

48. What Son of Nature can controul
Strict Death's unalterable Doom?
Or rescue from the Grave his Soul?
The Grave that must Mankind entomb.
49. Lord, where's thy Love, thy boundless Grace,
The Oath to which thy Truth did seal,
Consign'd to *David* and his Race,
The Grant which Time should ne'er repeal?

50. See how thy Servants treated are
With Infamy, Reproach and Spite;

Which

Which in my Silent Breaſt I bear
From Nations of licentious Might;
51. How They, reproaching thy great Name
Make thy Anointed's Hope their Jeſt:
52. Yet thy juſt Praiſes we'll proclaim,
And ever ſing, *The Lord be Bleſt.*
Amen, Amen.

PSALM XC.

1. O Lord, the Saviour and Defence
Of us thy choſen Race,
From Age to Age thou ſtill haſt been
Our ſure Abiding-place.
2. Before thou brought'ſt the Mountains forth,
Or Earth and World didſt frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the ſame.

3. Thou turneſt Man, O Lord, to Duſt,
Of which he firſt was made;
And when thou ſpeak'ſt the word, Return,
'Tis punctually obey'd.
4. For in thy ſight a thouſand Years
Are like a Day that's paſt,
Or like a Watch in dead of night,
Whoſe Hours unminded waſte.

5. Thou with a Torrent ſweep'ſt them off,
They vaniſh like a Dream,
At firſt they grow like Graſs that feels
The Sun's reviving Beam.

6. But

6. But howſoever freſh and fair
Its Morning Beauty ſhows;
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
Before the Evening's cloſe.

7,8. For by thine Anger we're conſum'd,
And by thy Wrath diſmaid;
Our publick Crimes and ſecret Sins
Are in thy preſence laid.

9. Beneath thy Anger's ſad Effects
Our drooping Days we ſpend;
Our unregarded Years break off,
Like Tales that quickly end.

10. Our Stint of Time is ſeventy Years;
And longer few ſurvive;
But if, with more than common Strength,
To eighty we arrive;
Yet then our boaſted Strength decays,
To Sorrow turn'd and Pain;
So ſoon the ſlender Thread is cut,
And we no more remain.

PART II.

11. But who thy Anger's dread Effects
Does as he ought revere?
And yet thy Wrath does fall or riſe;
As more or leſs we fear.

12. So teach us, Lord, of our ſhort Days
The trifling Summ to mind:
That to true Wiſdom all our Hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

13.

13. O to thy Servants, Lord, return,
And ſpeedily relent!
As we of our Miſdeeds, do thou
Of our juſt Doom repent.
14. To ſatisfie and chear our Souls
Thy early Mercy ſend;
That all our Days to come we may
In Joy and Gladneſs ſpend.
15. Let joyful Times, with large amends
Dry up our former Tears;
Or equal, at the leaſt, the Term
Of our afflicted Years.
16. To all thy Servants, Lord, let this
Thy wond'rous Work be known,
And to their Sons thy Glorious Pow'r
Abundantly be ſhown.
17. Let thy bright Rays upon us ſhine,
And give our Work Succeſs;
Whatever Work we undertake
With thy Aſſiſtance bleſs.

PSALM XCI.

1. HE that has God his Guardian made,
Shall, under the Almighty's Shade,
Secure and undiſturb'd abide.
2. With grateful Joy of him I'll ſay,
He is my Fortreſs and my Stay,
My God in whom I'll ſtill confide.

3. His

3. His tender Love and watchful Care
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare,
And from the noiſome Peſtilence:
4. He over thee his Wings ſhall ſpread,
And cover thy unguarded Head;
His Truth ſhall be thy ſtrong Defence.

5. No Terrors that ſurprize by Night
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,
Nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day;
6. Nor Plague of unknown Riſe that kills
In Darkneſs, nor infectious Ills
That in the hotteſt Seaſon ſlay.

7. A thouſand at thy ſide ſhall die,
At thy Right-hand ten thouſand lie,
While thy firm Health untouch'd remains,
8. Thou only ſhalt look on, and ſee
The Wicked's deſerv'd Tragedy,
And count the Sinner's mournful Gains.

9. Becauſe with well-plac'd Confidence,
Thou mak'ſt the Lord thy ſure Defence,
And on the Higheſt doſt rely;
10. Therefore no Ill ſhall thee befal,
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling ſhall
Any infectious Plague draw nigh.

11. For he, throughout thy happy Days,
To keep thee ſafe in all thy ways,
Shall give his Angels ſtrict Commands,
12. And they, leſt any time thou meet
A rugged Stone to wound thy Feet,
Shall bear thee ſafely in their Hands.

13. Dragons and Asps that thirst for Blood,
And Lions roaring for their Food,
Beneath his conq'ring Feet shall lie.
14. Because he plac'd his Love on me,
And own'd my Name, I'll set him free
And fix his glorious Throne on high.

15. He'll call; I'll answer when he calls,
And rescue him when ill befals;
Till full of Honour and of Wealth.
16. When he with undisturb'd Content
A long and happy Life has spent,
His end I'll crown with saving Health.

PSALM XCII.

1. HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high;
And with repeated Hymns of Praise
His Name to magnifie.
2. With ev'ry Morning's early dawn,
His Goodness to relate;
And of his constant Truth each Night.
The glad effects repeat.

3. To ten-string'd Instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful Psalt'ry's join'd;
And to the Harp, with solemn Sounds,
For sacred use design'd.
4. For through thy wond'rous Works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my Heart rejoice.
The Thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful Voice.

5, 6. How

5,6. How wond'rous are thy Works, O Lord!
How deep are thy Decrees!
Whoſe private Tracks in ſecret laid
No ſtupid Sinner ſees.
7. He little thinks, when wicked Men
Like Graſs look freſh and gay,
How ſoon their ſhort-liv'd Splendour muſt
For ever paſs away.

8,9. But God for ever is moſt High;
And all his lofty Foes
Who thought they might ſecurely ſin,
Shall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes.
10. Whilſt thou exalt'ſt my Horn of Pow'r,
And mak'ſt it largely ſpread;
And with refreſhing Oil anoint'ſt
My conſecrated Head.

11. I ſoon ſhall ſee my ſtubborn Foes
To utter Ruine brought;
And hear the diſmal Fate of ſuch
As have againſt me fought.
12. But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms,
Shall make a glorious Show;
As Cedars that in *Lebanon*
With ſtately Verdure grow.

13,14. Theſe planted in the Houſe of God,
Within his Courts ſhall thrive;
Their Vigour and their Luſtre both
Shall in old Age revive.
15. Thus will the Lord his Juſtice ſhew:
And God, my ſtrong Defence,

Shall

Shall due Rewards to all the World
Impartially diſpenſe.

PSALM XCIII.

1. WIth Glory clad, with Strength array'd,
The Lord that o'er all Nature reigns,
The World's Foundations ſtrongly laid,
And the firm Globe unmov'd ſuſtains.
2. How ſurely ſtabliſht is thy Throne!
Which ſtill maintains its antient State!
And yet no length of Time is known,
That meaſures thy eternal Date.
3, 4. The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice,
And toſs the troubled Waves on high;
But God above can ſtill their Noiſe
And make the angry Sea comply.
5. Thy Promiſe, Lord, is ever ſure;
And they that cloſely wait on Thee,
To make their Happineſs ſecure,
Muſt always pure and ſpotleſs be.

PSALM

PSALM XCIV.

1, 2. O God, to whom Revenge belongs,
Let us thy Vengeance view;
Arise, thou Judge of all the Earth,
And give the Proud their due.

3, 4. How long, O Lord, shall sinful Men
Their solemn Triumphs make?
How long their wicked Actions boast?
And insolently speak?

5, 6. They, not alone thy Saints oppress,
But unprovok'd they spill
The Widow's and the Stranger's Blood,
And helpless Orphans kill.

7. And yet the Lord shall ne'r perceive,
(Profanely thus they speak:)
Nor any notice of our Deeds
The God of *Jacob* take.

8. At length, ye stupid Fools, your Wants
Endeavour to discern.
In Folly will you still proceed,
And Wisdom never learn?

9. Shall not that God who made the Ear,
Your Speeches hear and mind?
The Lord, by whom the Eye was fram'd,
Shall he be counted blind?

10. Shall he, whose Judgments aw the World,
To punish Sinners fear?
Or he, from whom all Wisdom flows,
Himself unwise appear?

11. He

11. He the most dark and secret Thoughts
Of all Mankind does see;
His piercing Eye surveys them all,
How very vain they be.

PART II.

12. Blest is the Man, whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise;
And by thy sacred Rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.
13. He, in the days of deep Distress,
Shall Rest and Safety find;
While Sinners in the Snare are caught,
Which was for them design'd.

14. For God will never from his Saints
His Favour wholly take;
His own Possession and his Lot,
He will not quite forsake.
15. But all his Actions shall appear
In Truth and Justice done;
And those that walk in upright ways,
Shall in those Paths go on.

16. Who will appear in my behalf,
When wicked Men invade?
Or who, when Sinners would oppress,
My righteous Cause shall plead?
17,18,19. My Soul had now in Silence dwelt,
But that the Lord was near.
He held me when I slip'd, when sad,
He did my Sorrows chear.

20. Wilt

20. Wilt thou, who art a God moſt juſt,
The ſinful Throne defend;
Which makes the Law a fair Pretence,
To gain its wicked End?
21. Againſt the Lives of righteous Men
They lay their cloſe Deſign;
And how to ſpill the guiltleſs Blood
They wickedly combine.
22. But my Defence is firmly plac'd
In God the Lord moſt High;
He is my Rock to which I may
For Refuge always fly.
23. The Lord ſhall cauſe their ill Deſigns
On their own Heads to fall;
He in their Sins ſhall cut them off,
Our God ſhall ſlay them all.

PSALM XCV.

1. O Come, loud Anthems let us ſing
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King,
For we our Voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our Salvation's Rock we praiſe.
2. Into his Preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his Favours paſt;
To him addreſs in joyful Songs
The Praiſe that to his Name belongs.
3. The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
Her Centre's Wealth at his Command;
The Strength of Hills that threat the Skies
Subjected to his Empire lies.

4. The rowling Ocean's vaſt Abyſs
Her Maker's liquid Empire is;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,
That form'd and fix'd the ſolid Land.

5. O let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there,
Down on our Knees devoutly All
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

6. For he's our God, our Shepherd he,
His Flock and Paſture-ſheep are we;
If then you'll (like his Flock) draw near,
To day if you his voice will hear,

7. Let not your hard'ned Heart renew
Your Fathers Crimes and Judgments too;
Nor here provoke my Wrath as they
In deſart Plains of *Meribah*;

8. When through the Wilderneſs they mov'd
And me with freſh Temptations prov'd,

9. Ev'n then through Unbelief rebell'd,
While they my wond'rous Works beheld.

10. Full forty years, from place, to place,
They griev'd my Patience, mock'd my Grace,
Then,---'Tis a faithleſs Race, I ſaid,
Whoſe Heart from me has always ſtray'd;
They ne'er will tread my righteous Path;
Therefore to them, in ſettled Wrath,
Since they deſpis'd my Reſt, I ſware
That they ſhould never enter there.

PSALM XCVI.

1. SIng to the Lord a new made Song;
Let Earth, in one assembled Throng,
Her common Patron's Praise resound.
2. Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,
From day to day his Praise proclaim
Who us has with Salvation crown'd.
3. To Heathen Lands his Fame rehearse,
His Wonders to the Universe.

4. For great is He, nor can we raise
Proportion'd to his Pow'r our Praise,
The Dread of other Deities:
5. For Pageantry and Idols all
Are they whom Gods the Heathen call;
He only rules who made the Skies.
6. With Majesty and Honour crown'd,
Beauty and Strength his Throne surround:

7. Be therefore Both to him restor'd
By you who have false Gods ador'd,
Ascribe due Honour to his Name;
8. Peace-Off'rings on his Altar lay,
Before his Throne your Homage pay,
Which He, and He alone, can claim.
9. To worship at his sacred Court
Let all the trembling World resort.

10. Proclaim aloud, *Jehovah* reigns,
Whose Pow'r the Universe sustains,
And banisht Justice will restore;

11. Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confeſs,
And Earth celeſtial Tranſport bleſs,
Her loud Applauſe the Ocean roar;
Her mute Inhabitants rejoice,
And for this Triumph find a Voice.

12. For Joy let fertile Valleys ſing,
The Meads their flowing Tribute bring,
The Groves wing'd Choriſters awake,
13. To welcome great *Meſſiah*'s Day:
For lo! the Lord is on his way,
His Circuit through the Earth to take;
From Heav'n to judge the World he's come,
With Juſtice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVII.

1. *Jehovah* reigns, let all the Earth
In his juſt Government rejoice;
Let all the Iſles, with ſacred Mirth,
In his Applauſe unite their Voice.
2. Darkneſs and Clouds of awful ſhade
His dazling Glory ſhroud in ſtate;
Juſtice and Truth his Guards are made,
And fixt by his Pavilion wait.

3. Devouring Fire before his Face
His Foes around with Vengeance ſtrook;
4. His Lightnings ſet the World on blaze.
Earth ſaw it, and with Terror ſhook.
5. The proudeſt Hills his Preſence felt, (ford,
Their Height nor Strength could Help af-

The

The proudeſt Hills like Wax did melt
In preſence of Earth's Sov'reign Lord.

6. The Heav'ns, his Righteouſneſs to ſhow,
With Storms of Fire our Foes purſu'd;
And all the trembling World below,
Have his deſcending Glory view'd.
7. Confounded be their impious Hoſt
Who make the Gods to whom they pray;
All who of Pageant-Idols boaſt:
To him ye Gods your Worſhip pay.

8. Glad *Sion* of thy Triumph heard,
And *Judah*'s Daughters were o'erjoy'd;
Becauſe thy Righteous Judgments, Lord,
Have Pagan Pride and Power deſtroy'd.
9. For thou, O Lord, art ſeated high,
Above Earth's Potentates enthron'd;
Thou Lord, unrivall'd, in the Skie,
Supream by all the Gods art own'd.

10. You who to ſerve this Lord aſpire,
Abhor what's ill, and Truth eſteem:
He keeps his Servants Souls entire,
And will from wicked Hands redeem.
11. For Seeds are ſown of glorious Light,
A future Harveſt for the Juſt;
And Gladneſs for the Heart upright,
To recompence its pious Truſt.

12. Rejoice ye Righteous, in the Lord;
Memorials of his Holineſs
Deep in your Faithful Breaſts record,
And with your thankful Tongues confeſs.

PSALM

PSALM XCVIII.

1. SIng to the Lord a new-made Song,
Who wond'rous things has done;
With his Right-hand and holy Arm
The Conqueſt he has won.
2. The Lord has through th' aſtoniſht World
Diſplay'd his ſaving Might,
His Righteouſneſs ſhewn openly,
Before the Heathens ſight.
3. Of *Iſrael*'s Houſe his Love and Truth
Have ever mindful been:
Wide Earth's remoteſt Parts the Power
Of *Iſrael*'s God have ſeen.
4. Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants
Their cheerful Voices raiſe,
With Univerſal Jubilee
Mankind reſound his Praiſe.
5. With Harp and Hymns ſoft Melody
Into the Conſort bring
6. The Trumpet and ſhrill Cornet's Sound,
Before th' Almighty King.
7. Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,
With all that Seas contain;
The Earth and her Inhabitants
Join conſort with the Main.
8. With Joy let Riv'lets ſwell to Streams,
To joyful Torrents they;
And ecchoing Vales, from Hill to Hill,
Redoubled Shouts convey;

9. To

9. To welcom the great Judge of Earth
Who does with Justice come;
And with impartial Equity
Both to reward and doom.

PSALM XCIX.

1 *Jehovah* reigns, let therefore all
The guilty Nations quake;
On Cherubs Wings he sits enthron'd:
Let Earth's Foundations shake.
2. On *Sion*'s Hill he keeps his Court,
His Palace makes her Tow'rs;
Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends
Supreme o'er Earthly Pow'rs.
3. Let therefore all with Praise address
His great and dreadful Name;
And with his unresisted Might,
His Holiness proclaim.
4. For Truth and Justice, in his Reign,
Of Strength and Pow'r take place;
His Judgments are with Righteousness
Dispens'd to *Jacob*'s Race.
5. Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
Before his Footstool fall;
And with his unresisted might,
His Holiness extol.
6. *Moses* and *Aaron* thus of old
Among his Priests ador'd;
Amongst his Prophets *Samuel* thus
His sacred Name implor'd,

Distrest upon the Lord they call'd,
Who ne'r their Suit deny'd,
But, as with Rev'rence they invok'd,
He graciously reply'd.

7. For, with their Camp, his Oracle
The cloudy Pillar mov'd.
They kept his Laws, and to his Will
Obedient Servants prov'd.

8. Thou answer'dst them, forgiving oft,
Thy People for their sake,
And such as against them conspir'd
Didst sad Examples make.

9. With Worship at his sacred Courts
Exalt our God and Lord;
For He, who only holy is,
Alone should be ador'd.

PSALM C.

1. BE joyful all ye Realms of Earth,
Praise God, to whom your Praise belongs:
Serve ye the Lord with awful Mirth,
Before his Presence come with Songs.

2. The Lord, ye know, is God alone,
Who us, without our Aid, did make;
Us for his Flock vouchsafes to own,
And for his Pasture-Sheep to take.

3. O enter then with Thanks sincere
His Temple Gates, his Courts with Praise,
To bless his Name devoutly there
Your grateful Hearts and Voices raise.

4. For

4. For He's the Lord, ſupreamly good,
His Mercy ſhall for ever laſt;
His Truth has always firmly ſtood,
And ſo ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.

PSALM CI.

1. OF Mercy's never-failing Spring,
And ſtedfaſt Judgment I will ſing;
And, ſince they both to Thee belong,
To Thee, O Lord, addreſs my Song.
2. When, Lord, thou ſhalt with me reſide,
Wiſe Diſcipline my Reign ſhall guide;
With blameleſs Life my ſelf I'll make
A Pattern for my Court to take.
3. No ill Deſign will I purſue,
Nor thoſe my Fav'rites make that do:
4. Who to Reproof bears no regard,
Him will I totally diſcard.
5. The private Slanderer ſhall be
In publick Juſtice doom'd by me:
From haughty Looks I'll turn aſide,
And mortifie the Heart of Pride;
6. But Honeſty call from her Cell,
In Splendour at my Court to dwell:
Who Virtue's Practice make their Care,
Shall have the firſt Preferments there.
7. No Politicks ſhall recommend
His Country's Foe to be my Friend:
None e'er ſhall to my Favour riſe
By Flatt'ring or Malicious Lies.

8. All

8. All those who wicked Courses take
An early Sacrifice I'll make;
Cut off, destroy, till none remain
God's holy City to prophane.

PSALM CII.

1. WHen I pour out my Soul in Pray'r,
Do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy Eternal Throne of Grace
Let my sad Cry ascend.
2. O hide not thou thy glorious Face
In times of deep Distress,
Incline thine Ear, and when I call
My Sorrows soon redress.
3. Each cloudy Portion of my Life
Like scatter'd Smoak expires;
My shriv'led Bones are like a Hearth
That's parch'd with constant Fires.
4. My Heart, like Grass that feels the Blast
Of some infectious Wind,
Is wither'd so with Grief, that scarce
My needful Food I mind.
5. By reason of my sad Estate
I spend my Breath in Groans;
My Flesh is worn away, my Skin
Scarce hides my starting Bones.
6. I'm like a Pelican become,
That does in Desarts mourn;
Or like an Owl that sits all day
On barren Trees forlorn.

7. In

7. In Watchings or in reſtleſs Dreams
I ſpend the tedious Night;
Like Sparrows, that on Houſes tops
To ſit alone delight.
8. All day by railing Foes I'm made
The Object of their Scorn;
Who all, inſpir'd with furious Rage,
Have my Deſtruction ſworn.

9. In duſt I lie, and all my Bread
With Aſhes mixt appears;
Whene'er I quench my burning Thirſt,
My Drink is daſh'd with Tears.
10. Becauſe on me with Double weight
Thy heavy Wrath does lie;
For thou to make my Fall more great
Didſt lift me up on high.

11. My Days are like the Ev'ning Shade
That haſtily declines,
My Beauty too, like wither'd Graſs,
With faded Luſtre pines:
12. But thy eternal State, O Lord,
No length of Time ſhall waſte;
The mem'ry of thy won'drous Works,
From Age to Age ſhall laſt.

13. Thou'lt ſoon ariſe and *Sion* view
With an unclouded Face;
For now her Time is come, thy own
Appointed Day of Grace.
14. Thy Saints, with Tenderneſs and Love,
Her ſcatter'd Ruines ſpy;

And

And grieve to see her lofty Spires
In Dust and Rubbish lie.

15, 16. The Name and Glory of the Lord
All Heathen Kings shall fear;
When he shall *Sion* build again,
And in full state appear.

17, 18. When he regards the Poor's Request,
Nor slights their earnest Pray'r;
His Praise for this recorded Grace,
Shall future Times declare.

19. For God, from his Abode on high,
His gracious Beams display'd;
The Lord, from Heav'n his lofty Throne,
Has all the Earth survey'd.

20. He list'ned to the Captives Moans,
He heard their mournful Cry,
And freed by his resistless Pow'r
The Wretches doom'd to die.

21. That they in *Sion*, where he dwells,
Might celebrate his Fame,
And through the holy City sing
Loud Praises to his Name.

22. When all the Tribes, together met,
Their solemn Prayers address,
And neighb'ring Lands, with glad Consent,
The Lord their God confess.

23. But e'er my Journey ends, my Strength
Through his fierce Wrath decays;
He has, when all my Wishes bloom'd,
Cut short my hopeful Days.

24. Lord,

24. Lord, end not thou my Life, ſaid I,
When half is ſcarcely paſt;
Thy Years from earthly Changes free,
To endleſs Ages laſt.

25. The ſtrong Foundations of the Earth
Of old by Thee were laid;
Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n
With wond'rous Skill have made:
26, 27. Whilſt thou for ever ſhalt endure,
They ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And, like a Garment often worn,
Shall tarniſh and decay.

Like that, when thou their Change ordain'ſt,
To thy Command they bend;
But Thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame,
Nor have thy years an End.
28. Thou to the Children of thy Saints
Shalt laſting Quiet give;
Whoſe happy Race, ſecurely fixt,
Shall in thy Preſence live.

PSALM CIII.

1, 2. MY Soul, inſpir'd with ſacred Love,
God's holy Name for ever bleſs;
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
And ſtill thy grateful thanks expreſs.
3, 4. 'Tis He that all thy Sins forgives,
And after Sickneſs makes thee ſound.
Thy Life from Danger He retrieves,
By him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

5, 6. He

5,6. He with good things thy Mouth ſupplies,
And Eagle-like thy Youth renews;
He when the guiltleſs Suff'rer cries,
His Foe with juſt Revenge purſues.
7. God made of old his righteous Ways
To *Moſes* and our Fathers known;
His Works, to his eternal Praiſe,
Were to the Sons of *Jacob* ſhown.

8. The Lord abounds with tender Love,
And unexampled Acts of Grace,
His waken'd Wrath does ſlowly move,
His willing Mercy flows apace.
9, 10. God will not always harſhly chide,
But with his Anger quickly parts;
And loves his Puniſhments to guide
More by his Love than our Deſerts.

11. As high as Heav'n its Arch extends,
Above this little Spot of Clay;
So much his boundleſs Love tranſcends
The ſmall Reſpects that we can pay.
12, 13. As far as 'tis from Eaſt to Weſt,
So far has he our Sins remov'd;
Who with a Father's tender Breaſt
Has ſuch as fear him always lov'd.

14, 15. For God, who all our Frame ſurveys,
Conſiders that we are but Clay;
How freſh ſoe'er we ſeem, our Days
Like Graſs or Flowers muſt fade away.
16, 17. Whilſt they are nipt with ſudden Blaſts,
Nor can we find their former place;

God's

God's faithful mercy ever lasts,
To those that fear him, and their Race.

18. This shall attend on such as still
Proceed in his appointed way;
And who not only know his Will,
But just obedience to it pay.
19, 20. The Lord, the universal King,
In Heav'n has fix'd his lofty Throne:
To him, ye Angels, praises sing
In whose great Strength his Pow'r is shown,

Ye that his just Commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred Will;
21. Ye Hosts of his, this Tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.
22. Let every Creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord: and thou, my Heart,
With grateful Joy thy Thanks express;
And in this Consort bear thy part.

PSALM CIV.

1. BLess God my Soul; Thou Lord alone
Possessest Empire without Bounds,
With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne
Eternal Majesty surrounds.
2. With Light thou dost thy self enrobe,
And Glory for a Garment take:
Heaven's Curtains stretch beyond the Globe
Thy Canopy of State to make.

3. He

3. He builds on liquid Air, and forms
His Palace-Chambers in the Skies;
The Clouds his Chariot are, and Storms
The swift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.
4. Spirits he made his heav'nly Quire,
With speed his Orders to fulfil;
His Ministers a flaming Fire,
To execute his dreadful Will.

5,6. Earth, on her Centre fixt, he set,
Her Face with Waters overspread;
Nor proudest Mountains dar'd, as yet,
To lift above the Waves their Head.
7. But when thy awful Face appear'd,
Th' insulting Waves dispers'd; they fled
When once thy Thunders Voice they heard,
And by their haste confess'd their Dread.

8. Thence up, by secret Tracks they creep,
And, gushing from the Mountains side,
Through Valleys travel to the Deep,
Appointed to receive their Tide.
9. There hast thou fix'd the Ocean bounds,
Her threatning Surges to repel;
That she no more o'erpass her Mounds,
Nor to a second Deluge swell.

PART II.

10. Yet thence, in smaller Parties drawn,
The Sea recovers her lost Hills;
And starting Springs from ev'ry Lawn,
Surprize the Vales in plenteous Rills.

11. The

11. The Field's tame Beasts are thither led,
Weary with Labour, faint with Drought;
And Asses on wild Mountains bred,
Have sense to find these Currents out.

12. There shady Trees, from scorching Beams,
Yield shelter to the feather'd Throng;
They drink, and to the bounteous Streams
Return the Tribute of their Song.

13. His Rains from Heav'n, parcht Hills recruit,
That soon transmit the liquid Store;
Till Earth is burthen'd with her Fruit,
And Nature's Lap can hold no more.

14. Grass, for our Cattle to devour,
He makes the Growth of every Field;
Herbs, for Man's use, of various Pow'r,
That either Food or Physick yield.

15. With cluster'd Grapes he crowns the Vine,
Whose Nectar mortal Cares subdues;
Gives Oyl, that makes our Face to shine;
And Corn, that wasted Strength renews.

PART III.

16. The Trees of God without the Care
Or Art of Man with Sap are fed;
The Mountain Cedar looks as fair
As those in Royal Gardens bred.

17. Safe in the lofty Cedars Arms
The Wand'rers of the Air may rest.
The hospitable Pine from harms
Protects the Stork her pious Guest.

18. Wild

18. Wild Goats the craggy Rock aſcend,
Its tow'ring Heights their Fortreſs make,
Whoſe Cells in Labyrinths extend
Where feebler Creatures Refuge take.
19. The Moon's inconſtant Aſpect ſhows
Th' appointed Seaſons of the Year;
Th'inſtructed Sun his Duty knows,
His Hours to riſe and diſappear.

20, 21. Darkneſs he makes the Day to ſhroud,
When Foreſt-Beaſts ſecurely ſtray;
Young Lions roar their Wants aloud
To Providence that ſends 'em Prey.
22. They range all Night, on Slaughter bent,
Till ſummon'd by the riſing Morn,
To ſculk in Dens with one conſent
The conſcious Ravagers return.

23. Forth to the Tillage of his Soil,
The Husbandman ſecurely goes.
Commencing with the Sun his Toil,
With him returns to his Repoſe.
24 How various, Lord, thy Works are found
For which thy Wiſdom we adore!
The Earth is with thy Treaſure crown'd,
Till Nature's Hand can graſp no more.

PART IV.

25. But ſtill thy vaſt unfathom'd Main
Of Wonders a new Scene ſupplies,
Whoſe Depths Inhabitants contain
Of every Form and every Size.

26. Full-

26. Full-freighted Ships from ev'ry Port,
There cut their unmoleſted way;
Leviathan, whom there to ſport
Thou mad'ſt, has compaſs there to play.

27. Theſe various Troops of Sea and Land,
In ſenſe of common Want agree;
All wait on thy diſpenſing Hand,
And have their daily Alms from Thee.

28. They gather what thy Stores diſperſe,
Without their Trouble to provide;
Thou op'ſt thy Hand, the Univerſe,
The craving World is all ſupply'd.

29. Thou for a moment hid'ſt thy Face,
The numerous Ranks of Creatures mourn:
Thou tak'ſt their Breath all Nature's Race
Forthwith to mother Earth return.

30. Again thou ſend'ſt thy Spirit forth
T'inſpire the Maſs with vital Seed,
Nature's reſtor'd, and Parent Earth
Smiles on her new-created Breed.

31. Thus through ſucceſſive Ages ſtands
Firm fixt thy Providential Care;
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands,
Thou doſt the Waſtes of Time repair.

32. One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,
Earth's panting Breaſt with Terror fills;
One Touch from Thee, with Clouds of Smoak,
In Darkneſs ſhrouds the proudeſt Hills.

33. In praiſing him, while he prolongs
My Breath, I will that Breath employ;

34. And

34. And join Devotion to my Songs,
Sincere, as is in him my Joy.
35. While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
My Soul, praise thou his holy Name,
Till, with thy Song, the listning World
Join consort, and his Praise proclaim,

PSALM CV.

1. O Render Thanks, and bless the Lord,
Invoke his sacred Name:
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
His matchless Deeds proclaim.
2. Sing to his Praise, in lofty Hymns
His wond'rous Works rehearse;
Make them the Theme of your Discourse,
And Subject of your Verse.
3. Boast in his sacred Name, a Name
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their Heart o'erflow with Joy
That humbly seek the Lord.
4. Seek ye the Lord, his saving Strength
Devoutly still implore;
And, where he's ever present, seek
His Face for evermore.
5. The Wonders that his Hands have wrought
Keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,
And Laws to us assign'd.

6. Know

6. Know ye his Servant *Abr'am*'s Seed,
And *Jacob*'s chosen Race,
7. He's still our God, his Judgments still
Throughout the Earth take place.

8. His Cov'nant he has kept in mind
For num'rous Ages past,
That yet, for thousand Ages more,
In equal Force shall last.
9. First sign'd to *Abr'am*, next by Oath
To *Isaac* made secure;
10. To *Jacob* and his Heirs a Law
For ever to endure.

11. That *Canaan*'s Land should be their Lot,
When yet but few they were;
12. But few in number, and those few
Unfriended Strangers there.
13. In Pilgrimage from Realm to Realm
Uninjur'd they remov'd;
14. Whilst proudest Monarchs for their sakes,
Severely he reprov'd.

15. These mine Anointed are, said he,
Let none my Servants wrong,
Nor treat the poorest Prophet ill
That does to me belong.
16. A Dearth at last, by his Command,
Did far and near prevail;
Till Corn, the chief Support of Life,
Sustaining Corn did fail.

17. But his indulgent Providence
Had *Joseph* sent before,

Sold

Sold into *Egypt*, but their Lives
Who sold him to restore.
18. His Feet with heavy Chains were crush'd,
With Calumny his Fame;
19. Till God's appointed Time and Word
To his Acquittal came.

20. The King his Sov'reign Orders sent,
And rescu'd him with speed.
Whom private Malice had confin'd,
The People's Ruler freed.
21. His Court and Realm, Revenues, all
Subjected to his Will;
22. His Princes to controul, and teach
His Politicians Skill.

PART II.

23. To *Egypt* then, invited Guests,
Half-famisht *Israel* came;
And *Jacob* held, by Royal Grant,
The fertile Soil of *Ham*.
24. Th' Almighty there with such Increase
His People multiply'd,
Till, both for Strength and Number, they
Their envious Foes defy'd.

25. His People's Growth *Egyptian* Hearts
With jealous Anger fir'd,
Till they his Servants to destroy
By treach'rous Arts conspir'd.
26. His Envoy *Moses* then he sent,
His chosen *Aaron* too;

27. Empowr'd

27. Empowr'd with Signs and Miracles
To prove their Miſſion true.

28. He call'd for Darkneſs, Darkneſs came,
Nature his Summons knew. (Blood,
29. Each Stream and Lake, transform'd to
Their ſcaly Offspring flew.
30. In putrid Floods, throughout the Land,
The Peſt of Frogs was bred;
From noiſome Fens preferr'd to croak
At *Pharaoh*'s Board and Bed.

31. He gave the Signal, Swarms of Flies
Came down in cloudy Hoſts;
Whilſt Earth's enliv'ned Duſt below
Bred Lice through all their Coaſts.
32. He ſent 'em batt'ring Hail for Rain,
And Fire for cooling Dew.
33. He ſmote their Vines, their Foreſt-Plants,
And Gardens Pride o'erthrew.

34. He ſpake the word and Locuſts came,
With Caterpillars join'd,
They prey'd upon the poor Remains
The Storm had left behind.
35. From Trees to Herbage they deſcend;
No verdant thing they ſpare;
But naked, as the fallow'd Field,
Leave all the Paſtures bare.

36. From *Memphis* Soil to *Memphis* Sons,
Commiſſion'd Vengeance flew,
One fatal Stroke their eldeſt Hopes
And Strength of *Egypt* ſlew.

37. He brought 'em forth, each one enrich'd
With *Egypt*'s borrow'd Wealth;
And, what tranſcends all Treaſures elſe,
Enrich'd with vig'rous Health.

38. *Egypt* rejoic'd, in hopes to find
Her Plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly now to fear worſe Ills
By thoſe already prov'd.

39. Their ſhrouding Canopy by day
A journeying Cloud was ſpread;
A fiery Pillar all the night
Their Deſart-marches led.

40. They long'd for Fleſh; with Ev'ning-Quails
He furniſh'd ev'ry Tent;
From Heav'ns own Granary, each Morn,
The Bread of Angels ſent.

41. He ſmote the Rock; her flinty Breaſt
A guſhing Tide pour'd out, (march'd,
Whoſe following Stream, where-e'er they
Reliev'd the Deſart's Drought.

42. For ſtill he did on *Abr'am*'s Faith
And ancient League reflect;

43. He brought his People forth with Joy,
With Triumph his Elect.

44. Extirpating their Heathen Foes,
From *Canaan*'s Fertile Soil,
To them in cheap poſſeſſion gave
The Fruit of others Toil.

45. That they his Statutes might obſerve,
His ſacred Laws obey.
For Benefits ſo vaſt let us
Our Songs of Praiſe repay. PSALM

PSALM CVI.

1. O Render Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love;
Whose Mercy firm through Ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
2. Who can his mighty Deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless;
What Mortal Eloquence can raise
His Tribute of immortal Praise?

3. Happy are they, and only they
Who from thy Judgments never stray;
Who know what's right, nor only so,
But always practise what they know.
4. Extend to me that Favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st, to set them free,
Let thy Salvation visit me.

5. O may I worthy prove to see
Thy Saints in full Prosperity!
That I that joyful Choir may join,
And count thy People's Triumph mine.
6. But ah can we expect such Grace,
Of Parents vile the viler Race,
Who their Misdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new Crimes increas'd the Score?

Ingrateful, they no longer thought
On all his Works in *Egypt* wrought;
The Red-Sea yet is scarce in view,
When they their base Distrust renew.

8. Yet He, to vindicate his Name,
Once more to their Deliv'rance came,
To make his sov'reign Pow'r be known,
That He is God, and He alone.

9. To right and left, at his Command,
The parting Deep disclos'd her Sand;
Where firm and dry the Passage lay,
As through some parcht and Desart way,
10. Thus sav'd from fronting Seas they were,
And Foes that press'd upon their Rear,
11. Whose Rage pursu'd 'em to those Waves
That prov'd the rash Pursuers Graves.

12. The pendant Waters sudden Fall
O'erwhelms proud *Pharaoh*, Host and all:
This Proof did stupid *Israel* raise
To trust God's Word, and sing his Praise.

PART II.

13. But soon relaps'd, they all forgat,
Nor on his Providence would wait;
14. But lusting in the Wilderness,
Their God with fresh Temptations press.
15. Strong Food at their Request he sent,
But made their Sin their Punishment.
16. God's Envoy *Moses* they oppose,
And *Aaron* whom the Lord had chose.

17. But Earth, the Quarrel to decide,
Her vengeful Jaws extending wide,
Rash *Dathan* to her Centre drew.
With proud *Abiram*'s factious Crew.

18. Bold

18. Bold *Korah*, who did next aſpire
To kindle wild Sedition's Fire,
With all his impious Train became
Juſt Victims to devouring Flame.

19. Near *Horeb*'s Mount, a Calf they made,
And to the molten Image pray'd;
The Law their God in Thunder ſpake
From *Sinai*, they near *Sinai* brake:
20. Adoring what their Hands did frame.
They chang'd their Glory to their Shame,
Into the Likeneſs made it paſs
Of a brute Ox that feeds on Graſs.

21. Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his Works in *Egypt* wrought;
22. His Terrors ſhewn through *Egypt*'s Coaſt,
And where proud *Pharaoh*'s Troops were loſt.
23. Thus urg'd, and from his Promiſe freed,
Their total Ruine he decreed;
His Hand for Execution rear'd:
But *Moſes* in the Breach appear'd;

His Fav'rite *Moſes* intercedes,
And to revoke their Sentence pleads:
Heav'n heard its faithful Servant pray,
And turn'd its kindled Wrath away.
24. Yet they his pleaſant Land deſpis'd,
Nor his repeated Promiſe priz'd;
25. But in their Tents repining ſtaid,
Nor the Almighty's Voice obey'd.

26. This ſeal'd their Doom without Redreſs,
To periſh in the Wilderneſs;

27. And who escap'd the Desart Sands,
To live dispers'd through Heathen Lands.

PART III.

28. The next, but more degen'rate Race,
Baal Peor's Worship did embrace;
Became his impious Guests, and fed
On Sacrifices to the Dead.
29. Thus they persisted to provoke
God's Vengeance to the final Stroke:
'Tis come:--- the deadly Pest is come
To execute their gen'ral Doom.
30. It spreads; till *Phineah*'s Zeal and Sword
A stronger Antidote afford;
Two guilty Persons timely Fall,
Atonement makes and ransoms all.
31. As him Seraphick Zeal had mov'd,
So Heav'n the gen'rous Act approv'd,
To him confirming and his Race
The Priesthood he so well did grace.
32. At *Meribah* God's Wrath they mov'd,
Who *Moses* for their sakes reprov'd;
33. Whose patient Soul they did provoke,
Till rashly the meek Prophet spoke.
34. Nor when possest of *Canaan*'s Land,
Did they perform their Lords Command,
Nor his commission'd Sword employ
The guilty Nations to destroy.
35. Nor only spar'd the Pagan Crew,
But, mingling, learnt their Vices too:
36. Their

36. Their Idols serv'd, the fatal Snare
Of which so oft fore-warn'd they were.
37, 38. To Hell's dark Pow'rs they Sacrifice
Their Children with relentless Eyes,
Approach their Altars through a Flood
Of their own Sons and Daughters Blood.

No cheaper Victims will appease
Canaan's remorseless Deities;
No Blood her Idols reconcile
But that which does the Land defile.

PART IV.

39. Nor yet will *Canaan*'s Deities
Apostate *Israel*'s Tribes suffice;
For lusting after More they went,
And did new Gods and Crimes invent.
40. But Sins of such infernal Hue
God's Wrath against his People drew,
Till he, their once indulgent Lord,
His own Inheritance abhor'd.

41. To Heathen Hands he them subjects,
Their guilty Friendships just Effects,
To rue and mourn too late, when they
Must those, who hate them most, obey.
42. Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd,
Their List of Tyrants he increas'd,
Till they, who God's mild Sway declin'd,
Were made the Vassals of Mankind.

43. Yet when, distrest, they did repent,
His Anger did as oft relent,

But, reſcu'd, they his Wrath provoke,
Renew their Sins, and he their Yoke.
44. Nor yet implacable he prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd,
45. But did to mind his Promiſe bring,
And Mercy's inexhauſted Spring:

46. Surpriſing Pity too imparts
Ev'n to their Foes obdurate Hearts;
Compaſſion for their Suff'rings bred.
In thoſe who them as Captives led.
47. Still ſave us, Lord, and *Iſrael*'s Bands
Together bring from Heathen Lands,
Our Thanks in thy bleſt Name to raiſe,
And ever triumph in thy Praiſe.

48. Let *Iſrael*'s God be ever bleſt,
His Name eternally addreſt;
And all his Saints, with full Accord,
Sing loud *Amens.*--- *Praiſe ye the Lord.*

PSALM CVII.

1. TO God your grateful Voices raiſe,
Who ſtill to us did gracious prove;
And let your never-ceaſing Praiſe
Keep pace with his eternal Love.
2, 3. Let thoſe give thanks, whom he from Bands
Of proud oppreſſing Foes releas'd;
And brought them back from diſtant Lands,
From North and South and Weſt and Eaſt.

4, 5. Through

4,5. Through lonely Desart Ways they stray'd,
Nor could a peopled City find;
With Thirst and Hunger quite dismay'd,
Their fainting Soul within them pin'd.
6. Then soon to God's indulgent Ear
Did they their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep Distress.

7. From crooked Paths he led them forth,
And in the certain way did guide,
To wealthy Tow'rs of great resort,
Where all their Wants were well supply'd.
8. O then that all the Earth with me
Would God for this his Goodness praise!
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World displays!

9. For he from Heav'n the sad estate
Of longing Souls with Pity Eyes;
And hungry Souls that pant for Meat,
With envy'd Plenty He supplies.

PART II.

10. Those that with darkness compass'd round,
Sit down in Death's most dismal Shade;
Or lie with weighty Fetters bound,
By pressing Cares more heavy made;
11, 12. Because God's Counsel they defy'd,
And proudly scorn'd his holy Word;
He them with these Afflictions try'd;
They fell, and none could Help afford:

13. Then soon to God's indulgent Ear,
Did they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep Diſtreſs.
14. From diſmal Dungeons dark as Night,
And Shades as black as Death's Abode;
He brought them forth to chearful Light,
And welcom Liberty beſtow'd.

15. O then that all the Earth with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World diſplays.
16. For he with his almighty Hand
The Gates of Braſs in pieces broke;
Nor could the maſſy Bars withſtand,
Or temper'd Steel reſiſt his Stroke.

PART III.

17. Remorſeleſs Wretches, void of Senſe
With bold Tranſgreſſions God defie;
And, for their multiply'd Offence,
Oppreſt with ſore Diſeaſes lie:
18. Their Soul, a Prey to Pain and Fear,
Abhors to taſte the choiceſt Meats,
And they by faint Degrees draw near
To Death's uncomfortable Gates.

19. Then ſtrait to Gods indulgent Ear
Do they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep Diſtreſs.

20 He

20. He all their ſad Diſtempers heals,
His Word both Health and Safety gives;
And when all humane Succour fails,
From near Deſtruction them retrieves.

21. O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he
Through all the wond'ring World diſplays!
22. With Off'rings let the Altars flame,
Whilſt they their grateful Thanks expreſs!
And with loud Joy his holy Name
For all his wond'rous Actions bleſs!

PART IV.

23, 24. They that in Ships with Courage bold,
O'er ſwelling Waves their Trade purſue;
Do God's amazing Works behold,
And in the Deep his Wonders view,
25. No ſooner his Command is paſt,
But forth a dreadful Tempeſt flies,
Which ſweeps the Sea with rapid Haſte,
And makes its ſtormy Billows riſe:

26. Sometimes the Ships, toſs'd up to Heav'n,
On Tops of mounting Waves appear;
Then down the vaſt Abyſs are driv'n;
Whilſt ev'ry Soul diſſolves with fear.
27. They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
Like Men with Fumes of Wine oppreſt;
Nor do the skilful Seamen know
Which way to ſteer, what Courſe is beſt.

28. Then

28. Then ſtrait to God's indulgent Ear
They do their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep Diſtreſs.
29, 30. The ſtormy Tempeſt he allays,
And makes the Billows calm and ſtill;
With Joy they ſee their Fury ceaſe;
And he conducts them where they will.

31. O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs Praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!
32. Let them, where all the Tribes reſort,
Advance to Heav'n his glorious Name,
And in the Elders ſov'reign Court,
With one conſent his Praiſe proclaim!

PART V.

33, 34. A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,
Gods juſt Revenge, if People ſin,
Will turn to dry and barren Ground,
To puniſh thoſe that dwell therein.
35, 36. The parcht and deſart Heath he makes
To flow with Streams and ſpringing Wells;
Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,
And in ſtrong Cities ſafely dwells.

37, 38. He ſows the Fields, and Vineyards plants,
Which all his Toil with Int'reſt pay;
Nor can, whilſt God his Bleſſing grants,
His fruitful Seed or Stock decay.

39. But

39. But when his Sins Heav'n's Wrath provoke,
He quickly fades and falls away;
He feels th' Oppreſſor's gauling Yoke,
Of Care and Grief the wretched Prey.

40. The Prince, that ſlights God's juſt Commands,
Expos'd to ſcorn, muſt quit his Throne;
And over wild and deſart Lands,
Where no Path offers, ſtray alone,

41. Whilſt God, from all Afflicting Cares,
Sets up the humble Man on high;
And cauſes his increaſing Heirs,
With his abounding Flocks to vie.

42, 43. Then Sinners ſhall have nought to ſay,
The juſt a decent Joy ſhall ſhow;
The Wiſe the ſtrange Events ſhall weigh,
And thence God's Goodneſs fully know.

PSALM CVIII.

1. O God, my Heart is fully bent,
To magnifie thy Name;
And of my cheerful Songs thy Praiſe
Shall be the glorious Theme.

2. Awake, my Lute; nor thou my Harp,
Thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilſt I with early Hymns of Joy,
Prevent the dawning Day.

3. To all the liſt'ning Tribes, O Lord,
Thy wond'rous Works I'll tell;

And

And to those Nations sing thy Praise
That round about us dwell:
4. Because thy Mercy's boundless Height
The Heav'ns themselves transcends;
And far beyond th' aspiring Clouds
Thy faithful Truth extends.

5. Be thou exalted, Lord, by them,
Above the Starry Frame;
O let the World, with one Consent,
Confess thy glorious Name.
6. That all thy chosen People Thee
Their Saviour may declare.
Let thy Right-hand protect me still,
And answer thou my Pray'r.

7. Since God, the God of Truth hath spoke,
My Arms shall sure prevail;
With Joy I *Shechem* shall divide:
And measure *Succoth*'s Vale:
8. *Gilead* is mine, *Manasseh* too;
And *Ephraim* owns my Cause:
Their Strength my Regal Pow'r supports,
And *Judah* gives my Laws.

9. *Moab* I'll make my servile Drudge,
On vanquisht *Edom* tread;
And o'er the proud *Philistine* Lands
Advance my lofty Head.
10. By whose Support and Aid shall I
Their well-fenc'd Towns invade?
Who will my conq'ring Troops conduct,
And into *Edom* lead?

11. Lord,

11. Lord, wilt not thou assist our Arms,
Tho late thou didst forsake?
And wilt not thou, of these our Hosts,
The happy Guidance take?
12. O to thy Servants in Distress
Thy speedy Succour send:
For vain it is on humane Aid
For Safety to depend.
13. Then valiant Acts shall we perform,
If thou thy Pow'r disclose;
For God it is, and God alone,
That treads down all our Foes.

PSALM CIX.

1. O God, whose former Mercies make
My constant Praise thy Due,
Hold not thy peace, but my sad State
With wonted Favour view.
2. For sinful Men, with lying Lips,
Deceitful Speeches frame,
And with their studied Slanders seek
To wound my spotless Fame.
3. Their envious Hatred prompts them still
Malicious Lies to spread;
And all against my Life combine,
By causeless Fury led.
4. Those whom with tend'rest Love I us'd,
My chief Opposers are;
Whilst I, of other Friends bereft,
Resort to Thee by Pray'r.

5. Since

5. Since Mischief, for the Good I did,
Their strange Reward does prove;
And Hatred's the Return they make
For undissembled Love.
6. Their guilty Leader shall be made
To some bad Man a Slave;
And when he's try'd, his mortal Foe
For his Accuser have.

7. His Guilt, when Sentence is pronounc'd,
Shall find a dreadful Fate;
Whilst his rejected Pray'r but serves
To make his Crime more great.
8. He, snatcht by some untimely Fate,
Sha'n't live out half his Days;
Another, by divine Decree,
Shall on his Office seize.

9, 10. His Seed shall Orphans be, his Wife
A Widow plung'd in Grief;
His vagrant Children beg their Bread,
Where none can give Relief.
11. His ill-got Fortune shall be made
To Usurers a Prey;
The Fruit of all his Toil and Care
By Strangers born away.

12. None shall be found, that to his Wants
Their Mercy shall extend,
Or to his helpless Orphan Seed
The least Assistance lend.
13. A swift Destruction soon shall seize
On his unhappy Race;

And

And the next Age his hated Name
Shall utterly deface.

14. The Vengeance of his Father's Sins
Upon his Head ſhall fall;
God on his Mother's Crimes ſhall think,
And puniſh him for all.
15. All theſe, in horrid Order rank'd,
Before the Lord ſhall ſtand,
Till his fierce Anger quite cuts off
Their Mem'ry from the Land.

PART II.

16. Becauſe he never Mercy ſhew'd,
But ſtill the Poor oppreſs'd;
And ſought to ſlay the helpleſs Man,
With heavy Woes oppreſs'd;
17. Therefore the Curſe he lov'd to vent,
Shall his own Portion prove;
And Bleſſing, which he always loath'd,
Shall far from him remove.

18. Since Curſing was his conſtant Pride,
Like Water it ſhall ſpread
Through all his Veins, and ſtick like Oyl,
With which his Bones are fed.
19. This like a poiſon'd Robe, ſhall ſtill
His conſtant Cov'ring be,
Or an envenom'd Belt, from which
He never ſhall be free.

20. Thus ſhall the Lord reward all thoſe
That Ill to me deſign;

That

That with malicious falſe Reports
Againſt my Life combine.
21. But for thy glorious Name, O God,
Do thou appear for me,
And for thy gracious Mercy's ſake,
Preſerve and ſet me free.

22. For I a poor and helpleſs Wretch
Am void of all Relief;
My Heart is wounded with Diſtreſs,
And quite pierc'd through with Grief.
23. I, like an Ev'ning Shade, am gone,
Which vaniſhes apace;
Like Locuſts up and down I'm toſt,
That have no certain place.

24,25. My Knees with Faſting are grown weak,
My Body lank and lean;
All that behold me ſhake their Heads,
And treat me with Diſdain.
26,27. But for thy Mercy's ſake, O Lord,
Do thou my Foes withſtand;
That all may ſee 'tis thy own Act,
The Work of thy Right-hand.

28. Then let them curſe, if thou but bleſs;
Their Portion ſhall be Shame,
When they againſt me riſe; but I
With Joy ſhall praiſe thy Name.
29. Thus ſhall my Foe be cloath'd with Shame,
And ſpight of all his Pride,
His own Confuſion, like a Cloak,
The guilty Wretch ſhall hide.

30. But

30. But I to Heav'n, in grateful Thanks,
My chearful Voice will raiſe;
And where the great Aſſembly meets,
Set forth God's noble Praiſe.
31. For him the Poor ſhall always find,
His ſure and conſtant Friend;
And he ſhall from unrighteous Dooms
His guiltleſs Soul defend.

PSALM CX.

1. THE Lord ſaid to my Lord, Sit thou
At my Right-hand, till I ſubdue
And all thy Foes thy Foot-ſtool make.
2. Supream in *Sion* thou ſhalt be,
And thence extend thy Sov'reignty
O'er all who thy juſt Rights would take.
3. Thee, in thy Pow'rs triumphant Day,
The willing Nations ſhall obey,
And when thy riſing Beams they view,
Redeem'd from Superſtition's Night,
To Thee ſhall be aſſembled, bright
And numberleſs as Morning Dew.
4. The Lord has ſworn, nor ſworn in vain,
That, like *Melchizedech*'s, thy Reign
And Prieſthood ſhall no Period know:
5. No proud Competitor to ſit
At thy Right-hand will he permit;
But in his Wrath Crown'd Heads o'erthrow.

6. The

6. The sentenc'd Heathen he shall slay,
And fill with Carcasses his way,
Till he has struck Earth's Tyrants dead:
7. But in the High-way Brook shall first,
Like some poor Pilgrim slack his Thirst,
And then in Triumph lift his Head.

PSALM CXI.

1. PRaise ye the Lord; our God to praise
My Soul her utmost Pow'rs shall raise,
'Mongst private Friends, and in the Throng
Of Saints, his Praise shall be my Song.
2. His Works, for Greatness tho renown'd,
His wond'rous Works with Ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious Search delight.
3. Glory and Majesty attend
On ev'ry Work he takes in hand;
His Truth, confirm'd through Ages past,
Shall to eternal Ages last.
4. By Precept he has us enjoin'd,
To keep his wond'rous Works in mind,
And to Posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord,
5. Whose Bounty's ever-flowing Tide
Their Wants, who fear'd his Name, supply'd;
For ever he will keep in mind
His Cov'nant with our Fathers sign'd.
6. At once astonisht and o'erjoy'd,
They saw his matchless Pow'r employ'd,
Whereby

Whereby the Heathen were suppress'd,
And we their Heritage possess'd.

7. Just are the Dealings of his Hands
Immutable are his Commands.
8. By Truth and Equity sustain'd,
And for eternal Rules ordain'd.
9. Deliv'rance to his Saints has sent,
And ratify'd his Covenant,
For ever to remain the same:
Awful and sacred is his Name.

10. God's Fear is Wisdom's Source: good skill
Have they obtain'd who do his Will;
This only can true Bliss procure,
And Praise that always shall endure.

PSALM CXII.

HALLELUJAH.

1. THat Man is blest who stands in aw
Of God, and loves his sacred Law:
2. His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive Honours crown'd.
3. His House, the Seat of Wealth, shall be
An inexhausted Treasury;
Their Fathers Justice shall avail,
And Blessings on his Heirs entail.

4. The Soul that's fill'd with Vertue's Light,
Shines brightest in Affliction's Night:

To

To pity the Diſtreſt inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all Mankind.

5. His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends:
Yet what his Charity impairs
Recruits by Prudence in Affairs.

6. The Storm of Angry Fate may threat,
But ne'er diſplace him from his Seat,
The ſweet Memorial of the Juſt
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in duſt.

7. Ill Tidings can't with Fear ſurprize
His Heart that, fix'd, on God relies:

8. On Safety's Rock he ſits and ſees
The Ship-wreck of his Enemies.

9. His Hands, while they his Alms beſtow'd,
His Glory's future Harveſt ſow'd,
Whence he ſhall reap Wealth, Fame, Re-
A temp'ral and eternal Crown. (nown,

10. The Wicked ſhall his Triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their Teeth in Agony,
While their unrighteous Hopes decay,
And vaniſh, with themſelves, away.

PSALM

PSALM CXIII.

1. YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
The Triumphs of his Name record,
2. His sacred Name for ever bless.
3. Where-e'r the circling Sun displays,
His rising Beams or setting Rays,
Due Praise to his great Name address.

4. The Lord o'er Earth bears sov'reign Sway,
The Regions of eternal Day
Reflections of his Glory are.
5. To Him, whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created Pow'r compare.

6. Affairs of highest Heav'n to know,
In him does Condescension show,
Yet he extends his Care to Earth.
7. The Poor and Needy from their Cell,
8. Prefers in Palaces to dwell
With Princes of high Rank and Birth.

9. When Childless Families despair,
He sends the Comfort of an Heir,
To rescue their exspiring Fame;
Grants her that barren was to bear,
And joyfully her Fruit to rear.
Praise ye the Lord's almighty Name.

PSALM CXIV.

1. WHen *Isr'el*, by th' Almighty led,
(Enrich'd with their Oppressors Spoil)
From *Egypt* march'd; and *Jacob*'s Seed
From Bondage in a foreign Soil.
2. *Jehovah*, for his Residence,
Chose out imperial *Judah*'s Tent,
His Mansion-Royal, and from thence
Through *Israel*'s Camp his Orders sent.
3. The distant Sea with Terrour saw,
And from th' Almighty's Presence fled;
Old *Jordan*'s Streams, surpriz'd with Aw,
Retreated to their Fountain's Head.
4. The taller Mountains skipp'd, like Rams,
When Danger near the Fold they spy;
To see their Fright, the Hills, like Lambs,
Leap'd after them, not knowing why.
5. O Sea, what made your Tide withdraw,
And naked leave your oozy Bed?
Why *Jordan*, against Nature's Law,
Recoil'dst thou to thy Fountain's Head?
6. Why Mountains did you skip like Rams,
When Danger does approach the Fold?
Why after you the Hills like Lambs
When they their Leaders Flight behold?
7. Earth tremble on; well may'st thou fear,
Thy Lord and Maker's Face to see;
When *Jacob*'s awful God draws near,
'Tis time for Earth, and Seas to flee.

8. To

8. To flee from God, who Nature's Law
Repeals and cancels at his Will;
Who Springs from flinty Rocks can draw,
And thirsty Vales with Water fill.

PSALM CXV.

1. LOrd, not to us, we claim no Share,
But to thy sacred Name
Give Glory, for thy Mercy's sake,
And Truth's eternal Fame.
2. Why should the Heathen cry, where's now
The God whom we adore?
3. Convince 'em that in Heav'n thou art,
And uncontroll'd thy Pow'r.
4. Their Gods but Gold and Silver are,
The Work of mortal Hands:
5. With speechless Mouth, and sightless Eyes
The molten Idol stands.
6. The Pageant-thing has Ears and Nose,
But neither hears nor smells.
7. Hands, Feet, but neither feels nor moves;
No Breath within it dwells.
8. Such senseless Stocks, that to compare
With them we nothing find,
But those who on their Help rely,
And them for Gods design'd.
9. O *Isr'el*, make the Lord your Trust,
Who is your Help and Shield;
10. Priests, Levites trust in him alone
Who only Help can yield.

11. Let all who fear the Lord, for Aid,
On him they fear, rely;
Who them in Danger can defend,
And all their Wants supply.
12, 13. Of us he oft has mindful been,
And *Isr'el's* Houſe will bleſs,
Prieſts, Levites, Proſelytes, ev'n All
Who his great Name confeſs.
14. On you, and on your Heirs, increaſe
Of Bleſſings he will bring;
15. Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are
Of this Almighty King.
16. Heav'n's higheſt Orb of Glory, He
His Empire's Seat deſign'd;
And gave this lower Globe of Earth
A Portion to Mankind.
17. They who in Death and Silence ſleep
To him no Praiſe afford:
18. But we will bleſs for evermore
Our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

1. MY Soul with Ecſtaſies of Love
Intirely is poſſeſt,
Becauſe the Lord has deign'd to hear
The Voice of my Requeſt.
2. Since he has now his Ear inclin'd,
I never will deſpair,
But, while my Life ſhall laſt, to him
Addreſs my humble Pray'r.

3. With

3. With deadly Sorrows compaſt round,
With helliſh Pangs oppreſt,
When Grief and Anguiſh fill'd my Heart,
And heav'd my throbbing Breaſt;
4. On God's Almighty Name I call'd,
And thus to him I pray'd;
Lord, I beſeech thee ſave my Soul,
With Sorrow quite diſmaid.

5,6. How juſt and merciful is God!
How gracious is the Lord!
Who ſaves the Simple, and to me
Does timely Help afford.
7. Then, free from racking Cares, my Soul,
Reſume thy wonted Reſt;
For God has wond'rouſly to thee
His bounteous Love expreſt.

8. He, when Death threat'ned, ſoon remov'd
My Dangers and my Fears;
My Feet from falling he ſecur'd,
And dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
9. The whole remaining Stock of Life
Which he to me has lent,
Shall therefore in his Service be
With grateful Duty ſpent.

10, 11. In God I truſted, and of him
In greateſt ſtraits did boaſt;
(For in my Flight all hopes of Aid
From faithleſs Man were loſt:)
12, 13. Then what Return to him ſhall I
For all his Goodneſs make.

I'll praise his Name, and with glad Zeal
The Cup of Blessing take.

14, 15. The Vows I made to God, I'll pay
In all his People's sight.
Because by him his Servant's blood
Was never counted light.

16. Lord, by how many Ties must I
To thy Obedience bow?
Before, thy humble Handmaid's Son,
Thy ransom'd Captive now!

17, 18. To Thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praise;
And whilst I bless thy Name,
The just performance of my Vows
To all thy Saints proclaim.

19. They, in thy holy City met,
And in thy House shall join,
With one Consent thy Name to bless,
And mix their Praise with mine.

PSALM CXVII.

1. WIth cheerful Notes let all the Earth
To Heav'n their Voices raise;
Let all, inspir'd with godly Mirth,
Sing solemn Hymns of Praise:

2. God's tender Mercy knows no bound,
His Truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing Nations round,
This grateful Tribute pay.

PSALM

PSALM CXVIII.

1, 2. O Praiſe the Lord, for he is good,
His Mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind Favours ever laſt,
Let thankful *Iſr'el* ſay.

3, 4. Their Senſe of his eternal Love
Let *Aaron*'s Houſe expreſs;
And that it never fails, let all
That fear the Lord confeſs.

5. To God I made my humble Moan
With Troubles quite oppreſt;
And he releas'd me from my Straits,
And granted my Requeſt.

6. Since therefore God does on my ſide
So graciouſly appear,
What Man againſt me can contrive
I never need to fear.

7. Since God with thoſe that aid my Cauſe
Himſelf a Party makes;
I need not doubt, on all my Foes
A juſt Revenge to take.

8, 9. For better 'tis to truſt in God,
And have the Lord our Friend,
Than on the greateſt humane Pow'r
For Safety to depend.

10, 11. Tho many Nations, cloſely leagu'd
Did oft beſet me round;
Yet, by his boundleſs Pow'r ſuſtain'd,
I did them all confound.

12. They ſwarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage
Was but a ſhort-liv'd Blaze;
For whilſt on God I ſtill rely'd,
I vanquiſh'd them with Eaſe.

13. When All together preſs'd me hard,
In hopes to make me fall;
The Lord vouchſaf'd to take my part
And ſav'd me from them all.

14. The Honour of my ſtrange Eſcape
To him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my Strength,
The Theme of all my Songs.

15. The Juſt's Abode reſounds with Joy,
By him preſerv'd from Harm;
For wond'rous things are brought to paſs
By his almighty Arm.

16. He, by his vaſt reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
Has endleſs Honour won;
The ſaving Strength of his Right-hand
Amazing Works has done.

17. God will not ſuffer me to fall
But yet prolong my Days;
That by declaring all his Works,
I may advance his Praiſe.

18. The Lord has chaſt'ned me in Love
And great Afflictions laid;
But has not giv'n me o'er to thoſe
That did my Life invade.

19. Then open wide the Temple-Gates
To which the Juſt repair;

That

That I may enter in and praiſe
My great Deliv'rer there.
20, 21. Within thoſe Gates of God's abode
To which the Righteous preſs;
Since thou haſt heard and ſet me ſafe,
Thy holy Name I'll bleſs.

22, 23. That Stone is now the Corner's Head,
Which Builders did deſpiſe;
This is the Lord's amazing Act,
And wond'rous in our Eyes.
24, 25. This is God's Day; let all the Land
Exalt their cheerful Voice:
Lord, we beſeech thee ſave us now,
And make us ſtill rejoice.

26. Him that approaches in God's Name,
Let all th' Aſſembly bleſs;
We that belong to God's own Houſe,
Have wiſh'd you good Succeſs.
27. God is the Lord, through whom we all
Both Light and Comfort find;
With Cords unto the Altar's Horns,
The deſtin'd Victim bind.

28. Thou art my Lord, O God, and ſtill
I'll praiſe thy holy Name;
Becauſe Thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy Fame.
29. O then, with me, give Thanks to God,
Who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the Tribute of our Praiſe
Be endleſs as his Love.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

1. HOW bleſt are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way!
Who never from the ſacred Road
Of God's Commandments ſtray!
2. Thrice bleſt! who to his righteous Laws
Have ſtill obedient been!
And warmly urg'd by hearty Zeal
His Favour ſeek to win!

3. Such Men, averſe from Ill, abhor
To do a wicked Deed;
But in the Path which he preſcribes
With conſtant Care proceed.
4. But 'tis to thy Commands, O Lord,
This Happineſs we ow.
Thou bid'ſt us keep thoſe upright Laws
From which ſuch Comforts flow.

5. O then that thy moſt holy Will
Might o'er my Ways preſide!
And I the courſe of all my Life
By thy Directions guide!
6. Then ſhould I walk erect and bold,
From all Confuſion free;
Convinc'd, with Joy, that all my Ways
With thy Commands agree.

7. My upright Heart ſhall my glad Mouth
With chearful Praiſes fill;

When

When, by thy righteous Judgments taught,
I fully learn thy Will.
8. So to thy sacred Laws shall I
All due observance pay;
O then forsake me not, my God,
Nor cast me quite away.

BETH.

9. How shall the young preserve their Ways
From vile Pollutions free?
By making all their Course of Life
With thy Commands agree.
10. With hearty Zeal, for Thee I seek,
To Thee for Succour pray;
O suffer not my careless Steps
From thy just Precepts stray.

11. Safe in my Heart, and closely hid
Thy Word, my Treasure, lies;
And ready waits with timely Aid,
When sinful Passions rise.
12. Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul
Shall ever bless thy Name:
O teach me then my Life to come
By thy just Laws to frame.

13. My Lips, unlockt by pious Zeal,
To others have declar'd,
How much the Judgments of thy Mouth
Deserve our high Regard.
14. Whilst in the Way of thy Commands
More solid Joy I found,

Than

Than had I been with vaſt Encreaſe
Of envy'd riches crown'd.

15. Therefore thy juſt and upright Laws,
Shall always fill my Mind;
And thoſe ſound Rules which thou preſcrib'ſt
All due Reſpect ſhall find.
16. To keep thy Statutes undefac'd
Shall be my conſtant Joy;
The ſtrict Remembrance of thy Word
Shall all my Thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17. Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,
Do thou my Life defend;
That I, according to thy Word,
My Time to come may ſpend.
18. Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,
That ſo I may diſcern
The wond'rous things which they behold
Who thy juſt precepts learn.

19. Tho, like a Stranger in the Land,
From place to place I ſtray,
Thy righteous Judgments from my ſight
O hide thou not away.
20. My fainting Soul is almoſt pin'd,
With earneſt Longing ſpent;
Whilſt always on the eager Search
Of thy juſt Will, intent.

21. Thy ſharp Rebuke ſhall cruſh the Proud,
Whom ſtill thy Curſe purſues;

Who

Who in thy righteous Paths to walk
Presumptuously refuse.
22. But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and Shame remove;
For I thy sacred Laws affect
With undissembled Love.

23. Tho Princes oft, in Council met,
Against thy Servant spake;
Yet I, thy Statutes to observe,
My chiefest Bus'ness make.
24. For thy Commands have always been
My Comfort and Delight;
By them I learn with prudent Care,
And guide my Counsels right.

DALETH.

25. My Soul's oppress'd with deadly Care;
And to the Dust does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
Thy promis'd Aid receive.
26. To thee I still declar'd my Ways,
And thou inclin'dst thine Ear:
O teach me then my future Life
By thy just Laws to steer.

27. If thou wilt make me know thy Laws,
And by their Guidance walk,
The wond'rous Works which thou hast done
Shall be my constant Talk.
28. But see my Soul within me sinks,
Prest down with weighty Care;

O make thy Promise good, and soon
My wasted Strength repair.

29. For far from me be all false Ways
And lying Arts remov'd!
But kindly grant I still may keep
The Path by thee approv'd.
30. Thy faithful Ways, thou God of Truth,
My happy Choice I've made;
Thy Judgments, as my Rule of Life,
Before me always laid.

31. My Care has been to make my Life
With thy just Laws agree;
O then preserve thy Servant, Lord,
From Shame and Ruine free.
32. So in the Ways of thy Commands
Shall I with Pleasure run,
And with a Heart enlarg'd with Joy
Successfully go on.

H E.

33. Instruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous Paths display;
And I from them, through all my Life,
Will ne'er perversly stray.
34. If thou true Wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect Laws, I'll still
Apply my zealous Heart.

35. Direct me in the sacred Ways
To which thy Precepts lead;

Because

Becauſe my chief Delight has been
Thy Righteous Paths to tread.
36. Do thou to thy moſt juſt Commands
Incline my willing Heart;
Let no Deſire of Worldly Wealth
From them my Thoughts divert.

37. From thoſe vain Objects turn my Eyes
Which this falſe World diſplays;
But active Life and Vigour give
To keep thy righteous Ways.
38. Confirm the Promiſe which thou mad'ſt,
And give thy Servant Aid,
Who to tranſgreſs thy ſacred Laws
Is awfully afraid.

39. The foul Diſgrace I've cauſe to fear
In mercy Lord remove;
For all the Judgments thou ordain'ſt
Are full of Grace and Love.
40. Thou know'ſt how, after thy Commands,
My longing Heart does pant;
O then make haſte to raiſe me up,
And promis'd Succour grant.

VAU.

41. Thy conſtant Bleſſing, Lord, beſtow,
To cheer my grateful Heart;
To me according to thy Word,
Thy ſaving Health impart.
42. So ſhall I, when my Foes upbraid,
This ready Anſwer make;

In

In God I trust, who never will
His faithful Promise break.

43. Then let not quite the Word of Truth
Be from my Mouth remov'd;
Since still my ground of stedfast Hope
Thy just Decrees have prov'd.
44. So I to keep thy righteous Laws
Will all my Study bend;
From Age to Age, my time to come
In their Observance spend.

45. E'er long I trust to walk at large,
From all Incumbrance free;
Because I aim'd to make my Life
With thy Commands agree.
46. Thy Laws shall be my constant Talk;
And Princes shall attend,
Whilst I the Justice of thy Ways
With Confidence defend.

47. My longing Heart and ravisht Soul
Shall both o'erflow with Joy;
When in thy lov'd Commandments I
My happy Hours employ.
48. Then will I to thy lov'd Decrees
Lift up my willing Hands;
My Care and Bus'ness then shall be
To study thy Commands.

ZAIN.

49. According to thy promis'd Grace,
Thy Favour, Lord, extend.

Make

Make good to me the Word, on which
Thy Servants Hopes depend.
50. That, onely Comfort in Distress
Did all my Griefs controul;
Thy Word, when Troubles hem'd me round,
Reviv'd my fainting Soul.

51. Insulting Foes did proudly laugh,
And all my Hopes deride;
Yet from thy Law, not all their Taunts
Could make me turn aside.
52. Thy Judgments, Lord, of ancient date
I then recall'd to mind.
And with such Thoughts refresh'd, my Soul
Did constant Comfort find.

53. Sometimes I stand amaz'd, like one
With deadly Horror strook,
To think how all my sinful Foes
Have thy just Laws forsook.
54. But I thy Statutes and Decrees
My cheerful Anthems made;
Whilst through strange Lands and desart Wilds
I like a Pilgrim stray'd.

55. Thy Name, that cheer'd my Heart by day,
Has fill'd my Thoughts by night;
I then resolv'd by thy just Laws,
To guide my Steps aright.
56. That Peace of Mind, which has my Soul
In deep Distress sustain'd,
By strict Obedience to thy Will
I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

CHETH.

57. O Lord, my God, my Portion thou
And ſure poſſeſſion art;
Thy Words I ſtedfaſtly reſolve
To treaſure in my Heart.
58. With all the ſtrength of warm Deſires
I did thy Grace implore;
Diſcloſe, according to thy Word,
Thy Mercies boundleſs ſtore.

59. With due Reflection and ſtrict Care
On all my Ways I thought;
And ſo reclaim'd to thy juſt Paths
My wand'ring Steps I brought.
60. I loſt no time, but made great haſte,
Reſolv'd, without delay,
To watch, that I might never more
From thy Commandments ſtray.

61. Tho num'rous Troops of ſinful Men
To rob me have combin'd;
Yet I thy pure and righteous Laws
Will ever keep in mind.
62. In dead of night will I ariſe,
To ſing thy ſolemn Praiſe;
Becauſe convinc'd how much I ought
To love thy righteous Ways.

63. To ſuch as fear thy holy Name
My ſelf I'll cloſely join;
To all who their obedient Wills
To thy Commands reſign.

64. O'er

64. O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,
Abundantly is shed;
O make me then exactly learn,
Thy sacred Paths to tread.

TETH.

65. With me, thy Servant, thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord,
Repeated Benefits bestow'd,
According to thy Word.
66. Teach me the sacred Skill, by which
Right Judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy Commands
Have stedfastly remain'd.

67. Before Affliction stopt my Course,
My Footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplin'd
Thy Precepts to obey.
68. Thou art, O Lord, supreamly good,
And all thou dost is so;
On me, thy Statutes to discern,
The saving Skill bestow.

69. The Proud have forg'd malicious Lies
My spotless Fame to stain:
But my fixt Heart, without Reserve,
Thy Precepts shall retain.
70. While pamper'd they, with prosp'rous Ills,
In sensual Pleasures live,
My Soul can relish no Delight
But what thy Precepts give.

71. 'Tis

71. 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Severe Affliction's Rod,
That I may duly learn and keep
The Statutes of my God.
72. The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds
Of more esteem I hold,
Than untoucht Mines, than thousand Mines
Of Silver and of Gold.

JOD.

73. To me, who am the Workmanship
Of thy almighty Hands,
The Heav'nly Understanding give
To learn thy just Commands.
74. My Preservation to thy Saints
Strong Comfort will afford,
To see Success attend my Hopes
That trusted in thy Word.

75. That right thy Judgments are, I now
By sure Experience see,
And that in Faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.
76. Let thy kind Mercy Comfort bring
For all my Griefs at last,
According to thy gracious Word
To me thy Servant past.

77. To me thy saving Grace restore,
That I again may live;
Whose Soul can relish no Delight
But what thy Precepts give.

78. De-

78. Defeat the Proud, who unprovok'd,
To ruine me have sought,
Who only on thy sacred Laws
Employ my harmless Thought.

79. Let those that fear thy Name espouse
My Cause and those alone
Who have by strict and pious Search
Thy Testimonies known.

80. In thy blest Statutes let my Heart
Continue ever sound,
That Guilt and Shame, the Sinners Lot,
May never me confound.

C A P H.

81. My Soul with long Expectance faints
To see thy saving Grace;
Yet still on thy unerring Word,
My Confidence I place.

82. My very Eyes consume and fail
With waiting for thy Word;
Thy Comfort and long promis'd Aid
O when wilt thou afford?

83. My Flesh like shriv'led Parchment shows
That long in Smoke is set;
Yet no Affliction me can force
Thy Statutes to forget.

84. How many are thy Servant's Days?
When wilt thou Lord redress
My Wrongs? and Judgment execute
On them who me oppress?

85. The

85. The proud have digg'd a Pit for me,
Who have no other Foes,
But who are Reprobates to Thee
And thy juſt Laws oppoſe.
86. All thy Commandments are compos'd
Of Truth and Equity:
Men perſecute me without Cauſe,
Thou, Lord, my Helper be.

87. To ſnatch me from the Face of Earth
Their Spite almoſt prevail'd;
Yet to thy righteous Precepts I
My Duty never fail'd.
88. Thy wonted Kindneſs, Lord, reſtore,
My drooping Heart to cheer;
That by thy Teſtimonies, I
My Life's whole Courſe may ſteer.

LAMED.

89. For ever and for ever, Lord,
Thou doſt the ſame remain.
In Heav'n thy Word eſtabliſht is,
And does that Heav'n ſuſtain.
90. Thro circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth
Immoveably ſhall ſtand
As Earth, whoſe Fabrick is upheld
By thy almighty Hand.

91. All things the Courſe by Thee ordain'd
Ev'n to this day fulfil;
They are thy faithful Subjects all,
And Servants of thy Will.

92. Unleſs

92. Unleſs thy ſacred Law had been
My Comfort and Delight,
I muſt have fainted and expir'd
In dark Affliction's Night.

93. Thy Precepts therefore from my Thoughts
Shall never, Lord, depart;
For Thou, by them, haſt to new Life
Reſtor'd my dying Heart.

94. As I am thine, intirely thine,
Protect me, Lord, from Harm;
Who have thy Precepts ſought to know,
And carefully perform.

95. The Wicked have their Ambuſh laid
My guiltleſs Life to take;
But in the midſt of Danger I
Thy Word my Study make.

96. I've ſeen an end of what we call
Perfection here below,
But thy Commandments, like thy ſelf,
No Change or Period know.

M E M.

97. The Love that to thy Law I bear
No Language can diſplay;
They with freſh Wonders entertain
My raviſht Thoughts all day.

98. Thro thy Commands I wiſer grow
Than all my ſubtle Foes;
For they are with me to direct
And all my Ways diſpoſe.

99. From

99. From me my former Teachers now
May abler Counsel take;
Because thy Testimonies I
My constant Study make.
100. In Understanding I excel
The Sages of our days;
Because by thy unerring Rules
I order all my ways.

101. My Feet with Care I have refrain'd
From every sinful way,
That to thy sacred Word I might
Intire Obedience pay.
102. I have not from thy Judgments stray'd,
By vain Desires misled;
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me
Thy righteous Path to tread.

103. How sweet are all thy words to me;
O what divine Repast!
How more delicious to my Soul
Than Honey to my Taste.
104. Taught by thy sacred Precepts, I
With Heav'nly Skill am blest,
The treach'rous ways of Sin to shun,
And utterly detest.

NUN.

105. Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp
The way of Truth to show;
A Watch-light to point out the Path,
In which I ought to go.

106. I

106. I ſware, and to my ſolemn Oath
Reſolve to prove ſincere,
That to thy righteous Judgments I
Will ſtedfaſtly adhere.

107. Since I with Griefs am ſo oppreſt
That I can bear no more,
According to thy Word, do thou
My fainting Soul reſtore.

108. Let the Oblations of my Praiſe
With Thee Acceptance find,
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
Inſtruct my willing Mind.

109. Tho Death and Danger me ſurround,
My Soul they cannot aw,
Nor with continual Terrors keep
From thinking on thy Law.

110. My wicked and invet'rate Foes
For me their Snares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright Path,
Nor from thy Precepts ſtray'd.

111. Thy Teſtimonies I have made
My Heritage and Choice;
For they, when other Comforts fail,
My drooping Heart rejoice.

112. My Heart thy Statutes to perform
With early Zeal begun,
And ſhall continue the ſame Courſe
Till that of Life is run.

SAMECH.

SAMECH.

113. Deceitful Thoughts and Practices
I utterly deteſt;
But for thy Law Affection bear
Too great to be expreſt.
114. My Hiding-Place, my Refuge-Tow'r
And Shield art thou, O Lord,
I firmly anchor all my Hopes
On thy unerring Word.

115. Hence ye that trade in Wickedneſs,
Approach not my Abode;
For firmly I reſolve to keep
The Precepts of my God.
116. According to thy gracious Word,
From Danger ſet me free,
Nor make me of thoſe Hopes aſham'd
That I repoſe on Thee.

117. Uphold me, ſo ſhall I be ſafe;
And, reſcu'd from Diſtreſs,
To thy Decrees continually
My juſt Reſpect addreſs.
118. The wicked thou haſt trod to Earth,
Who from thy Statutes ſtray'd;
Their vile Deceit the Recompence
Of their own Falſhood made.

119. The Wicked from thy holy Land
Thou doſt, like Droſs, remove,
Charm'd with ſuch Juſtice, therefore I
Thy Teſtimonies love.

120. Yet

120. Yet with that Love they make me dread
Leſt I ſhould ſo offend,
When on Tranſgreſſors I behold
Thy Judgments thus deſcend.

AIN.

121. Judgment and Juſtice I have wrought,
O therefore, Lord, engage
In my Defence, nor give me up
To my Oppreſſors Rage.
122. The Surety for thy Servant be,
Converting this Diſtreſs
To Good for me; nor let the Proud
My guiltleſs Soul oppreſs.
123. My Eyes, alas! begin to fail,
In long Expectance held,
Till thy Salvation they behold,
And righteous Word fulfill'd.
124. To me, thy Servant, in Diſtreſs
Thy wonted Grace diſplay,
And diſcipline my willing Heart
Thy Statutes to obey.
125. On me, devoted to thy Fear,
The ſacred Skill beſtow,
That of thy Teſtimonies I
The full extent may know.
126. 'Tis time, high time for Thee, O Lord,
Thy Vengeance to employ,
When Men with open Violence
Thy ſacred Law deſtroy.

127. Yet their Contempt of thy Commands
But makes their Value rise
With me, who Gold, refin'd with skill,
Compar'd with them despise.
128. Thy Precepts therefore I esteem
In all respects divine,
By them instructed to detest
And all false Ways decline.

P E.

129. Who can express how wonderful
Thy Testimonies are?
Which therefore to perform my Soul
Employs her utmost Care.
130. The very Entrance to thy Word
Celestial Light displays;
The Knowledge of true Happiness
To simplest Minds conveys.

131. With open Mouth I waiting stood,
And panted with Desire,
That of thy wise Commands I might
The sacred Skill acquire.
132. With Favour, Lord, look down on me
Thy Mercy who implore,
As thou art wont to visit them
Who thy blest Name adore.

133. Directed by thy heav'nly Word
Let all my Footsteps be;
Nor Wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.

134. Releaſe, intirely ſet me free
From perſecuting Hands,
That, unmoleſted, I may learn,
And practiſe thy Commands.

135. On me, devoted to thy Fear,
Lord make thy Face to ſhine,
Thy Statutes both to know and keep
My Heart with Zeal incline.
136. My Eyes to weeping Fountains turn,
Whence briny Rivers preſs,
To ſee Mankind, without Remorſe,
Thy ſacred Law tranſgreſs.

TSADE.

137. Thou art the righteous Judge, on whom
Wrong'd Innocence may truſt;
And, like thy ſelf, thy Judgments, Lord,
In all reſpects are juſt.
138. As juſt thoſe Teſtimonies were,
Which thou didſt firſt decree,
So all with Faithfulneſs perform'd
Succeeding Times ſhall ſee.

139. With Zeal my Fleſh conſumes away
My Soul with Anguiſh frets,
To ſee my Foes contemn, at once,
Thy Promiſes and Threats.
140. Yet each neglected Word of thine,
(Howe'er by them deſpis'd,)
Is pure, and for eternal Truth
By me, thy Servant priz'd.

141. Brought, for thy ſake, to low Eſtate,
Contempt from All I find;
Yet no Affronts or Wrongs can drive
Thy Precepts from my Mind.
142. Thy Righteouſneſs ſhall then endure,
When Time it ſelf is paſt;
Thy Law is Truth it ſelf, that Truth
Which ſhall for ever laſt.

143. Tho Trouble, Anguiſh, Doubts and Dread
To compaſs me unite,
Beſet with Danger, ſtill I make
Thy Precepts my Delight.
144. Eternal and unerring Rules
Thy Teſtimonies give:
Teach me the Wiſdom that will make
My Soul for ever live.

K O P H.

145. With my whole Heart to God I call'd,
Lord hear my earneſt Cry;
And I, thy Statutes to perform,
Will all my Care apply.
146. Again more fervently I pray'd,
O ſave me, that I may
Thy Teſtimonies throughly know
And ſtedfaſtly obey.

147. My earlier Pray'r the dawning Day
Prevented, while I cry'd
To Him on whoſe engaging Word
My Hope alone rely'd.

148. With

148. With Zeal have I awak'd before
The Midnight Watch was set,
That I, of thy mysterious Word,
May perfect Knowledg get.

149. Lord, hear my supplicating Voice.
And wonted Favour shew;
O quicken me, and so approve
Thy Judgments ever true.

150. My persecuting Foes advance
And hourly nearer draw;
What Treatment can I hope from them
Who violate thy Law?

151. Tho they draw nigh, my Comfort is
Thou, Lord, art yet more near,
Thou, whose Commands are righteous all,
Thy Promises sincere.

152. Concerning thy divine Decrees
My Soul has known of old,
How true they were, and shall their Truth
To endless Ages hold.

RESCH.

153. Consider my Affliction, Lord,
And me from Bondage draw;
Think on thy Servant in Distress,
Who ne'er forgets thy Law.

154. Plead Thou my Cause; to that and me
Thy timely Aid afford;
With Beams of Mercy quicken me
According to thy Word.

155. From hard'ned Sinners thou remov'ſt
Salvation far away; (them
'Tis juſt thou ſhouldſt withdraw from
Who from thy Statutes ſtray.

156. As great thy tender Mercies are
To thoſe who Thee adore;
According to thy Judgments, Lord,
My fainting Hopes reſtore.

157. A num'rous Hoſt of ſpiteful Foes
Againſt my Life combine;
But all too few t'inforce my Soul
Thy Statutes to decline.

158. Thoſe bold Tranſgreſſors I beheld,
And was with Grief oppreſs'd,
To ſee with what audacious Pride
Thy Cov'nant they tranſgreſs'd.

159. Yet while they ſlight, conſider, Lord,
How I thy Precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with Beams
Of Mercy from above. (Truth

160. As from Time's Birth thy Word's firm
Has held through Ages paſt,
Thy righteous Judgments ſhall, intire,
To endleſs Ages laſt.

SCHIN.

161. Tho mighty Tyrants, without Cauſe,
Conſpire my Blood to ſhed,
Thy ſacred Word has only Pow'r
To ſtrike my Heart with Dread.

162. Yet

162. Yet that ſame Word my Breaſt with Beams
Of joyful Rapture warms;
Not Conqueſt, Spoil and Triumph have
More bright tranſporting Charms.

163. Perfidious Practices and Lies
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy Laws affection bear
Too vaſt to be expreſt.

164. Sev'n times a day, with Voice and Heart,
Thy Praiſes I reſound,
Becauſe I find thy Judgments all
With Truth and Juſtice crown'd.

165. Secure, ſubſtantial Peace have they
Who truly love thy Law;
No ſmiling Miſchief them can tempt,
Nor frowning Danger aw.

166. For thy Salvation I have hop'd,
And tho ſo long delay'd,
With cheerful Zeal and ſtricteſt Care
All thy Commands obey'd.

167. Thy Teſtimonies I have kept,
More dear to me than Light;
So lov'd and priz'd, they were at once
My Duty and Delight.

168. I kept thy Laws in view, leſt I
Thy Precepts ſhould decline.
Thy Ways obſerving, as I knew
Strict watch thou kepſt on mine.

TAU.

169. To my Requeſt and earneſt Cry
Attend, O gracious Lord;
Inſpire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,
According to thy Word.
170. Let my repeated Pray'r at laſt
Before thy Throne aſcend;
According to thy plighted Word
To me Deliv'rance ſend.

171. Then ſhall my grateful Lips return
The Tribute of their Praiſe,
When Thou thy Counſels haſt reveal'd,
And taught me thy juſt Ways.
172. My Tongue the Praiſes of thy Word
Shall thankfully reſound,
Becauſe thy Promiſes are all
With juſt performance crown'd.

173. Let thy Almighty Arm appear
And bring me timely Aid;
Protect me as thy Precepts I
My Heart's free Choice have made.
174. My Soul has waited long to ſee
Thy ſaving Grace reſtor'd;
Nor Comfort knew, but what thy Laws,
Thy heav'nly Laws afford.

175. Prolong my Life, that I may ſing
My great Reſtorer's Praiſe;
My Soul, that guiltleſs is oppreſt,
Let thy juſt Judgments raiſe.

176. Like

176. Like some lost Sheep, I've stray'd so long
Till I despair to find
My home-ward Way; thy Servant seek,
Who keeps thy Laws in Mind.

PSALM CXX.

1. DIstrest, I oft have cry'd
To God, who ne'er deny'd
To rescue me from Wrongs:
2. Once more Deliv'rance send,
From lying Lips defend,
And from the stand'ring Tongue.
3. What Profit can accrue?
What Punishment is due,
Perfidious Tongue, to thee?
4. Thy Sting on thee shall turn;
Of Flames, that fiercely burn,
The Fuel thou shalt be.
5. How wretched is my Doom,
A Sojourner become,
In *Mesech*'s desart Soil!
With *Kedar*'s Tents inclos'd,
To Salvages expos'd,
Who live on Theft and Spoil.
6. My Dwelling is with those
Who are to Peace sworn Foes,
And Pleasure take in Harms;

7. Sweet Peace is all I seek,
But when of Peace I speak;
They strait call out to Arms.

PSALM CXXI.

1. TO *Sion*'s Hill I lift my Eyes,
From thence expecting Aid;
2. From *Sion*'s Hill and *Sion*'s God,
Who Heav'n and Earth has made.
3. Thy Throne and Person both are safe,
Thy Guardian will not sleep;
4. His Watchful Care that *Isr'el* guards
Will *Isr'el*'s Monarch keep.

5. Sheltred beneath th' Almighty's Wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
6. Where Noonday Suns nor Midnight Moons
With Heat or Cold molest.
7. From common Accidents of Life
His Care shall guard thee still;
From the blind Strokes of Chance, and Foes
That lie in wait to kill.

8. At home, abroad, in Peace, in War,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through Life's Pilgrimage
Safe to thy Journey's End.

PSALM

PSALM CXXII.

1. O 'Twas a joyful Sound to hear
Our Tribes devoutly say,
Up *Isr'el*, to the Temple haste,
And keep your Festal Day.
2. At *Salem*'s Courts we must appear
With our united Pow'rs;
3. In strong and beauteous Order rang'd
Like her compacted Tow'rs.

4. 'Tis thither, by divine Command
The Tribes of God repair,
Before his Ark to celebrate
His Name with Praise and Pray'r.
5. Tribunals stand erected there;
Where Equity takes place;
There stand the Courts and Palaces
Of royal *David*'s Race.

6. O, pray for *Salem*'s Peace, all you
That happy wish to be,
For they shall prosper best who bear
Most cordial Love to Thee.
7. May Peace within thy sacred Walls
A constant Guest be found,
With Plenty and Prosperity
Thy Palaces be crown'd.

8. For my dear Brethren's sake, and Friends
No less than Brethren dear,
I'll pray,---May Peace in *Salem*'s Tow'rs
A constant Guest appear.

9. But

9. But moſt of all I'll ſeek thy Good,
And ever wiſh thee well,
For *Sion* and the Temple's ſake,
Where God vouchſafes to dwell.

Psalm CXXIII.

1. TO Thee, who dwell'ſt above the Skies,
I lift my ſupplicating Eyes;
2. As Servants watch their Maſters Hands,
And Maids their Miſtreſſes Commands.

Ev'n ſo, on our Almighty Lord,
Wait we till Mercy he afford.
3. Have mercy, Lord, on us, chaſtis'd,
Nor only wretched but deſpis'd.
4. Our Soul no longer can ſuſtain
The double Load of Scorn and Pain,
While they grow proud by our diſtreſs,
And roll in Eaſe who us oppreſs.

PSALM

Psalm CXXIV.

1. LET *Isr'el* say, had not the Lord
Been pleas'd to interpose,
2. Had God himself not took our Part
When Men against us rose.
3, 4, 5. Their Wrath had swallow'd us alive,
Devour'd without controul;
Their Spite and Pride's united Flood
Had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

6. But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
Who rescu'd us that Day,
Nor to their salvage Jaws gave up
Our threat'ned Lives a Prey.
7. Our Soul is like a Bird escap'd
From out the Fowler's Net;
The Snare is broke, their Hopes are crost,
And we at Freedom set.

8. Secure in his Almighty Name,
Our Confidence remains,
Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth,
Of both sole Monarch reigns.

PSALM

PSALM CXXV.

1. WHO place on *Sion*'s God their Truſt,
Like *Sion*'s Rock ſhall ſtand.
Like her unmoveably be fixt
By his Almighty Hand.

2. Look how the Hills of *Solyma*
Jeruſalem incloſe,
So ſtands the Lord around his Saints
To guard 'em from their Foes.

3. The Wicked may afflict the Juſt,
But ne'er too long oppreſs,
Nor force him by Deſpair to ſeek
Baſe means for his Redreſs.

4. Be good, O righteous God, to thoſe
Who Righteouſneſs affect;
The Heart that Innocence retains
Let Innocence protect.

5. Who turn aſide to crooked Paths,
The Lord ſhall them deſtroy;
Cut off th' Unjuſt, but crown the Saints
With laſting Peace and Joy.

Psalm CXXVI.

WHen *Sion*'s God her Sons recall'd
From long Captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing Dream
Of what we wish'd to see.

2. But soon with unaccustom'd Mirth
Our Voice we did employ,
And sung our great Restorer's Praise
In thankful Hymns of Joy.

Our Heathen Foes repining stood,
Yet were compell'd to own
That great and wond'rous was the Work
Our God for us had done.

3. 'Twas great, say they; 'twas wond'rous (great
Much more should we confess;
The Lord has done great things, whereof
We reap the glad Success.

4. To us bring back the Remnant, Lord,
Of *Isr'el*'s Captive Bands,
More welcome than refreshing Show'rs
To parcht and thirsty Lands.

5. That we, whose Work commenc'd in Tears,
May see our Labours thrive,
Till finisht with Success, to make
Our drooping Hearts revive.

6. Tho he despond that sows his Grain,
Yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-eard Sheaves, and sing
A joyful Harvest-home.

PSALM

PSALM CXXVII.

1. WE build with fruitleſs Coſt, unleſs
The Lord the Pile ſuſtain,
Unleſs the Lord the City keep,
The Watchman wakes in vain.
2. In vain we riſe before the Day,
And late to Reſt repair,
Allow no Reſpite to our Toil,
And eat the Bread of Care:

Supplies of Life, with little Pains,
He on his Saints beſtows;
He crowns their Labour with Succeſs,
Their Nights with ſound Repoſe.
3. So Children are an Heritage
Sent from th' Almighty Lord,
A teeming Womb, his Favour's Gift,
And virtuous Life's Reward.

4. As Arrows in a Giant's Hand
With dreadful Grace appear,
Ev'n ſo the Sons of vig'rous Youth
Their Parents Glory are.
5. Happy the Man whoſe Quiver's fill'd
With theſe defenſive Arms;
He need's not fear to meet his Foe,
At War or Law's Alarms.

PSALM

PSALM CXXVIII.

1. THE Man is bleſt who fears the Lord,
Nor Worſhip only pays,
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care,
To his appointed Ways.
2. Thou ſhalt upon the ſweet Returns
Of thy own Labour feed;
Without Dependance live, and ſee
Thy Wiſhes all ſucceed.
3. Thy Wife, like a domeſtick Vine;
Her gen'rous Fruit ſhall bring;
Thy Children, like young Olive-plants,
About thy Table ſpring:
4. Who fears the Lord ſhall thus be bleſt;
5. From *Sion* God ſhall bleſs,
And grant him all his Days to ſee
Jeruſalem's Succeſs.
6. Survive till Heirs of Heirs from him
Deſcend with vaſt Increaſe:
Twice bleſt; in his own proſp'rous State,
And more in *Iſr'el*'s Peace.

PSALM

PSALM CXXIX.

1. UP from my Youth, may *Isr'el* say,
They oft have me assail'd,
2. Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,
But never yet prevail'd.
3. They oft have plow'd my patient Back
With Furrows deep and long,
4. But our just God has broke their Chains,
And rescu'd us from Wrong.

5. Defeat, Confusion, shameful Rout
Be still the Doom of those,
Their righteous Doom, who *Sion* hate,
And *Sion*'s God oppose.
6. With too much Heat, and want of Root,
Untimely let 'em fade,
Like Corn upon our Houses Tops,
That withers in the Blade.

7. With which no Reaper fills his Arms,
But unregarded leaves;
Nor Binder thinks it worth his Pains
To fold it into Sheaves.
8. No Traveller that journeys by
Vouchsafes a Minute's Stop
T' afford it one kind Look, or wish
Heav'n's Blessing on the Crop.

PSALM

PSALM CXXX.

1. FRom lowest Regions of Despair,
To God I sent my Cry,
2. Lord, hear my supplicating Voice
And graciously reply.
3. Should'st thou severely mark our Faults,
Who can the Tryal bear?
4. But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy Fear.

5. My Soul does with Impatience wait
For Thee the living Lord;
My Hopes are on thy Promise built,
Thy never-failing Word.
6. For Thee I look with longing Eyes,
Impatient of Delay;
Ev'n more than Watchmen of the Night
To spy the dawning Day.

7. Let *Isr'el* on the Lord depend,
No Bounds his Mercy knows; (whence
The plenteous Source and Spring from
Eternal Succour flows.
8. Whose friendly Currents kind supplies
To us in Want convey;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse,
And wash our Guilt away.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXI.

1. O Lord, I am not proud of Heart,
Nor caſt a ſcornful Eye;
Nor my aſpiring Thoughts employ
In things for me too high.
2. With Infant-Innocence, thou know'ſt
I have my ſelf demean'd;
Lull'd into Quiet like a Babe,
That from the Breaſt is wean'd.
3. Like me let *Iſr'el* hope in God
His Aid alone implore;
Both now and ever truſt in him
Who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

1. LET *David*, Lord, a conſtant Place
In thy Remembrance find;
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd
Be ever in thy mind.
2. Remember what a ſolemn Oath
To Thee, his Lord, he ſwore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd,
Whom *Jacob*'s Sons adore.
3, 4. I will not go into my Houſe,
Nor to my Bed aſcend;
No ſoft Repoſe ſhall cloſe my Eyes
Nor Sleep my Ey-lids bend;

5. Till

5. Till for the Lord's design'd Abode
I mark the destin'd Ground;
Till I a decent place of Rest
For *Jacob*'s God have found.

6. Th' appointed Place, with Shouts of Joy,
At *Ephratah* we found,
And made the Fields, throughout the Wood,
Our glad Applause resound.

7. O with due Rev'rence let us then
To his Abode repair;
And prostrate at his Foot-stool fal'n
Pour out our humble Pray'r.

8. Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant Place of Rest,
Be that, not only with thy Ark,
But with thy Presence blest.

9, 10. Cloath thou thy Priest with Righteousness,
And make thy Saints rejoice;
For *David*'s sake, thy Servant, hear
Thy own Anointed's Voice.

11. God sware to *David* in his Truth,
(Nor shall his Oath be vain)
One of thy Offspring after thee
Upon thy Throne shall reign:

12. And if thy Seed my Cov'nant keep,
And to my Laws submit;
Their Children too upon thy Throne
For evermore shall sit.

13, 14. For *Sion*'s God's peculiar Choice,
By him approv'd of well;

His

His place of everlasting Rest,
Where he desires to dwell.

15, 16. Her Store, says he, I will increase,
Her Poor with Plenty cloy;
I'll with Salvation cloath her Priests,
Her Saints shall shout for Joy.

17. There *David*'s Horn shall bud and breed
A long successive Line,
And my anointed Servants there
Shall with fresh Lustre shine.

18. The Faces of his vanquisht Foes
Confusion shall o'er-spread;
Whilst blest with good Success, his Crown
Shall flourish on his Head.

PSALM CXXXIII.

1. HOW vast must their advantage be!
How great their Pleasure prove!
Who live like Brethren, and consent
In Offices of Love!

2. Friendship is like that pretious Oyl
Which, pour'd on *Aaron*'s Head,
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes
It's costly Moisture shed.

3. Like cool refreshing Dew, which does
On *Hermon*'s Top distil;
Or like the early Drops that fall
On *Sion*'s fruitful Hill.

For

For God to all, whose friendly Hearts
With mutual Love abound;
Has firmly promis'd length of Days
With constant Blessings crown'd.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1. Bless God, ye Servants that attend
Upon his solemn State;
That in his Temple night by night
With humble Rev'rence wait:
2, 3. Within his House lift up your hands,
And bless his Holy Name;
From *Sion* bless thy *Isr'el*, Lord,
Who Earth and Heav'n didst frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

1. O Praise the Lord with one Consent
And magnify his Name;
Let all the Servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.
2. All ye that in the House of God
Attend with constant Care;
With those that to his outmost Courts
With humble Zeal repair.

3. For this our truest Int'rest is,
Glad Hymns of Praise to sing;
And with loud Songs to bless his Name's
A most delightful thing.

4. For

4. For God his own peculiar choice
The Sons of *Jacob* makes;
And *Iſr'el*'s Offspring for his own,
As precious Treaſure takes.

5. For oft have we, that God is great,
By glad Experience found;
And ſeen how he with wond'rous Pow'r
Above all Gods is crown'd.

6. For he with unreſiſted Strength
Performs what e'er he will,
In Heav'n and Earth and watry Stores
That Earth's deep Caverns fill.

7. He raiſes Vapours from the Ground,
Which pois'd in liquid Air,
Fall down at laſt in Show'rs, through which
His dreadful Lightnings glare:
He from his Store-houſe brings the Winds;

8. And he, with vengeful Hand,
The Firſt-born ſlew of Man and Beaſt,
Through *Egypt*'s mourning Land.

9. He dreadful Signs and Wonders ſhew'd
In *Egypt*'s ſtubborn Coaſts;
Not *Pharaoh* could his Plagues eſcape,
Nor all his num'rous Hoſts.

10, 11. 'Twas he that various Nations ſmote,
And mighty Kings oppreſs'd;
Sihon and *Og*, and all beſides
That *Canaan*'s Land poſſeſs'd.

12, 13. He for his People of their Lands
A firm poſſeſſion made;

For

For which his Fame ſhall always laſt,
His glory never fade.
14. For God ſhall ſoon his People's Cauſe
With tender Favour weigh;
Repent him of his Wrath, and turn
His kindled Rage away.

15. Thoſe Idols, whoſe falſe Worſhip ſpreads
O'er all the Heathen Lands,
Are made of Silver and of Gold,
The Work of humane Hands.
16, 17. They ſpeak not with fictitious Tongues,
Nor ſee with poliſh'd Eyes;
Nor hear with faſhion'd Ears; no Breath
Their empty Mouth ſupplies.

18. As ſenſeleſs as themſelves are they
That all their Skill apply
To make them, or in dang'rous Times,
On them for Aid rely.
19. Their juſt Returns of Thanks to God,
Let grateful *Iſr'el* pay;
Nor let the Prieſts of *Aaron*'s Stock
To bleſs the Lord delay;

20. Their Senſe of his unbounded Love
Let *Levi*'s Houſe expreſs;
And let all thoſe that fear the Lord
His Name for ever bleſs:
21. Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works
In *Sion*'s Courts proclaim,
And in *Jeruſ'lem*, where he dwells,
Exalt his Holy Name.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1. TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat
To him due Praise afford
As good as he is great:
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No time shall end
His boundless Love.

2, 3. To him whose wond'rous Pow'r
All other Gods obey,
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful Homage pay:
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

4, 5. By his Almighty Hand
Amazing Works are wrought;
The Heav'ns by his Command
Were to perfection brought.
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

6. He spread the Ocean round,
About the spacious Land;
And made the rising Ground
Above the Waters stand,

For

For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

7, 8, 9. His matchless Pow'r displays
The great and lasting Lights;
The Sun to rule by Days,
The Moon and Stars by Nights.
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

10, 11, 12. He struck the First-born dead
Of *Egypt*'s stubborn Land;
And thence his People led
With his resistless Hand.
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

13, 14. By him the raging Sea,
As if in pieces rent,
Disclos'd a middle way
Through which his People went.
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

15. Where soon he overthrew
Proud *Pharaoh* and his Host,

Who seeking to pursue
Were in the Billows lost.
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

16, 17, 18. Through Desarts vast and wild
He led the chosen Seed;
And famous Princes foil'd,
And made great Monarchs bleed.
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

19, 20. *Sihon*, whose potent Hand
Great *Ammon*'s Sceptre sway'd,
And *Og*, whose stern Command
Rich *Bashan*'s Land obey'd.
For he will prove
Our constant Friend;
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

21, 22. And of his wond'rous Grace,
Their Lands, whom he destroy'd,
He gave to *Isr'el*'s Race,
To be by them enjoy'd.
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

23, 24. He

23, 24. He, in our depth of Woes,
On us with Favour thought;
And from our cruel Foes
In Peace and Safety brought.
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

25, 26. By him the Food is giv'n
On which all Creatures live:
To God who reigns in Heav'n
Eternal Praises give.
For he will prove
Our constant Friend,
No Time shall end
His boundless Love.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1. WHen we, our weary'd Limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud *Euphrates* Streams,
We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppress,
And *Sion* was our mournful Theme.

2. Our Harps, that when with Joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful Parts to bear,
With silent Strings neglected hung
On barren Trees that wither'd there.

3. Mean while our Foes, with Pride inspir'd,
The Authors of our slavish Wrongs,
Musick and Mirth of us requir'd,
"Come, sing us one of *Sion*'s Songs.

4. How ſhall we tune our Voice to ſing?
Or touch our Harps with skilful Hands?
Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King,
Be ſung by Slaves in foreign Lands?

5. *Jeruſalem*, our happy Seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling Hand forget
The ſpeaking Strings with Art to move!

6. If I forget thee, let my Tongue
To my parcht Roof, quite uſeleſs cleave;
Or if I count not thee among
The chiefeſt Joys I can receive!

7. Remember, Lord, how *Edom*'s Race,
In thy own City's fatal Day,
Cry'd out, "It's ſtately Walls deface,
"And with the Ground quite level lay.

8. Proud *Babel*'s Daughter, againſt whom
God's ſtern Decrees ſeverely run;
Bleſt ſhall he be that pays thee home,
The Ills which thou to us haſt done!

9. Thrice bleſt, who, by juſt Fury led,
Shall from the Breaſt thy Children take,
And, with proud Rage, their tender Head,
Againſt the rugged Pavement break.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXVIII.

1. WIth my whole Heart, my God and King,
Thy Praiſes I'll proclaim;
Before the Gods with Joy I'll ſing,
And bleſs thy holy Name.
2. I'll worſhip tow'rds thy ſacred Seat;
And, raviſht with thy Love,
The Praiſes of thy Truth repeat,
Which thou doſt moſt approve.

3. Thou graciouſly inclin'd'ſt thine Ear,
When I to thee did cry;
And, when my Soul was preſs'd with Fear,
Didſt inward Strength ſupply.
4. Therefore ſhall ev'ry earthly Prince
Thy Name with Praiſe purſue,
Whom theſe adm'r'd Events convince
That all thy Works are true.

5. They, walking in his ways, the Lord
With chearful Songs ſhall bleſs;
And all his glorious Acts record,
And his great Pow'r confeſs.
6. For God, tho he's enthron'd on high,
Does thence the Poor reſpect;
The proud far off, his ſcornful Eye
Beholds with juſt neglect.

7. Tho I'm with Troubles compaſs'd round,
Yet he will me revive,
Thy Hand ſhall all my Foes confound,
And keep my Soul alive.

8. The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
Shall fix my happy state;
And mindful of his favours past,
Shall his own work complete.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1,2. THou, Lord, by strictest search hast
My rising up and lying down;(known
My secret Thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
3. Thine Eye my Bed and Path surveys,
My publick Haunts and private Ways;
4. Thou know'st what 'tis my Lips would
My yet un-utter'd Words intent. (vent,
5. Beset by Thee, before, behind,
On ev'ry side thy Hand I find.
6. O Skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazling bright for mortal Eye!
7. O cou'd I so perfidious be
To think of once deserting Thee,
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run?
8. If up to Heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there Thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light:
Or dive to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns.
9. If I the Morning's Wings cou'd gain,
And fly beyond the Western Main,
10. Thy nimbler Hand wou'd first arrive
And there arrest thy Fugitive.

11. Or

11. Or should I sculk to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable Wings of Night;
One glance from Thee, one piercing Ray
Would kindle Darkness into Day.
12. The Veil of Night is no Disguise,
No Umbrage to all-seeing Eyes; (way,
Through mid-night Shades thou find'st thy
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

Thou know'st the Lab'rinths of my Heart,
13. My Reins and ev'ry vital part;
Thou cloath'dst 'em early, or the Womb,
Where Life they took, had prov'd their Tomb.
14. I'll praise Thee from whose Hands I came,
A work of such stupendious Frame!
That Wonders Thou in me hast shown
To my admiring Soul is known.

15. Thine Eyes my Substance did survey
While yet a lifeless Mass it lay,
How curiously in secret wrought (brought,
E'er on the World's great Stage 'twas
16. Thou didst the shapeless Embryo see,
Its Parts were registred by Thee;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

17. Let me acknowledg too, O God,
That since this Maze of Life I trod,
Thy thoughts of Love to me surmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
18. For sooner could I reckon o'er
The Sands upon the Ocean's shore:

Each Morn reviſing what I've done,
I find th'Account but new begun.

19. The wicked ſhalt thou ſlay, O God:
Depart from me, ye Men of Blood,
20. Whoſe Tongues Heav'ns Majeſty profane,
And take th' Almighty Name in vain.
21. Lord, hate I not their impious Crew
Who Thee with Enmity purſue?
And does not Grief my Heart oppreſs,
When Reprobates thy Laws tranſgreſs?

22. Who practiſe Enmity to Thee
Shall utmoſt Hatred have from me,
Such Men I utterly deteſt
As if they were my Foes profeſt. (Heart
23, 24. Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and
If Miſchief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go aſtray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXL.

1. PReſerve me, Lord, from cruel Foes
Of villanous intent,
2. Whoſe Hearts on miſchievous Deſigns
With reſtleſs Spight are bent.
3. Their ſharpen'd Tongue the Serpent's ſting
In Virulence exceeds;
Between their Lips the Gaul of Aſps
And Adders Venom breeds.

4. Preſerve

4. Preſerve me, Lord, from wicked Hands
Nor leave my Soul forlorn;
A Prey to Sons of Violence
Who have my Ruin ſworn.
5. The proud for me have laid their Snare,
And ſpread their wily Net,
With Traps and Gins where e'er I move,
I find my Steps beſet.

6. But thus inviron'd with Diſtreſs
Thou art my God, I ſaid,
Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice
That calls to Thee for aid.
7. O Lord, the God whoſe ſaving Strength
Kind Succour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous Head,
In Battle's doubtful Day:

8. Permit not their unjuſt Deſigns,
But diſappoint their Rage;
Leſt proſp'rous Wickedneſs their Pride
In bolder Crimes engage.
9. Let firſt their Chiefs the ſad effects
Of their Injuſtice mourn;
The blaſt of their envenom'd Breath
Upon themſelves return.

10. Let them who kindled firſt the Flame
Its Victims firſt become;
The Pit they dig'd for me be made
Their everlaſting Tomb.
11. Though Slander's Breath may raiſe a Storm
It quickly will decay;

Their

Their Rage does but the Torrent swell
That bears themselves away.

12. God will assert the poor Mans Cause,
Relief to th' injur'd give:
The just shall celebrate his Praise
And in his Presence live.

PSALM CXLI.

1. TO thee, O Lord, my Cries ascend,
O haste to my relief:
And with accustom'd Pity hear
The Accents of my Grief
2. Without Oblations let my Pray'r
Like Morning Incense rise;
My innocent up-lifted Hands
Like Evening Sacrifice.

3. From rash Efforts restrain my Tongue
With constant watch and ward,
And keep the Portal of my Lips
With wary silence barr'd.
4. From wicked Deeds and wicked Men
My Heart and Hands restrain;
Nor let me in the Booty share
Of their unrighteous Gain.

5. Let righteous Men reprove my Faults
And I shall think 'em kind,
Like Balm that heals a wounded Head
I their Reproof shall find;

And

And, in return, my fervent Pray'r
On their behalf addreſs,
When they are tempted and reduc'd
Like me to ſore Diſtreſs.

6. When ſculking in *Engeddi*'s Rock
(I to themſelves appeal)
If one reproachful Word I ſpake,
When in my pow'r to kill.
7. Yet us they perſecute to Death,
Our ſcatter'd Ruins lie
As thick as from the Hewer's Ax
The ſever'd Splinters flie.

8. But, Lord, to Thee I ſtill direct
My ſupplicating Eyes,
O leave not deſtitute my Soul,
Whoſe Truſt on Thee relies.
9. Preſerve me from the Snares and Gins
That wicked Hands have laid;
Let them in their own Nets be caught,
While my Eſcape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

1. TO God with mournful Voice
In deep diſtreſs I pray'd;
2. Made him the Umpire of my Cauſe,
My Wrongs before him laid.
3. Thou knew'ſt my way to 'ſcape
When my griev'd Soul deſpair'd;
For where I thought to walk ſecure,
They had their Gins prepar'd.

4. I

4. I look'd, but found no Friend
To own me in Distress;
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchsaf'd
His Pity or Redress.
5. To God at last I pray'd,
Thou, Lord, my Refuge art,
My Portion in the Land of Life,
Till Life it self depart.

6. Lord, hear my Cry, reduc'd
To last extremity!
Save me from Persecutors Rage
Too powerful grown for me.
That I may praise thy Name,
7. My Soul from Prison bring;
Whilst of thy bounteous Care to me
Assembled Saints shall sing.

PSALM CXLIII.

1. LORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry
Thy wonted Audience lend;
In thy accustom'd Faith and Truth
A gracious Answer send.
2. Nor at thy strict Tribunal bring
Thy Servant to be try'd;
For in thy sight no living Man
Can e'er be justifi'd.

3. The Foe pursues my Life, a Life
Whose Comforts all are fled;
To Darkness chas'd and forc'd to seek
A Mansion with the Dead.

4. My

4. My Spirit therefore is o'er-whelm'd,
And ſinks within my Breſt;
My Vitals fail, my Heart it ſelf
That ſhould ſupport the reſt.

5. I call to mind the Days of old;
The Wonders thou haſt wrought
For my Deliv'rance heretofore
Employ my muſing Thought.

6. To Thee my ſupplicating Hands
Are eagerly ſtretch'd out;
My Soul for thy Refreſhment thirſts
Like Land oppreſt with Drought.

7. Hear me with ſpeed; my Spirit fails,
Thy Face no longer hide,
Leſt I become forlorn like them
That in the Grave reſide.

8. Thy Kindneſs early let me hear,
Whoſe Truſt on Thee depends;
Teach me the way where I ſhould go:
My Soul to Thee aſcends

9. Thou art my God, Thy righteous Will
Inſtruct me to obey:
Let thy good Spirit conduct and keep
My Soul in thy right way.

10. For thy Name's ſake with quick'ning Grace,
From Mercy's healing Spring
Revive me, and for thy Truth's ſake
My Soul from Trouble bring.

11. In pity to my Suff'rings, Lord,
Reduce my Foes to Shame;

Stay

Stay them that perſecute a Soul
Devoted to thy Name.

PSALM CXLIV.

1. FOrever bleſt be God the Lord,
Who does his needful Aid impart,
At once both Strength and Skill afford
To wield my Arms with warlike Art.
2. His Goodneſs is my Fort and Pow'r,
My ſtrong Deliverer and Shield;
In him I truſt whoſe matchleſs Tow'r
Makes to my ſway fierce Nations yield.
3. Lord, what's in Man that Thee ſhould move
Such tender Care of him to take?
Or what's Man's Son that thou ſhould'ſt love
Such great account of him to make?
4. The Life of Man does quickly fade,
His Thoughts but empty are and vain;
His Days are like a flying Shade,
Of which, when paſt, no Signs remain.
5. In ſolemn ſtate, O God, deſcend,
Whilſt Heav'n its lofty Head inclines;
The ſmoaking Hills aſunder rend,
Of thy approach the awful Signs.
6. Diſcharge thy dreadful Lightnings round,
And make my ſcatter'd Foes retreat;
Them with thy martial Arrows wound,
And their Deſtruction ſoon complete.

7, 8. Do

7, 8. Do thou, from Heav'n above engage
Thy boundleſs Pow'r my Foes to quell;
And ſnatch me from the ſtormy Rage
Of threat'ning Waves that proudly ſwell.
Fight thou againſt my foreign Foes
Whoſe Mouth vent Speeches falſe and vain,
Who, tho in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
That firm Engagement ne'er maintain.

9. So I to Thee, the King of Kings,
In joyful Hymns my Voice ſhall raiſe
And Inſtruments of various Strings
Shall help me thus to ſing thy Praiſe:
10. "God does to Kings his Aid afford,
"To them his ſure Salvation ſends
"'Tis he that from the hurtful Sword
"His Servant *David* ſtill defends.

11. Fight thou againſt my foreign Foes,
Whoſe Mouths vent Speeches falſe and vain,
Who, tho in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
Their firm Engagement ne'er maintain.
12. Then our young Sons like Trees ſhall grow,
Well planted in ſome fruitful place;
Our Daughters ſhall like Pillars ſhow,
Deſign'd ſome Royal Court to grace.

13. Our Garners, fill'd with various Store,
Shall us and ours with Plenty feed,
Our Sheep, increaſing more and more,
Shall thouſands and ten thouſands breed.
14. Our lab'ring Oxen ſtrong may grow,
Nor in their conſtant Labour faint,

Whilſt

Whilſt we no War nor Slav'ry know,
And in our Streets hear no Complaint.
15. Thrice happy is that People's Caſe,
Whoſe various Bleſſings thus abound,
Who God's true Worſhip ſtill embrace,
With his Protection always crown'd.

PSALM CXLV.

1, 2. THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endleſs Praiſe proclaim;
This Tribute daily I will bring
And ever bleſs thy Name.
3. Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majeſty, with boundleſs Height,
Above our Knowledge rais'd.
4. Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
To future Times extends;
From Age to Age thy glorious Name
Succeſſively deſcends.
5, 6. Whilſt I thy Glory and Renown,
And wond'rous Works expreſs;
The World with me thy Might ſhall own,
And thy great Pow'r confeſs.
7. The Praiſe that to thy Love belongs
They ſhall with Joy proclaim;
Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs
Shall be the conſtant Theme.

8. The

8. The Lord abounds with Acts of Grace,
Which Pity ſtill ſupplies;
His Anger moves with leiſure pace:
His willing Mercy flies.

9, 10. Thou, Lord, art good to all; thy Love
To all thy Works expreſt;
By them ſtill prais'd thy Name ſhall prove,
And by thy Servants bleſt.

11. They, with the glorious Proſpect fir'd,
Shall of thy Kingdom ſpeak;
And thy great Pow'r, by all admir'd,
Their lofty Subject make.

12. God's glorious Works of antient date
Shall thus to all be known;
And thus his Kingdom's Royal State,
With publick Splendor ſhown.

13. His ſtedfaſt Throne, from Changes free,
Shall ſtand for ever faſt;
His boundleſs Sway no end ſhall ſee,
But Time it ſelf out-laſt.

PART II.

14, 15. The Lord does them ſupport that fall,
And makes the proſtrate riſe;
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
Who timely Food ſupplies.

16. What e'er their frequent Wants require
With open hand he gives;
And ſo fulfils the juſt Deſire
Of ev'ry thing that lives.

17, 18. How

17, 18. How holy is the Lord, how juſt!
How righteous all his Ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm Truſt,
For his Aſſiſtance prays.
19. He'll grant the full Deſires of thoſe
Who him with Fear adore;
And all their Troubles ſoon compoſe
When they his Aid implore.

20. The Lord preſerves all thoſe with Care
Whom grateful Love employs;
But Sinners who his Vengeance dare,
With furious Rage deſtroys.
21. My Time to come in Praiſes ſpent,
Shall celebrate his Fame:
And all Mankind with one Conſent
Shall ever bleſs his Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

1, 2. O Praiſe the Lord, and thou, my Soul,
For ever bleſs his Name:
His wond'rous Love, while Life ſhall laſt,
My conſtant Praiſe does claim.
3. On Kings, the greateſt Sons of Men,
For Succour ne'er rely;
They can't defend in dang'rous times,
Nor timely Help apply.

4. Form'd out of Duſt, their Breath once gone
Again in Duſt they lie;
And all their Thoughts and vain Deſigns
Together with them die.

5. Then

5. Then happy he, who *Jacob*'s God
For his Protector takes;
Who ſtill, with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord
His conſtant Refuge makes.

6. The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth
And all that both contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt Truth,
Nor make his promiſe vain.

7. The poor oppreſt, from all their Wrongs,
Are eas'd by his Decree;
He gives the Hungry needful Food,
And ſets the Pris'ners free.

8. By him the Blind receive their Sight,
The weak and fall'n he rears:
With kind Regard, and tender Love
He for the righteous cares.

9. The Strangers he preſerves from Harm,
The Widow kindly treats,
He guards the Orphan, and the Wiles
Of wicked men defeats.

10. The God that does in *Sion* dwell,
Is our eternal King:
From Age to Age his Reign endures.
Let all his Praiſes ſing.

PSALM

PSALM CXLVII.

1. O Praise the Lord with Hymns of Joy,
And celebrate his Fame;
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
To praise his Holy Name.
2. His holy City God will build,
Tho levell'd with the Ground;
And bring his People back, dispers'd
O'er all the Nations round.

3, 4. He kindly heals the broken Hearts,
And all their Wounds does close;
He tells the Number of the Stars
Their sev'ral Names he knows.

5, 6. Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r;
His Wisdom knows no Bound.
The meek he raises and throws down
The Wicked to the Ground.

7. To God, the Lord, a Hymn of Praise
With grateful Voices sing;
To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,
And strike each warbling string.
8. He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
Refreshing Rain bestows,
Thro' him, on Mountain-tops, the Grass
With wond'rous Plenty grows.

9. He, salvage Beasts, that loosely range
With timely Food supplies.
He feeds the Raven's tender Brood,
And stops their hungry Cries.

10. He

10. He values not the warlike Steed,
Nor in his Strength delights;
The nimble Foot, that ſwiftly runs,
With juſt Diſdain he ſlights.

11. But he, to him that fears his Name,
His tender Love extends;
To him that on his boundleſs Grace
With ſtedfaſt Hope depends.

12, 13. Let *Sion* and *Jerus'lem* then,
To God their Praiſe addreſs;
Who fenc'd their Gates with maſſie Bars,
And does their Children bleſs.

14, 15. He makes in all their Borders Peace,
With fineſt Wheat they're fed,
He ſpeaks the Word, and what he wills
Is done as ſoon as ſaid.

16. Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,
Deſcend at his Command;
And Hoary Froſt, like Aſhes ſpread,
Is ſcatter'd o'er the Land.

17. When he does, join'd to theſe, his Ice
In little Morſels break,
Who can againſt his piercing Cold
Secure Defences make?

18. He ſends his Word, and ſtrait it melts;
He makes his Wind to blow,
And ſoon the Streams, congeal'd before
In plenteous Currents flow.

19. By Him his Statutes and Decrees
To *Jacob*'s Sons were ſhown;

And

And ſtill to *Iſr'el*'s choſen Seed
His righteous Laws are known.
20. No other Nation this can boaſt,
Nor did he e'er afford
To heathen Lands his Oracles,
And Knowledge of his Word.

Hallelujah.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1. YE boundleſs Realms of Joy
Exalt your Maker's Fame;
His Praiſe your Song employ
Above the ſtarry Frame:
2. Your Voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubims
And Seraphims
To ſing his Praiſe.

3, 4. Thou Moon, that rul'ſt the Night,
And Sun that guid'ſt the Day,
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light
To him your Homage pay:
His Praiſe declare
Ye Heav'ns above
And Clouds that move
In liquid Air.

5, 6. Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy Name,
By whoſe Almighty Word
They all from Nothing came.

And

And ſo ſhall laſt,
From Changes free,
His firm Decree
Stands ever faſt.

7, 8. Let Earth her Tribute pay;
Praiſe him, ye dreadful Whales,
And Fiſh that through the Sea
Glide ſwift with glitt'ring Scales.
Fire, Hail, and Snow,
And miſty Air,
And Winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

9, 10. By Hills and Mountains (all
In grateful Conſort join'd)
By Cedars ſtately tall,
And Trees for Fruit deſign'd.
By ev'ry Beaſt,
And creeping thing,
And Fowl of Wing,
His Name be bleſt.

11, 12. Let all of Royal Birth,
With thoſe of humbler Frame,
And Judges of the Earth,
His matchleſs Praiſe proclaim.
In this Deſign
Let Youths with Maids,
And hoary Heads
With Children join.

13. United Zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe,

Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless Praise.
Earth's utmost Ends
His Pow'r obey:
His glorious Sway
The Skies transcends.

14. His chosen Saints to grace
He sets their Horn on high,
And favours *Isr'el*'s Race
Who still to him are nigh.
O therefore raise
Your grateful Voice
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

PSALM CXLIX.

1, 2. O Praise ye the Lord,
prepare your glad Voice
His Praise in the great
Assembly to sing.
In our great Creator
let *Isr'el* rejoice,
And Children of *Sion*
be glad in their King.

3, 4. Let them his great Name
extol in the Dance;
With Timbrel and Harp
his Praises express,
Who always takes pleasure
his Saints to advance,

And

And with his Salvation
the Humble to bleſs.

5, 6. With Glory adorn'd
his People ſhall ſing
To God, who their Beds
With Safety does ſhield;
Their Mouth fill'd with Praiſes
of him their great King;
Whilſt a two-edged Sword
in their Hand they ſhall wield,

7, 8. Juſt Vengeance to take
for Injuries paſt;
To puniſh thoſe Lands
that know not his Mind;
With Chains, as their Captives,
to tie their Kings faſt,
With Fetters of Iron
their Nobles to bind.

9. Thus ſhall they make good,
when them they deſtroy,
The dreadful Decree
which God does proclaim:
Such Honour and Triumph
his Saints ſhall enjoy.
O therefore for ever
exalt his great Name.

PSALM CL.

1. O Praise the Lord in that blest Place,
From whence his Goodness largely flows,
Praise him in Heav'n where he his Face
Unveil'd in perfect Glory shows.
2. Praise him for all the mighty Acts
Which he in our behalf has done;
His Kindness this Return exacts,
With which our Praise should equal run.
3. Let the Shrill Trumpet's warlike Voice
Make Rocks and Hills his Praise rebound;
Praise him with Harp's melodious Noise,
And gentle Psaltry's silver Sound.
4. Let Virgin-Troops soft Timbrels bring,
And some with graceful Motion dance;
Let Instruments of various Strings,
With Organs join'd, his Praise advance.
5. Let them who joyful Hymns compose
To Cymbals set their Songs of Praise;
Cymbals of common Use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn Days.
6. Let all things with glad Zeal contend
The Breath he does to them afford
In just Returns of Praise to spend;
Let ev'ry Creature praise the Lord.

The END of the PSALMS.

Gloria Patri, &c.

Common Measure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

As *Pſalm* 100, &c.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

As *Pſalm* 25, &c.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and ſhall be ſo
To all Eternity.

Adver-

Advertiſement.

Having deſign'd to make ſuch a Verſion of the Pſalms *as may be fit for Common Uſe we have endeavour'd it by the following Methods,*

1. *By keeping ſtrictly to the Text, and where the Senſe was doubtful, determining it by the Scope and Occaſion of the Pſalm.*

2. *By taking care to make the whole Verſion eaſie and intelligible.*

3. *By endeavouring to expreſs the Spirit and Genius of every Pſalm, and ſuiting our Style to the ſeveral Paſſions of the Author.*

4. *By retaining the Connexion throughout each Pſalm, which does not*

not always appear in the Proſe Tranſlation.

5. *By rendring the Hebraiſms in their plain Senſe and Meaning, as agreed on by the beſt Commentators.*

6. *By adapting our Meaſures to the Tunes that are beſt received, turning ſeveral Pſalms to thoſe that are moſt Muſical, ſuch as that of* 100, 113, 148, *and others.*

N. T. N. B.

FINIS.